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An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

DEC. 4, 1920

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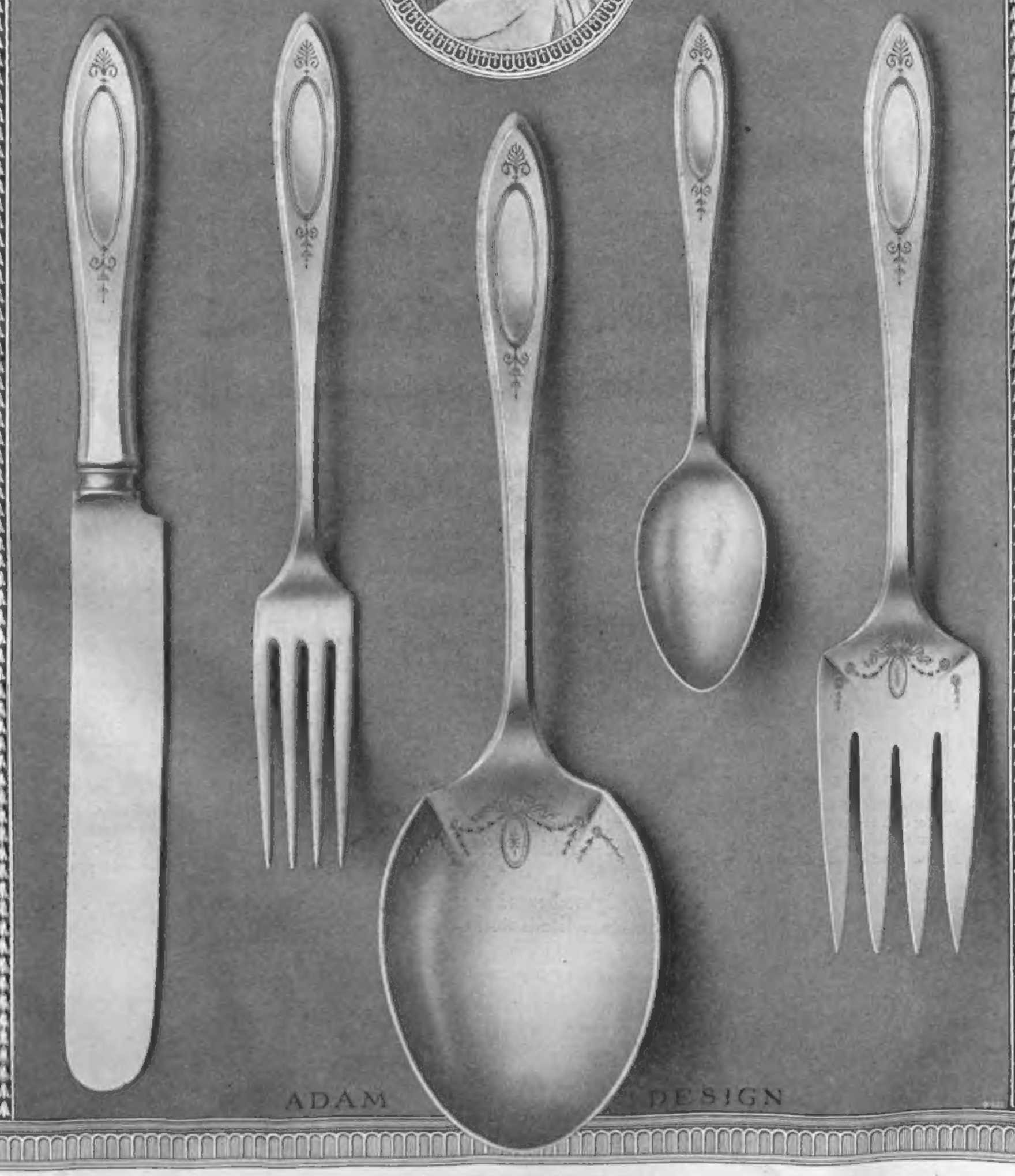

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

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E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

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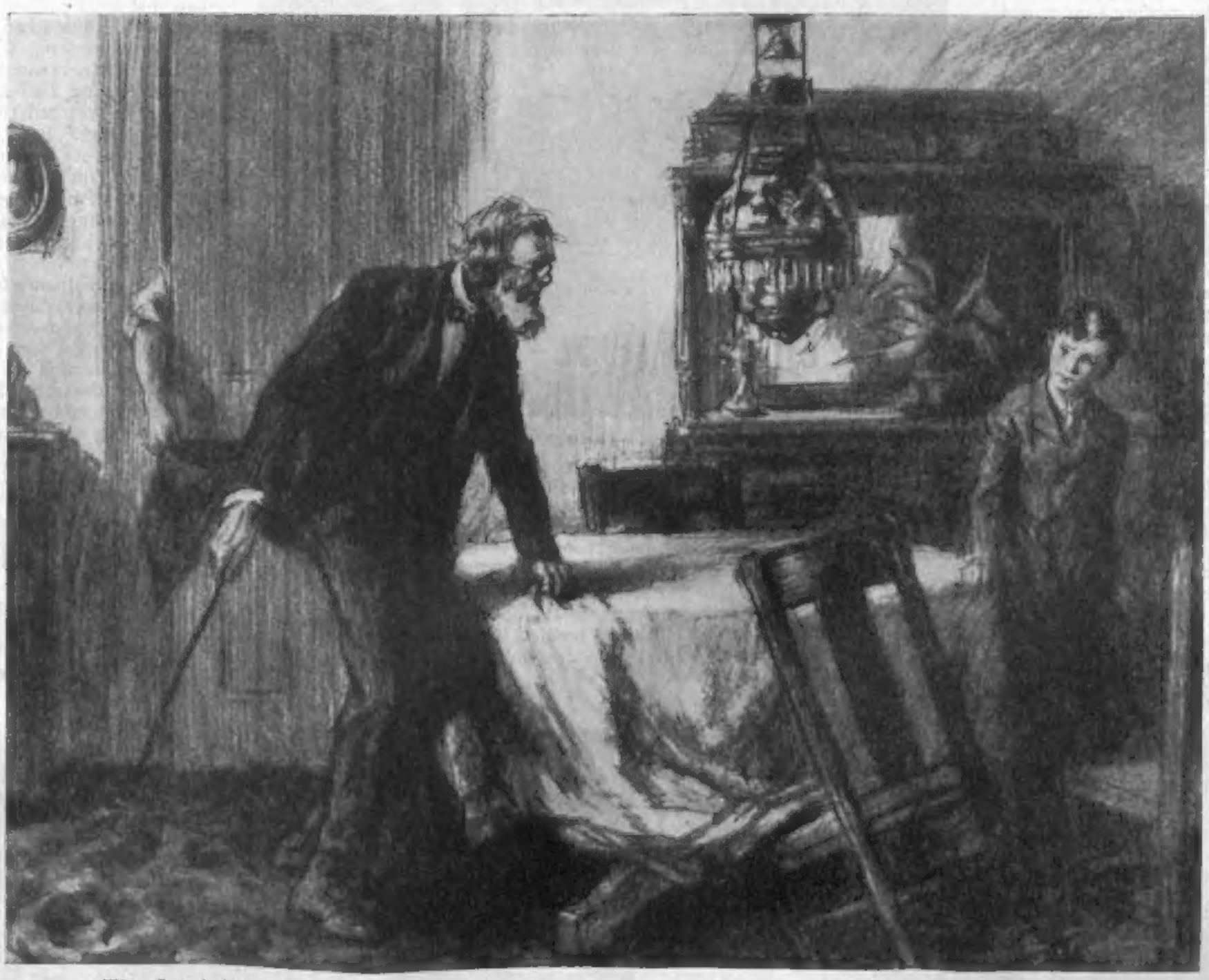
MY SON

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



When Peter's Yells Became Unbearable I Used to Slip Softly to the Door, Thrust My Hand Through, Seize William's Coat Tail as He Passed and Give It an Authoritative Tug From Behind

YEARS ago I wrote a book about my husband, William Thompson, who was a circuit rider in the Methodist itinerancy. I have read this book myself, not only with interest because it is a literal transcript of our lives, but with wonder in the light of what has happened since, because it contains no reference to the son born to us two years after we entered the itinerancy. Rather, I seem to have been at some pains to omit him from this record. At the time this book was written he did not seem to belong to it. I was still withholding him in my heart from the hardships and sacrifices William and I had made of our lives. I believed he was different, you understand. William was his father, but I always thought of him more particularly as my son. He had my secular nature. The solemn Sabbath of the soul, the awful nearness of Providence and speculations in the kingdom of heaven came into my life under the shadow of William's prayers. My corruption was not originally concerned about putting on incorruption, and to this day I cannot help worrying a little about being raised merely a spiritual body. The sense I have of my own human reality shrinks from the winged florescence of this idea. I have always been a substantial person, closer kin than William to my dust.

I used to think with secret satisfaction that this son of mine resembled my own father, who could not by any stretch of charity or imagination have been regarded as a pious man, and who even in death only managed to look the noble image of stern Adam clay. But he had a strong character and achieving spirit, with his scenes laid mightily in this present world. From the beginning this boy had the same valor of life in his face, not at all like his own father's, whose countenance was so fine and benignant that one could almost see the wing tracks of angels in the air about his head.

When this child was born William wished to name him after one of the Apostles; preferably John, but I would not have that. He was too much of a John himself in meekness and long-suffering. As a wife I was willing to share these attributes with him, but as a mother I had other plans for my son. We finally agreed that he should be called Peter. William, like most gentle saints, loved this repentant fisherman whom the Lord sent to "feed my lambs." But I was satisfied with the name because if there was to be this kind of apostolic succession in the family I wanted one who could refer back to a militant precedent, and who could and would cut off somebody's ears under proper provocation. The grace of turning the other cheek was a spiritual attainment in which William excelled, and being an ineffably good man he could afford this extravagance in humility; but the way Simon Peter brandished his sword and cut off the high priest's servant's ear has always appealed to me more. I know of at least one bishop's ear which I coveted as long as he lived.

I shall pass as briefly as possible over Peter's youth, because this record has to do with the man he became in spite of me.

He was a good baby and never notably good afterward. For a number of years we moved him, along with our few worldly goods, chickens, puppy and commentaries, from one circuit to another without making up our minds about him. I could not be partial to him because there was William, and William could not because there was his God, for whom he was bound to forsake anybody or everybody at a pinch. This situation was entirely agreeable to Peter. If he had a soul at this time he showed no evidence of having one. He was simply a very fat little animal who walked on his hind legs and had a good time quietly from morning until night. If I had a secret sin in those days it was the pleasure I took in him, because nothing had fallen upon him, neither the fear of the Lord nor the anguish of conscience. He was the emblem of that life which was already passing from me in the shadow of William's prayers. I was becoming a good woman, but Peter was that fleshpot of Egypt which I carried with me through the wilderness. He was my hope in the now of this present world, before that other world to come, toward which I was journeying hand in hand with William.

His father's relations to Peter were characteristic. He was determined to lay the foundation of the gospel in him before any other foundations were laid. Peter's attitude was also characteristic. He was not surprised to learn that God made him. A child never is. They are endowed with an incredible sense of personal magnitude. It is only after one has passed through the diminishing process of becoming a man that he doubts whether he was worth or received such meticulous care from the Almighty.

Peter learned the Ten Commandments with an air of serene detachment. He also learned his father's precious Beatitudes and the Twenty-third Psalm, merely with his tongue. I can see him now, a very short pudgy little boy, standing in the mournful light of William's cavernous eyes reciting Isaac Watts' majestic hymn in childish treble:

When I thurvey the wondrouth Croth
On which the Printh of Glory died,
My richeth gain I count but loth,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

These teachings had no appreciable effect on his conduct. As he grew, thinned in the middle and lengthened in his legs, he showed the usual normal tendencies toward damnation. I do not know what the members of our church thought of him, but I doubt if he redounded any to our glory. He was a good student of books, and had a bad record in behavior at school. He was frank, mischievous and possessed of

a militant disposition. He never lied to me, but he was ready to deceive his father when some doubtful deed must be hidden. I suppose this was for the same reason that Adam made specious explanations to the Lord on the day he also performed one of his own deeds. Peter was afraid of his father. My belief is that the moral sense is never born in any of us except through the pangs of transgressions. Peter suffered these pangs to an unusual degree. It is no soft thing to be the son of a saint. William was continually snatching him like a little brand from the burning. He snatched him with prayers and with the rod.

When he was about twelve years old, I remember, we were living in a parsonage that had a round table in the dining room. William used to lead Peter, shrinking, into this room for punishment when the sin he had committed was too flagrant to be wiped out by prayer in the study. I do not know why, unless it was because there was no barn on the place, where boys usually receive paternal castigations. Anyhow the performance would begin, Peter darting round and round the table, William following after with his coat tails flying, applying the rod at intervals.

I had my feelings on these occasions, the only ones I ever had bitterly antagonistic to William and his gospel, so uncompromising, so full of punishments.

When Peter's yells and the swish of the switch became unbearable I used to slip softly to the door, open it the merest crack, thrust my hand through, seize William's coat tail as he passed, give it an authoritative tug from behind, then close the door and walk tremblingly back to my chair in the next room. I cannot say what might have happened if he had failed to heed this hint of maternal providence over my son, but he always did.

"Now, sir," I would hear him say, speaking sternly, "get your Bible and memorize the third and tenth verses of the twenty-sixth chapter of Isaiah!"

The third reads: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee"; and the tenth one reads terribly: "Let favour be shewed to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness; in the land of uprightness will he deal unjustly, and will not behold the majesty of the Lord."

I do not know how William could remember the verses of the Scriptures so accurately under disturbing circumstances, but he invariably dosed Peter with both kinds of punishment.

Peter Wrote That He Had Decided to Enter the Ministry

Then he would go out to make pastoral visits, and no doubt to quiet his nerves, for he was always mournfully upset by these Jehovah séances with Peter. Then my son would slip quietly through the dining-room door and appear before me, standing at a little distance, wishful and indignant, his face tear-stained, still rubbing his shoulders through his thin summer jacket. This was his way of tempting me. But I always resisted, except possibly I may have regarded him with too much tenderness for disciplinary purposes.

"Peter," I would say, "you did wrong. Your father did right to punish you. Now take a bath and get your Bible!"

I always made him take that baptismal bath afterward, because it soothed and cooled his heated body and still hotter temper. And I always saw that he knew the penitential verses before his father returned.

Children are more than intelligent, they are clairvoyant. They know us so much better than we know them. Peter has told me since that he used to watch for my hand to appear through the crack of that door, and yelled the louder that it might show quickly. He never doubted, he told me, that my sympathies were with him, in spite of my hypocritical support of his father. And I remember saying in reply: "Yes, but your father was always right, Peter!" He looked at me keenly and laughed.

It is queer how one may still remain faithful to another's ideals, when they never were really one's own. In my heart I was opposed to William's methods of bringing up my son. I had that feeling about Peter. He was mine, the only treasure I had on earth. But I never dared to interfere. We did not discuss the matter, but I was sure that William had secret designs on him. He hoped to make a preacher of him. I watched the development of his plan in silence. Peter was never aware of it. But he was no potter's clay in his father's hands. I trusted the quality of my son. William's methods might keep down the animus in him, but I thanked my heavenly Father that he could not actually call him to preach.

I was determined to break this entail of the ministry on William's family, he himself being the fourth one in direct succession from father to son, all good men, and faithful. But it is well to keep the dust of your family in good condition, as well as their immortal souls. One or two wrestling Jacobs are enough. If they keep it up one generation after another they develop a sort of spiritual diathesis which affects the nerves of the body and divorces them mentally from the realities of this present existence. I have heard William tell how when he was a very small boy he used to hide in the mulberry bushes behind his mother's garden to wrestle in prayer. My heart ached for him in the throes of his infantile spiritual struggles. He was born with a prayer on his lips. He lost all the happy transgressions of youth. He was never for one comfortable irresponsible moment of this world. His flesh, his natural instincts and wishes were his crucifixion always.

(Continued on Page 108)

Peter Prayed—the Words of a Good Workman Who Meant to Do His Duty and Make Things Go

A CHÂTEAU IN PICARDY

By Sir Philip Gibbs

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WHEN Bertrand Holt, my friend, invited me to join him in a sentimental pilgrimage, by way of a motor car from Paris to the fields of the Somme, where he and I had lived—while others died—in years of war, I had no notion that he was drawn that way by a stronger lure than the desire to visit old scenes in which he had played a brave part, to walk among a world of ghosts—his pals and mine—whose spirit of youth haunted every yard of this earth of France, and to shake hands again, perhaps, with some of those women and girls in villages behind the old front line among whom he had been billeted with his battalion.

Looking back on that month we spent in Picardy, I see now that it was a living presence rather than memories and ghosts which he went out to find. His sentimental pilgrimage was through rusty iron gates which led through a grass-grown avenue of beeches to a little white château in Picardy, and to a girl who lived there.

From what Holt has told me in quiet hours when two friends talk without spiritual camouflage, I fancy he was not aware in any intellectual and reasoned way of this feminine attraction which made him steer an erratic course for that particular village behind the Somme. More than a year had passed since the war, and during all that time he had never written a line to this French girl with whom he had flirted a little when he was billeted in the *estaminet* at her château gates. I doubt whether he had given a conscious thought to her in all those months. Like thousands of other young officers, he had gone back to civil life restlessly at first, sick of war but not satisfied with peace. He had had to struggle like so many other young men of his age and class to find a job, and though he was an excellent machine gunner, he was utterly untrained in any technical knowledge that might be applied to the business of peace.

"What Does It Matter," She Cried, "That Jean Lives in an Estaminet and I at a Tumble-Down Château?"

Between periods of searching round London for profitable employment he had lived at home with his people in Sussex, and found that old country house too cramped and its intellectual outlook stifling. He had had two or three amorous adventures with girls who played tennis in the neighborhood, and had drifted into an engagement with one of them, whom he afterward described to me callously as owl-like in stupidity. He broke that affair just after getting, by a fluke of luck, a partnership in a motor-car agency in Paris; and it was in the Avenue Victor Hugo, where he managed the Paris branch of the business keenly and successfully, that I met this comrade of mine with whom I had once walked in strange, abominable ways.

Not once in our long talks of those memories did he mention the lady of the château in Picardy. I do not think that even then, a week before our trip, he was conscious of her place in his imagination. My theory is that her image lingered in what psychologists call in their jargon the subconscious or subliminal self, and that this girl's face and personality, which had once touched his spirit, gradually deepened their influence in the area of subconsciousness until they became a real and dominating cause of desire in his being. Perhaps it was some accidental and immediate association of ideas which wakened this latent memory, the coming of spring to Paris recalling springtime on the Somme, when Bertrand Holt had seen the petals of cherry blossoms blown about the steel hats of men marching through beauty to the fields of death; or the flower baskets outside the Madeleine bringing a sudden, intense reminder of an old French garden where once he had walked with a pretty girl; when daffodils grew in the long grass and bluebells wove a carpet in the copse behind the château, and this girl made a daisy chain and twined it round his khaki cap.

Anyhow, it was an abrupt decision of his to get away from Paris for a spell—he had earned a holiday by hard work and good business—and he gave me no more than a couple of hours to pack a bag and join him.

Overwork and ill health made me glad of this chance. Anything to escape from the roar of Paris and the nagging of business worries.

So we began our journey over old battlefields, and I remember Holt's morbid interest in the mangled earth—now flower-strewn—which he had seen upheaved by shellfire and blasted into unnatural chaos; his emotional silences in graveyards, where many comrades lay as victims of that war to end war—oh, god of irony!—his shrinkings and escapes from tourists, with their loud talk and their awful enjoyment of ghoulish things; and his study of France's desperate effort to bring back life to those devastated regions where peasants plowed fields stuffed with unexploded shells, and—lacking water, light and fuel—had lived through a miserable winter in wooden shanties set up among the ruins of their villages, or on plots of earth where not even ruins marked the sites of their former habitations.

As he sat at the wheel of his car Holt raged against the folly of the war, the crime of it, the utter idiocy of mankind, the futility of force as a moral argument, the failure of peace, the anarchy of Europe—due, as he believed, to the revolt of common people against the rulers who had made this war possible. Then for a long time he was silent, and did not speak again until we were on the south side of Amiens. I remember his words now, because they gave the key to the impulse which had led him on this journey.

"It's a funny thing," he said in his boyish way, "but I have a feeling that something is going to happen to me."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked him, surprised by a queer thrill in his voice as he spoke those words.

"Can't explain it," he said, "but I feel excited at the prospect of getting to that village over there. Ever since

I left Paris I've been thinking of the place—a sort of fixed idea."

I looked across the fields and saw the spire of a church above a belt of trees.

"What's the name of it?" I asked, and he said "Maresquel."

I remember the place vaguely as one of the innumerable villages behind the fighting lines in which British troops had been billeted.

"Don't you remember?" said Bertrand Holt. "My battalion was there in the spring of '16, and afterward in '18. Our H. Q. was in the *estaminet* called La Fleur des Champs—the Flower of the Fields! It didn't smell very flowerlike. I remember the manure heap in the yard and the smell of pigs. It was kept by Madame—yes, by Madame Berthoult, a sturdy soul. She used to tell us about her son Jean. He was wounded at Souchez, and again at Verdun."

"There was a château near by," I said, groping in my memory.

"That's right," said Holt. "It belongs—or did then—to the Comte de Maresquel. He used to let us shoot his rabbits. He had a daughter. Let's see—what was her name?"

He seemed to be puzzling for the girl's name, and he went on driving for quite a minute or two before it seemed to come into his head again. Then he laughed and said, "By Jove, Yvonne! That was her name! I remember I used to think it very pretty. Yvonne de Maresquel. Like music, I thought then. Most of our fellows were rather sweet on her. You know how it was in time of war."

"Were you sweet on her?" I asked.

He did not answer that question for a second. He seemed to be groping back in his mind. Then he answered quite frankly: "I think I was, rather—in a sort of way. She used to paint our portraits in water colors, and I remember I was jealous of young Waterhouse, because she made him so good-looking and asked him to give her half a dozen sittings. When we moved up into Flanders I wrote to her once or twice, and had answers from her. Then the big drive happened—the three great months—and then the armistice. After that she went clean out of my mind. I couldn't think of her name until a minute ago."

"My lad," I said in a chaffing way, "I guess you're right about that feeling of yours—the something-going-to-happen idea. It seems to me you're picking up the threads of an old love affair."

"I wonder if it's that?" he answered seriously. "It's a queer thing that, though I couldn't think of the girl's name, not for the life of me, her face has been traveling all the way with me from Paris. I keep seeing the way she used to laugh when I made some mistake in French."

"You're in for it," I told him. "It's the effect of spring on your youthful blood."

"Association of ideas, that's all," he said. "I expect she's married by now; and anyhow, I'm no catch for the daughter of a French count."

That conversation happened along the road, within a few minutes of our arrival at the little inn called the Flower of the Fields, where Holt put his motor car up against the wall, and then walked into the courtyard.

"Same old place!" he said; and then taking in a deep breath: "Same old stink!"

He stood glancing round with a smile at the midden in the center of the courtyard, at the pigs nosing among the rubbish heaps, at the pump where many a time he had washed, at the wooden shed where his company used to sleep on damp straw, at the harness room which was once an orderly room, and at the casement window from which he used to look out when he was adjutant of his battalion, having to deal with all the orders that came down from divisional headquarters. Loud laughter had often come out of that window, the laughter of good pals who had made the best of a turn behind the lines before going up to the dirty places of death.

"Seems like a dream," said Bertrand Holt.

A young Frenchman was unloading some manure from a cart, and stared at us. He came a pace or two forward, with a soldierly step, and said "Messieurs?" in a tone of inquiry.

"Is Madame Berthoult still here?" asked Bertrand in his good French.

The young man nodded, and swung round on his heel toward the house, with a shout of "*Maman!*"

"That must be Jean," said Holt. "The old lady was always talking about her *petit caporal*."

If this was her *petit caporal*—as indeed it was—he stood five feet ten or more, and was a tall, sturdy fellow, with a great chest revealed by his open shirt, and a handsome peasant face with blue eyes and bronzed skin and a light mustache. I fancied him in the uniform of the zouaves, or with a steel casque above that Norman-looking face.

A woman came out of the *estaminet*, and Holt went toward her, laughing, and said: "*Bon jour, madame.* Have you forgotten me, I wonder?"

She looked up into his face, and I saw her eyes light with remembrance.

"*Tiens! C'est le Capitaine Bertrand!*"

She put her arms about him and kissed him on both cheeks, laughing, and then weeping a little. I think the reappearance of this man whom she had known as an English officer brought back to her mind in a rush the years of agony and hope and fear, when she had worked and prayed for France and her son, before victory came; and then the contrast with a time when, after victory—as Holt and I were discovering—there came a sadness and disillusionment, because there seemed to France no fruits of victory but the remembrance of slaughtered youth and a heritage of debt and a sense of ruin.

I stood on one side a little as Holt talked to her, and noticed that her son watched them both rather moodily.

"Your friend was an English officer here?" he asked, turning to me.

"Yes, he was billeted here for several months, on and off, between the battles. I came here, too, once or twice."

He did not seem to get any pleasure out of that remark.

"Your men ruined the farm," he said gloomily. "We were glad when they went."

I did not like his way of speech, and answered rather sharply: "Our men helped to save France. Have you forgotten that?"

He twisted his fair mustache, and I saw that his brown, earth-stained hand had lost a middle finger.

"They helped to ruin France as well," he said. "Our victory, in which your men took their share, has left England powerful and rich. Is it not so? It has left France weak and dying."

He turned away from me, and with his double-pronged fork began unloading manure again.

Madame Berthoult called to him.

"Jean, come here, my son! This is the English officer about whom I have often spoken. *Le Capitaine Bertrand.*"

Holt walked over to the cart, smiling and touching his cap.

"I'm glad to see you home again. Your mother told me a thousand times of her *petit caporal*—how he helped to save Verdun! How he won the war!"

"Mothers talk like that," said the young Frenchman. "I did my duty, monsieur, and hated it."

"Like all of us," answered Holt.

He spoke amiably, though I saw that he was surprised by the rather hostile tone adopted by the son of Madame Berthoult.

"He gained the *médaille militaire*," said the woman, "and was three times cited before the army."

"My reward for three years in the shambles," said the young farmer; and I think there was a terrible bitterness in his words.

Holt turned the conversation away from the man who seemed to resent this personal interest.

"How is everybody in the village? I remember some pretty girls here in the old days. The two girls at the mill house, Rose and Madeleine, and your own little maid, Marthe—all the names come back to me now—and the blacksmith's daughter, Suzanne? All married, I expect, and some of them mothers of babes."

I saw a sad look cross the face of Madame Berthoult.

"The young men were mostly killed," she answered, "and the others came back with the *cafard*—moody. We have not had many weddings here."

Jean, her son, stabbed the heap of manure in his cart with his big-pronged fork and laughed gruffly:

"The English soldiers made love to all our girls. Then they went away and married their own girls. Ours were left the worse for war. That's one of our fruits of victory."

"Your girls were kind to our fellows," said Holt.

Jean Berthoult laughed again, but not pleasantly.

"Our men don't remember the English Tommies with the same love; nor the American Johnnies."

"In the château here," said Holt, "there was a young lady, Mlle. Yvonne de Maresquel. She is not married yet?"

Holt did not see, I think—but I saw—a quick glance between Madame Berthoult and her son. It seemed to me then that on the woman's side it was a frightened look. The young man, Jean, turned quickly to his farm cart. There was a moment's silence before the woman answered:

"No, she is not married. It is perhaps for the same reason. There are not many young men in this neighborhood who would be suitable. Monsieur le Comte belongs to our old families, who shed their blood as easily as the peasants of France. Their young branches were lopped off in the war."

"Those who weren't *embusqués* in the transport and administration," said Jean Berthoult bitterly. "I spat when I passed them in their polished boots behind the lines. Officers of liaison, interpreters, war-office clerks, *jusqu'auboutistes*, fire eaters who would sacrifice the last youth of France for the victory which would leave themselves with life."

"Jean has still a little of the *cafard*," said Madame Berthoult, smiling rather miserably. "He has brought it from the trenches, and it gives him fever now and then. So you will sleep in the same little room, *mon capitaine?*"

"In the bed which has a picture of Papa Joffre above the curtains," said Holt.

"You are staying here?" asked Jean Berthoult, and I thought there was no pleasure in his voice at this idea.

"A night or two," said Holt. "This village of yours belongs to my old life. For me it is crowded with ghosts."

"They're not good companions," replied the young man gruffly. "In any case, there is no comfort here. You would do better at Amiens."

"I want to pay my respects to the Comte de Maresquel," answered Holt. "I used to go shooting with him."

Again I saw Madame Berthoult give a rapid glance at her son—an uneasy, troubled glance, which he avoided.

"He is much broken by his son's death," she told us. "He does not encourage many visitors."

"I think he'll be glad to see me," announced Holt in his careless way. "At least I want to renew my acquaintance with his daughter. She was very kind to me."

"There is some talk," said Madame Berthoult, "that Mademoiselle Yvonne will become a *religieuse* when her father dies. She is much devoted to the Convent of Notre Dame in Amiens."

She spoke these words with a kind of deliberate emphasis, in which I suspected some hidden motive. Was it a warning to Holt that he should not reawaken an old passion? I thought so at the time, though now I think her words had a different object.

"Oh, that would be a pity!" said Holt quickly. "She would waste herself like that."

I could see then by his sudden emotion that whatever his forgetfulness of Mademoiselle de Maresquel's Christian name, her image was more than a vague memory in his mind, and that he had some expectation of her which would not be patient of disappointment.

We had no more conversation in the courtyard, but went with Madame Berthoult to see our bedrooms—tiny, but clean enough, and with Papa Joffre's portrait above Holt's bedstead, just as he had said. And that afternoon, after a simple luncheon in the parlor downstairs, we went across the road and through the rusty iron gates, and up the avenue of beeches which led to the Château of Maresquel.

"It's my dream picture!" said Holt. "I dreamed of this place in Paris, and I swear I could smell the scent of the bluebells just as we smell them now. Look how they are all glinting in those beech glades!"

"The old man doesn't seem to have done much in the way of reconstruction since the war," I remarked in a more prosaic way. "This place is a wilderness."

"I like its overgrown look," answered Holt. "It's like the garden of the Sleeping Beauty. There used to be a golden oriole in that thicket. It sang sweeter than any nightingale."

He left the straight avenue for a path winding through the copse, and stood listening to the birds. There was no golden oriole singing, but many thrushes and tits, which were hushed to silence now and then by the laughing cry of a jay.

"Yvonne and I," said Holt, "used to sit on an old stone bench here. Look, there it is—rather more moss-grown. I remember once I chaffed her about young Waterhouse, and she burst into tears. She was only a kid. Poor old Waterhouse! He fell in the last lap."

"Where does this path lead?" I asked. "We'd better keep to the avenue."

"It's all right," answered Holt. "There's a winding path which comes out at the château door. Then we come to a steep bank and a statue of the Madonna in a little grotto at the bend of the path. Lord, how it all comes back to me, after utter forgetfulness!"

We walked down the winding path over a carpet of bluebells and were near the statue of the Madonna, which gleamed white above a green bank, when Holt put his hand on my arm and stopped abruptly. I saw his reason. A girl was there, only a few yards away from us. She was kneeling on the grass in front of a stone bench, with her arms on the seat and her face drooped down over her arms. She was either praying or weeping. We knew she was weeping when, at some sound we made—the breaking of a twig under my foot, I think—she sprang up and turned toward us, her eyes wet with tears.

Holt was visibly embarrassed, and though he raised his hat, he did not utter a word. The girl stared at him in a frightened way, and I saw that she was a little lady with dark eyes and hair and a pretty, delicate face of a type one sees in old portraits which hang in the châteaux of France as we used to study them when they were the headquarters of our divisions and brigades. Then a look of recognition and surprise changed her expression, and a wave of color swept over her face.

"It is Captain Holt," she said, speaking in French. "No, that is not possible!"

Holt found his gift of speech again.

"A thousand pardons for this intrusion, mademoiselle! I could not resist the pleasure of wandering through the little wood again before calling at the château."

He presented me to the lady, and spoke her name rather formally: "Mlle. Yvonne de Maresquel."

She gave me her hand in a charming way, and said: "*Enchantée, monsieur!*"

And then, not hiding those tears which still glistened on her eyelashes, wiped them away with a little lace handkerchief, and laughed as she did so.

"I did not expect strangers when you came. I was crying like a baby. Sometimes one is a little sad, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"I have the *cafard* pretty often," said Holt. "It's a disease that has followed the war. In English we call it the hump."

"That is a funny name," said Mlle. Yvonne, laughing at its comical sound. "But in England you have not the same cause for the hump as we in France."

"About the same," answered Holt. "The war hit us pretty hard, and things are not the same—and never will be—in poor old England."

She gave him an unbelieving smile.

"England has recovered quickly. It is France that has gained nothing out of the war, and our wounds do not heal."

They were almost the same words that had been spoken by Jean Berthoult, the peasant farmer at the *estaminet* over the way. I thought it a queer coincidence at the time, though afterward I heard many people talk in the same way.

As we walked toward the château, one of those white-fronted old houses with steep roofs and dormer windows which seem to have been built all over France in the last phase of monarchy before the great revolution, I dropped behind Holt and only overheard a few words of their conversation. I caught one sentence spoken by Mlle. Yvonne:

"You did not answer my last letter!"

Holt murmured something which I did not hear.

"You went away like all the others," said the girl, "and did not remember our friendship. Why do you come back again?"

There was a touch of bitterness in her reproach, and something like a challenge in that question.

Holt answered in a clear voice before he began to speak in a lower tone: "I've come back to ask for your friendship again. I want it more than anything in the world."

Mademoiselle de Maresquel gave a queer little laugh, and I saw a warm color creep up her white neck, which showed above a low lace collar.

"The English are great flirts, *n'est-ce pas, monsieur?*"

I heard no more of what they said after that until we were in the *salon* of the château, when the girl asked us to wait while she went to find her father, who would be enchanted to see us, as she assured us politely.

The room in which we sat had a faded grandeur. The furniture was of the Louis XV period, with gilt chairs and mirrors and gilt-legged tables, but the chintz covers of the chairs were worn and frayed, and all the gilding was tarnished. The portraits on the walls belonged to the same period up to the days of Louis XVI, when the old Comtesse de Maresquel was dragged off to Arras and its greedy guillotine. Her face looked down on Holt and me, a brave old woman face smiling out of a lace headdress; and among portraits of young officers and ladies of the French court in wigs and ruffles and pompadour gowns there was one of a girl in a laced bodice, with a red rose at her breast, who reminded me instantly of Yvonne de Maresquel, who had but just left the room. Holt, who saw the direction of my eyes, nodded.

"Yes, rather like. The old family reproduces its types—and a good type too."

"They have proud eyes, most of them," I said. "There's a look of arrogance on their faces."

"I like their pride," answered Holt. "They paid for it with their heads in the end, but I bet they knew how to die."

"That girl knew how to love, too, I expect," I said, pointing to the portrait. "A passionate little lady, by the look of her."

"It's better than English coldness," replied Holt; and I fancy he thought back for a moment to the girl he had engaged himself to before he discovered her owllike stupidity.

The door of the little *salon* was opened by Mademoiselle de Maresquel, and she came in with her father, a tall old man with a white mustache and pointed beard. He bowed to us stiffly, and then held out his hand to Holt.

"It is a pleasure to see you again, *mon capitaine.* We had given up hope of resuming acquaintance with the officers who in time of war received what poor hospitality we were able to offer them. They slept in our beds, quartered themselves in our *salons*, dined at our tables; and then, alas, departed."

The words were perfectly courteous; but in spite of the old man's smile and his grasp of Holt's hand, I suspected an underlying reproach in that speech, a charge of ingratitude against English soldiers. Perhaps we had been a little careless of French susceptibilities. Perhaps we had forgotten friendly favors too quickly. I am inclined to think that some of us made war an excuse for lack of courtesy. Indeed, that afternoon I had an idea of something more tragic than that, as far as French womanhood was involved in the ghastly drama of war, even if they were on the safe side of its red tide.

Holt asked, and I thought it was tactless of him, to see the album of portraits which Yvonne de Maresquel had painted in water colors when his battalion was billeted about the château grounds. At first she refused, with a laughing plea that they were badly painted; but when he pressed her she yielded, and unlocked a little cabinet and took out the book.

(Continued on Page 142)

Madame Berthoult Wrung Her Hands Like a Woman Demented, at the Sight of Him, Saying, "Oh, Mon Dieu!" in an Agony of Grief

THE WAY OF CAPITAL

With Wall Street—By George Kibbe Turner

IT IS the purpose of the following lines to examine the present world domination of American capital, to consider the growth and the agencies which have brought it to this point of power and to exhibit at the outset its well-known relations with Wall Street, beginning back in those days of earlier preparation, when the magnates of that famous institution were still laying its foundations deep down in the dry-goods, clothing, notions and haberdashery business, in which of course both they and modern Wall Street had their inception.

It is now fully seventy years since Mr. Karl Marx and his collaborator, Mr. Friedrich Engels, began to enunciate the celebrated theories of capital which form the basis of socialism and the many varieties of semi-socialism with which we are all now so familiar and well fed—showing with what certainty the world was headed into slavery through the irresistible processes of economic evolution.

Capital—that is, savings used for the processes of production—they showed, would own the machinery of production; machinery would control and reduce the demand for human labor, produce still more capital in the hands of the few, then still more machinery and still more capital, till this narrowing vicious circle would plunge the world into the economic servitude which they so soon foresaw. That was now three generations ago, but even at that earlier time it was evident that the United States was destined to illuminate the workings of the theories of capital above all other sections of the world.

The inhabitants of the earlier United States were, as is not unknown, in a situation peculiarly adapted to the inception of the economic control of capital. Scattered across a large, fertile and often muddy continent, their needs for capital invested in the form of transportation—the greatest of all needs for capital—were in fact, as Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland so well points out, fast driving them to drink—largely to corn whisky—in the following manner:

A hundred years ago, a report to the New York State Legislature in 1817 demonstrates, the cost of transportation of a ton of freight from Buffalo to New York was one hundred dollars—four times the value of a ton of corn and twice the value of a ton of wheat at Buffalo at that time; and the traffic between these two points had, of course, the greatly superior advantages of the Hudson River haul down from Albany.

English Capital in America

SO THEN the only logical course for those desiring to transport these two main products of the country from Albany to New York—or still more plainly in the case of other points connected only by pioneer country roads—was to boil them down into whisky. And so it was, of course, that American whisky at twenty-five cents a gallon or less became the great factor it grew to be in American history—inciting the well-known whisky rebellions, starting the prohibition movement on its sweep round the world from its starting point on the American farm, and laying the way for the arrival of capital in the United States via the American railroad.

By 1850, then, about the date of the beginning of the Marxian theory, the statistics of transportation will show, there were some eighteen thousand miles of railroads in the world—installed by capital at an estimated expense of a billion and a half dollars; and one-half this mileage was in the United States. Never since has this country's share of the railroad mileage of the world shrunk as low as one-third. And so from the very date of the first enunciation of the laws which were to govern and control it, capital was to work out in practice in the United States through its control of the greatest of all mechanical operations the threatening destinies which were being made a matter of such general knowledge by Mr. Marx and his followers.

The opportunity for capital in this country then was clear. The danger to the population, though not then recognized, was doubly great. It was a danger not alone of economic slavery to capital but to an absentee capital as well—with all that that implies. For English capital now started out upon its attempt to build the American railroads, and so gain an economic foothold upon this great new fertile continent.

Capital, as Mr. Marx pointed out and as any man trying to create a competence from a pioneer American farm well understood, is often more the product of machinery than of the unaided muscles of the human back—the machine, of course, making possible that surplus of production which, as all know, becomes capital if saved and used for further processes of production. In America, without machinery, this surplus did not then exist. And it existed at that time, in any large exportable quantities, only in the one great mechanical center, England. So, as any student of its laws would have known, it was from the then well-hated shores of England that capital reached out to bind back to her in a new control her former dependency. Being absent from the scene of its operations, it was compelled, like all absentee governments, to make use of agents, and so established its well-known relations with the American railroad promoter.

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Wall Street, Westward, With Trinity Church at Its End

The instrument first employed to bind the railroad upon America by English capital and its agents was the state bond. This was a characteristically farsighted move; for the risk of the investment was in this way apparently eliminated and the hold of capital made doubly sure through the receipt of the obligations of the sovereign states themselves—a political obligation as well as an economic obligation—a lien on the very population itself.

Absentee Ownership

YET this first move—contrary to the expectations of English capital and apparently even to the theories of Karl Marx—proved an error. For the former colonies, upon the financial failure of the early experiments in transportation, declined to be fettered by the self-imposed bonds they had issued, defaulted quite freely on their principal or interest, and threw them back in disdain in the faces of the English bondholders.

So, following the panic of 1837, which was, as all know, quite largely caused by this excess of capital investment in public work and transportation, the debts of our states—aggregating from $175,000,000 to $200,000,000—were not worth fifty cents on the dollar; and, according to calculations made in 1842, capital not only lost its anticipated control but had sustained an additional loss of from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000 in its holdings of state debts—a comparatively large sum at that time—a great share of which loss fell on England.

The natural disappointment over this result in England, the then headquarters of the capital of the world, is well illustrated in the "humble petition of the Rev. Sydney Smith to the House of Congress in Washington," written in 1843 by that well-known divine, who was, it appears, a capitalist as well as a dispenser of verbal vitriol in England.

"Figure of yourself a Pennsylvanian," wrote Mr. Smith, whose Pennsylvania bonds had defaulted on their interest, "receiving foreigners in his own country, walking over the public works with them and showing them Larcenous Lake, Swindling Swamp, Crafty Canal and Rogues Railway, and other dishonest works. 'This swamp was gained,' says the patriotic borrower, 'by the repudiated loan of 1828. Our canal robbery was in 1830. We pocketed your good people's money for the railroad only last year.' All this may seem very smart to the Americans, but if I had the misfortune to be born among such a people, the land of my fathers would not restrain me a single moment after the act of repudiation. I would appeal from my fathers to my forefathers."

Scold as they would, however, about the failure of their first attempt, Sydney Smith and the other owners of English capital had no means of redress for this first unexpected failure of capital in that earlier and less experienced time to place its iron grip upon America. The citizens of the United States had secured the nucleus of their great systems of transportation. It obviously could not be removed. And capital, finding the control of American transportation through the debts of sovereign states was impracticable, took its next step on its way toward Wall Street, and passed on to the use of its then new but now almost universal instrument in this country, the corporation—employing still its former tool, the American railroad promoter, for doing this.

The corporation, as all know, was first created at the time before the general introduction of machinery, when capital was still necessarily weak and divided in many hands, on the ground that only through the small savings of many investors could machinery be bought in quantities large enough to make its operation profitable. But once under way, the vicious circle of capital creating machinery and machinery creating capital spread its power and influence throughout the civilized world.

The railroads and other transportation systems in the United States, as we have seen, were largely financed at first by the capital of England. But now, accumulating and gathering size and power like a snowball, after the introduction of the machine, capital appeared from many other quarters to build the American railroad, through the now common instrument of the corporation.

It was still English capital which, together with local contributions, was most active in building the railroads of the United States east of the Mississippi. But with England was now associated its namesake, New England, another industrial center from which, after largely building its own railroads, capital reached out, especially into the Middle West.

Then Germany—especially South Germany—following our Civil War and the establishment of the new industrial German Empire, sent out its capital to bind, under the guaranties of our national Government's aid, the railroads upon the Southwest and West, beyond the Mississippi; while Holland attempted in a smaller degree the same process in the West and Northwest. In this way the whole area of the United States was bound down with railroads by the financial dominance of absentee capital and the American railroad promoter acting through the instrument of the corporation.

How thoroughly they did this you will understand, as well as in any other way, by taking up your map of the Argentine Republic and laying it beside that of the United States. You will see then that in the former—a country developing somewhat later than the railroad—the railroad lines radiate out from its main centers like the fingers of your spread hand, covering the territory, you would say, efficiently and economically with railroad transportation, considered as a mechanical process.

Early Days

THE mere idea of mechanical efficiency, however, was not foremost in the minds or the interests of the builders of the railroads of the United States, as appears clearly from the map of this territory. If that idea had been followed out, indeed, this country would not have been bound down with railroad mileage to any such extent as it actually was by capital and its agents, the American railroad promoters; nor the railroads of the United States—especially in its eastern part—made into that striking likeness to the snarled and tangled convolutions of the railroad promoter's brain which they present to-day, and have for nearly forty years.

By 1913, then, the United States had had fastened on it, largely by absentee capital, a railroad system and rates like nothing which had appeared before in the world. It possessed some 240,000 miles of railroads—which was several times as much per capita as that stronghold of capital, Europe, possessed; its rates of all kinds, but especially for freight, were inconceivably low; and the one hundred dollars required to move a ton of freight from Buffalo to New York in 1817 would take it across the continent three or four times, and by the special secret contracts—so common then—much farther. Billions of money had been expended by capital to produce this result in a period of more than half a century, but as yet the iron grasp which such a gigantic effort might have been expected to give it upon the country's resources had not eventuated.

The fact was, indeed, as it now appeared, that capital and the American railroad promoter had really overreached themselves in this matter. The railroad promoter, having, as is not unknown, more interest in building and selling railroads than in operating them, retired from this profitable combination, built a square brick house with a mansard roof and a barn with a gilt trotting horse on the cupola; and capital, following its destiny along lines the exact details of which neither it nor Mr. Marx had quite accurately foreseen, plunged through bankruptcy into its present well-known and much-discussed relations with the ex-drygoods and clothing merchants who ruled Wall Street, and whose origin, organization and type of mind we are now about to consider.

The United States, as is not unknown, in its earlier history was in essence a farm. Its residents supplied their own food and some clothing, and as time went on bought more and more their drygoods and notions at the country store, whose importance in the early financial system of the United States is so well pointed out by Dr. Clive Day, in his History of Commerce. These country stores, as was well understood by our ancestors, were supplied with goods and credit—both obtained largely from England—through the great drygoods jobbers or so-called merchant princes whose biographies filled the Sunday-school libraries of that period, and whose memory is preserved to our day by an occasional side-whiskered statue.

These gradually—following the opening of the Erie Canal—passed down from New England, where they were most produced, and established themselves at the main crossways of American transportation, where the masts of the sailing vessels still stood stiffly on the East River at the foot of Wall Street, New York.

Where Wall and Broad Streets Meet

From dealing in cloth they were drawn necessarily to dealing in paper—the commercial credit and notes upon which the drygoods business, the chief financial operation of the country, was founded. They bought and sold this among themselves and their banks. And early finding the sale of paper more profitable than that of cloth, they had turned in cases, even before 1837, to the wholesaling and retailing of bonds—Mr. George Peabody, the founder of the widely known banking business of J. P. Morgan & Co., being perhaps the most prominent of those who did this.

Following the Civil War, these ex-drygoods merchants were joined by other dealers in cloth and notions and commercial paper, who originated in the Ohio and lower Mississippi valleys from the peddling, retailing and wholesaling of clothing, notions and haberdashery in that section in the period during and following that war. These new paper merchants were largely German Jews. And in this way modern Wall Street was partitioned into its well-known main division between the Yankee and the Jew—the two who may be said indeed to have created modern Wall Street, beginning with the well-remembered railroad panic of 1893.

Bargains

UNTIL the arrival and rise to power of these ex-drygoods and clothing merchants, and in fact previous to 1893, Wall Street was not what it has been made by their merchandising methods to-day. The railroads had not been built by New York capital to any considerable extent, so their offices and the chief markets for their securities were principally in other large cities. Wall Street was then indeed largely a small private gambling hell conducted for the abnormally sinful inhabitants of what was then known as Gotham. It was an institution well advertised but of little importance to the real capital of the country until, after the Civil War, the new security merchants started in to merchandise the bonds of the United States and to create the foundations of the present Wall Street.

It is the not unfamiliar characteristic of the successful merchant and of the two racial types now and henceforth to be in joint control of Wall Street to know a bargain when they see it, and both realized that such a bargain existed in the six and seven per cent bonds of the United States following the Civil War—especially in contrast with the interest rates which capital secured in Europe. They wholesaled and retailed them there—the Yankees through their old-time connections with England; the Jews through their racial, financial and personal affiliations in South Germany. Both were thus in close touch with the sources of absentee capital, which had fastened the railroad upon the American continent when the panic of 1893 started once more to jar loose the grasp of foreign gold upon the United States.

Again, as after 1837, there was marked disappointment and chagrin among the absentee capitalists over the unanticipated action of their capital in America—moving on its predestined way into Wall Street, regardless of their carefully matured plans and expectations. Sometime in the twenty years preceding 1895 nearly all the railroads

(Concluded on Page 87)

GASOLINE GUS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

GUS took a deep breath, tilted the cornet toward the ceiling, and reached desperately for the elusive top note of The Suwanee River. He missed the darned thing for the eleventh time within the hour, and for seven blocks, north, south, east and west, Windy City shuddered.

"I declare," cried Mrs. Banty, sitting up in bed, her gray head trembling with resentment, "it does look like he'd have better sense than to play that ol' horn at this time o' night."

Her granddaughter, who was combing her hair in her nightdress and had her mouth full of pins, replied: "Why, I think it's just grand!"

"He's been at that same tune two years," snapped the old lady, "and he never has blowed that note just right yet. He shouldn't ought to do his friends so mean, Sally Jo."

"He used to could play Asleep in the Deep right well, gran'ma."

"Then why don't he stick to what he knows? He never will learn that tune, and somebody'd ought to tell him so."

In the chill gray of dawn she started from sleep with a gasp of apprehension and every muscle taut. The world reeled; the air was aquiver with a palpitating, thuttering din. Ten thousand cats were hissing and spitting just below her window. Then pop! Tut-tut-tut, bang! And the racing of high-powered cars. Bang! Bang! Bang!

"I do believe there's been a shootin'," declared Mrs. Banty excitedly. "It's like Jeff Tarwater has shot Mitt Smith."

But it was only Gus Hardin "shootin' the juice to her" as he tuned up his motorcycle two streets south. Presently the sounds softened and merged into a steady vibrant hum. It swelled, and he went roaring past the house down Live Oak Street toward the square.

"I've seen your granddaddy shoot a man for less'n that," exclaimed Mrs. Banty with deep feeling, "and everybody in town went on his bail."

Sally Jo's only reply, as she settled down again with a smile, was, "I wonder where Mr. Gus gets his breakfast!"

He got it at the Kandy Kitchen, and it was a strictly bachelor meal. He started off with a bowl of warmed-over chile con carne.

"Got any aiggs?" he bawled into the kitchen.

"Comin' up! Sunny side up or wrecked, Gasoline?"

"Wrecked. And say, Dave, how about a nice T-bone steak?"

"Twenty minutes and she's yours. Hot cakes this mornin'?"

"Same as usual, and be sure the coffee's got some kick to it. Yesterday it was weaker'n dishwater."

"Maybe Pete got 'em mixed yesterday," suggested the proprietor, entering with the eggs.

Having finished this breakfast Gus rolled a cigarette and announced that he would probably last until noon.

"For a li'l' runt like you you're pretty good, Gasoline," commented Dave admiringly.

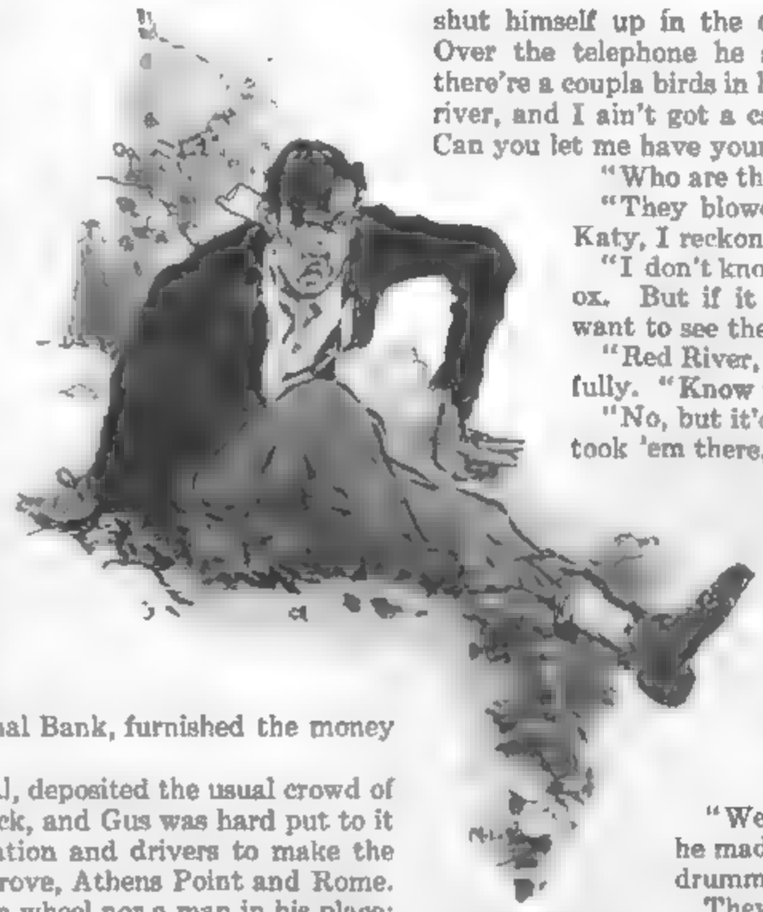
"Shucks, this ain't nothing. You'd ought to see me when I'm goin' good."

"I'd sure enough like to handle the business."

"Well, *adios!*"

"*Adios*," returned Dave as he mopped off the table with a towel.

Gus departed to his garage, on Main Street, just off the Square and right next to the Daily Booster's office. Here he stored cars and rented out flivvers; nominally proprietor, but Don Rayburn, cashier of the First National Bank, furnished the money for the business.



Slowly and Painfully He Picked Himself Up

Number 8, the Katy local, deposited the usual crowd of traveling men at nine o'clock, and Gus was hard put to it to furnish them transportation and drivers to make the round of Ringer, Happy Grove, Athens Point and Rome. By noon there was neither a wheel nor a man in his place; he had even rented out Nate Cooper's six-cylinder roadster, Nate being in St. Louis for a hardware dealers' convention. Accordingly he crossed to the Red Front Drug Store to take on Reb Walton at dominoes—they were playing a four-year series. And it was through the window of Reb's establishment that he perceived, shortly after dinner, two strangers enter the garage.

"What can I do for you?" Gus inquired, joining them in no time.

One was a large, well-nourished man in a gray suit and wide gray hat; he might have been a backwoods traveling man or a politician. The other was tall and lean, and wore a black suit with a white string tie. His air was ministerial, but in any other garb his face would have made one keep a hand on his watch.

"We want to hire a flivver," announced the former. "Got a good reliable driver?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"I've got some business down on Red River."

"Haven't got a car in the place."

They looked disappointed, but the lean man said: "We might try the other garage, Lafe."

"Wait. Hold on a minute!" exclaimed Gasoline, and left them, to shut himself up in the cubby-hole he called his office. Over the telephone he said to Don Rayburn: "Say, there're a coupla birds in here who want to go down to the river, and I ain't got a car in the shop. How about it? Can you let me have yours?"

"Who are they? What're they like?"

"They blowed in here this morning on the Katy, I reckon.

"I don't know either of 'em from Adam's off ox. But if it was a loan they was after I'd want to see their collateral."

"Red River, huh?" said the cashier thoughtfully. "Know what they're after?"

"No, but it'd be easy enough to find out if I took 'em there, Don."

"All right. Take my car, but it'll cost 'em twenty dollars."

The price did not disconcert his customers in the least. The fat one merely remarked with a large and tolerant carelessness:

"That's all right. A few dollars more or less don't cut any ice."

"Well," was Gasoline's comment as he made ready, "it's a cinch they ain't drummers."

They took the sandy road leading to the wild, sparsely settled bottom lands twelve miles from town on the border of Texas and Oklahoma, a region that had been until recent years the refuge of outlaws and bad men. It was tough going in spots, but Gus brought them safely home two hours after nightfall. He could hardly wait for his passengers to alight at the Alamo Hotel, in his anxiety to report to his employer.

"It's just like I thought, Don. They're oil men, sure as you make 'em," he announced, perspiring with excitement. "They bought leases for half a mile up and down the south bank of the river."

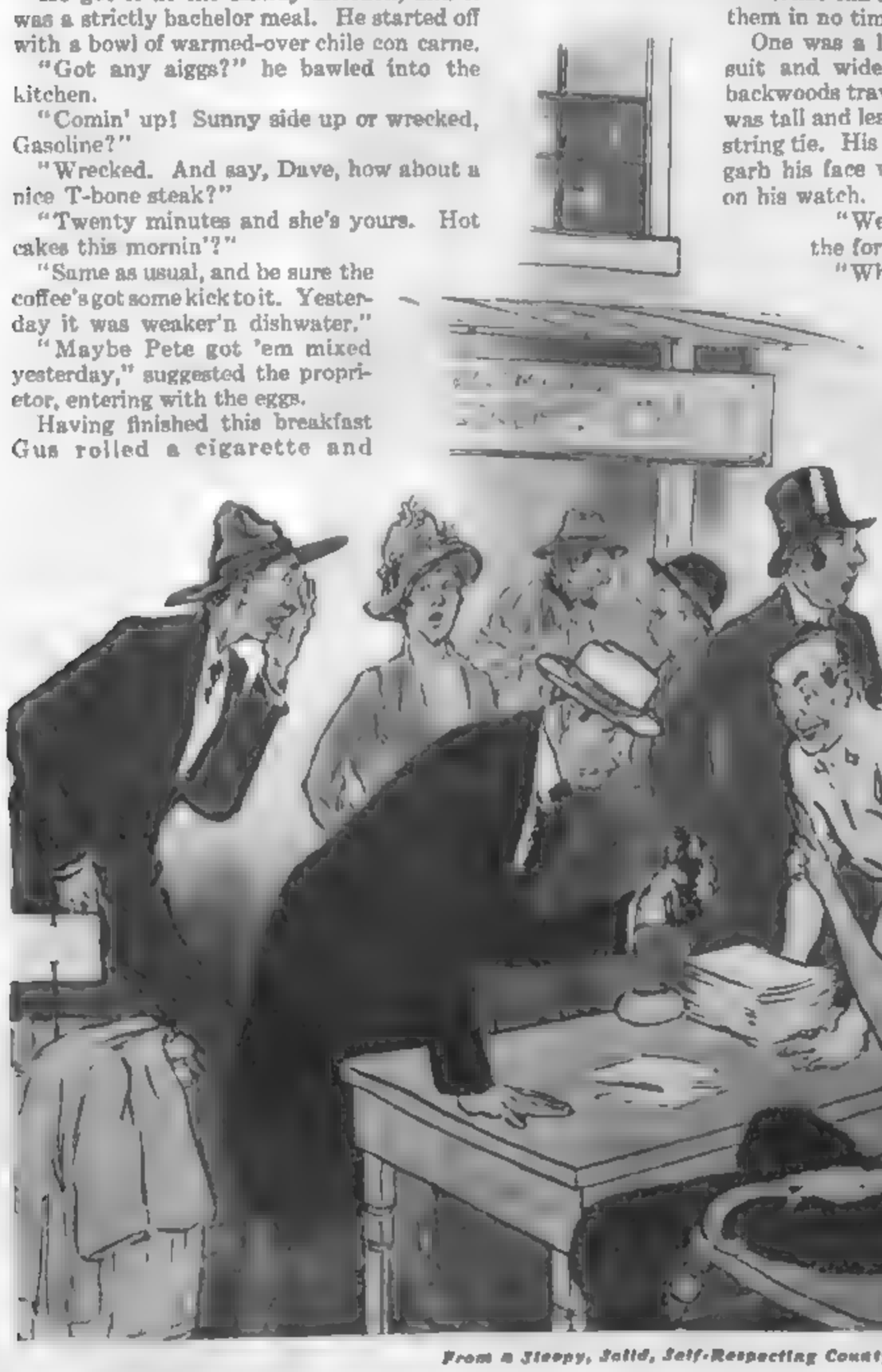
"They must have worked mighty fast."

"Fast? Why, it was like stealin' milk from a blind kitten. Most of them ol' nesters couldn't sign up quick enough. They hardly would let 'em leave after they'd got all they wanted—come runnin' from all directions to sell leases for ten cents an acre. That's real money for 'em down there this year. They ain't had a drop of rain."

"Just where did they get their acreage?" inquired Rayburn.

"All round Ol' Man Grady's place. He was the only one of the whole bunch who held out on 'em. They paid him fifty cents an acre."

The cashier chewed rapidly on his toothpick while he pondered the significance of these happenings. "It's exactly what I made sure they were up to," he remarked.



From a Sleepy, Solid, Self-Respecting County Capital With Some Reputation as a Cotton Market

"The parson's the oil finder," continued Gus; "and he's a sure-enough one too. They done left me in the car up the road a ways and told me to wait there, but I didn't aim to let 'em out of my sight, and trailed along behind through the brush."

"What come off?"

"Why, it looked like he had some kind of instrument in his hands. He'd hold 'em like this, Don, and they both walked slow like this—all over the north pasture of Ol' Man Grady's farm.

"Ever so often the parson would stop and sort of shiver, and his eyes'd shut, and then this other guy would mark that place with a stick."

"Sure!" said the cashier, nodding comprehension. "That's where his instrument showed there was a pool, Gus. Didn't you ever hear of an oil finder?"

"Shucks, I never took any stock in them things. And if you ask me, Don, I believe these two birds will stand watchin'."

"One of them's a minister, ain't he? Well! And often they make the very best oil finders there are. No-o, I don't figure they're crooks."

Gasoline scratched his nose doubtfully.

"Well, anyhow," declared his employer briskly, "we've got to beat it down there before anybody else gets wise. What time can you start?"

"I'll be round here with the ol' boat at four sharp."

Such were the beginnings of Windy City's boom. Next morning everybody in town knew that Mr. Lafe Schoonover, a capitalist of Tulsa, Oklahoma, was in town with a view to looking over the oil prospects in the region, accompanied by his partner, Rev. Jabez Newberry, a famous revivalist from Wichita, who had given up preaching temporarily to assist in oil locations. By three o'clock in the afternoon even the Daily Booster had heard of the two visitors, and came out at five with a paragraph on the front page in which it mentioned that Reverend Newberry was a noted oil finder, who had the discovery of several wells to his credit, among which was the celebrated Emmy Lou No. 1 gusher. Though Brother Newberry had displayed reluctance to talk about himself or his methods, ye scribe had found out that he owed his success to an instrument of his own invention which possessed the power to locate oil or minerals, no matter how deep in the earth they lay. However, only people with a special gift of electricity could employ this instrument, and Brother Newberry was one of those rarely gifted persons. The Booster closed with the statement that already the two magnates had acquired extensive holdings in Red River bottom, and prophesied a boom for Windy unparalleled in its history.

By patiently hanging round Mademoiselle Annabelle Murphy's millinery shop until she saw him leave the garage, Sally Jo happened to meet Gus at the corner of Main Street and the Square.

"Oh, isn't it grand?" she gushed. "I think it's so romantic, don't you?"

Gasoline allowed that it might be a good thing for Windy, and then again it mightn't. You never could tell about these here booms, and who knew anything about these guys, Schoonover and Newberry, anyhow? Where did they come from, hey? Nobody could even swear to that! As they talked, the two sauntered toward the Banty home.

"Still, they may be on the level. Anyhow, me and Don Rayburn figured we'd best take a chance," he added, "so we've leased five hundred acres all round their holdings."

"Oh, Mr. Gus, you're just the grandest man!" cried Sally Jo, yearning over him.

Being no stranger to such adulation from Sally Jo, Gus let it pass. "We aim to organize a company," he continued importantly.

"Perhaps there ain't any oil in this country, but if there is we want our share of it."

"I should think so," agreed Miss Banty.

Gasoline parted from her with a friendly "So long!" and promptly forgot her existence in building air castles until he went to bed. So alluring were these dreams of riches that even the cornet failed to tempt him from the pastime, and Windy City obtained early sleep.

"Who was that who left you at the gate?" inquired Sally Jo's grandmother.

"Just Mr. Gus. I happened to run into him at the corner."

"H'm," mumbled Mrs. Banty, "you're always just happening. I declare, Sally Jo, I'd be ashamed to tag after a man the way you tag after that Gus Hardin. And he ain't half good enough for you!"

"Gran'ma!" cried the girl sharply, and the older woman held her peace.

Events moved with a rush after that. An oil boom requires astonishingly slight impetus. Given the setting up of offices by a firm of lease brokers, or a warm tip Sam Jones has received from his cousin, who is next-door neighbor to the private secretary of the treasurer of the big Bull Creek Company, and a mad scramble of speculation ensues. No oil showings are needed to start a preliminary stampede; a boom can grow overnight on rumor.

"I Knew It Would Surprise You," She Said Happily

Messrs. Schoonover and Newberry organized the Lucky Chance Company, with a capital stock of one million dollars and assets consisting of a thousand acres of farmlands, acquired at an average price of twenty cents. Don Rayburn and Gus responded with a company they called Windy's Pride, capitalized at fifty thousand dollars and holdings of close-in stuff to an extent of five hundred acres. Why they should have described this land as close in was rather puzzling; probably they did so because it lay next to the Lucky Chance acreage. Nothing had yet occurred even to indicate there might be oil in the vicinity.

"Im sellin' out," Gus told Sally Jo at the end of the week, when she happened to meet him at the corner of the Square and Main Street.

"Oh, Mr. Gus!" There was anxiety in her tone.

"Why not?"

"Well, it was such a nice little business," replied Sally Jo, somewhat flurried. "I liked it—it was so sure."

Vaguely resentful, but not knowing why: "Shucks, I don't see how it makes any difference to you, Sally Jo. I'm the one who should worry. Somebody's got to keep a close eye on Windy's Pride to put it over, and Don, he cain't leave the bank. So I aim to turn the flivvers loose. Besides, the garage don't bring in nothing but chicken feed."

"Why, Mr. Gus, you told me yourself you made more'n three hundred dollars a month," she retorted reproachfully.

"That ain't hardly car fare these days," said Gus, with the scorn for figures running below a hundred thousand which contact with oil speculation begets. "If we hit it right, Sally Jo, there'll be millions in it."

"And if you don't hit it right—then what?"

That was another prospect altogether, which he did not care to consider, and he answered impatiently: "Oh, let's not talk about it. No matter what happens, we cain't lose very much."

Others besides Gasoline were selling their businesses or forsaking steady jobs to chase the rainbow. Reb Walton converted his drug store into a brokerage office; clerks forsook the counter to peddle wildcat stocks under the wooden awnings above the sidewalk surrounding the Square; bricklayers and carpenters scorned twelve dollars a day, to sit in the exchanges and watch the blackboards; and most of the one-mule tenant farmers for twenty miles round abandoned their autumn chores to loaf in town. Accustomed to hock the family stove in summer to take in the circus, they had no hesitation in mortgaging whatever property would not be in use during the winter, in order to buy shares and leases.

From a sleepy, solid, self-respecting county capital with some reputation as a cotton market, Windy City suddenly became a roaring, brazen, bragging oil town, full of cheap gamblers and adventurers, and where nothing was ever talked of but leases and millions, and where some poker sessions took place with jack pots running above thirty thousand dollars.

"Maybe I could get you a good price for a lease on your black land, Miz Banty," Gus suggested when the old lady came down to the gate one afternoon to find out to whom Sally Jo was talking.

"Maybe so, but you won't," answered Mrs. Banty resolutely. "I don't want no drillers or derricks messin' up my farm, with cotton sellin'

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—Windy City Became a Roaring, Brazen, Bragging Oil Town

Alvaro Obregón: As Military Organizer

By Dr. E. J. DILLON

DECORATION BY WILMER J. RICHTER

THE details of Obregón's various campaigns are of little interest to the foreigner. Certain of their episodes, however, are worth recording for the light which they shed on his inner evolution. In this development there was no sudden break, no transformation, no swerving from right to left or from left to right. It was but a gradual bringing out, a revealing of the lines of the mold in which his inner nature was cast. Character, which after all is but responsiveness to a certain order of motives, is fixed forever on the day of one's birth. Circumstance merely draws within human ken this or that trait which might otherwise have lain quiescent and unsuspected. A fiery crisis like that through which Obregón passed during eight years tends to disclose them all. And from this viewpoint, his modes of thought and action during the vicissitudes of the revolutionary movement are worth more than a passing glance.

Faced with a wild, chaotic welter of conflicting human wills, which were stirred by no ethical motive, he contrived to inspire many of them with a yearning for social order, with an incipient sense of duty and with a touch of his own ardent faith in the destiny of mankind. Those half savage, untractable children of Nature became plastic in his hands. In a word he was an educator, as well as a leader, and it is in that rôle that he can best serve his country and humankind. It is an interesting spectacle to watch how adverse circumstances and smiling fortune called forth in turn the precise quality demanded by each successive event, and how nicely he kept the balance poised between exalted passion and sobering reflection.

Obregón's Leadership Qualities

MILITARY achievements to him were never more than a means to an end, which alone justified them in his eyes—and that end was the moral and material well-being of his country.

When he quitted the peaceful, humdrum life of a farmer for the camp and the battlefield he had to educate his associates and his men, and naturally he began by educating himself. Commencing with a body of three hundred raw recruits, he ended by commanding more than forty thousand more or less trained soldiers, many of whom—however unaware of the fact the foreigner may be—are now citizens, conscious not only of their rights but also of their duties. Though subsequently pitted against professional soldiers, like General Angeles, whose technical proficiency received the hall-mark of European experts, he scored triumph after triumph, sometimes against tremendous odds, until at last he broke the reactionary forces definitively.

Obregón has a winsome way of approaching those whom he desires to lead, a charm of manner and something more effective still, an elusive quality which to many is irresistible. Even when addressing a chance crowd, he diffuses somewhat of his personality among them, communicates his own cheerful optimism and raises them, temporarily at least, to a higher plane of thought and sentiment. Instinctively he utters the words which are best suited to the occasion, however unexpectedly this may have risen, and are most easily assimilated by his audience. I have stood by his side scores of times while he delivered improvised speeches, sometimes of international import, and only once did he give utterance to a sentiment which in my judgment it would have been better to suppress. That sureness of criterion is not the outcome of mere prudence. No man knows better than he when to fling prudence to the winds and dare to do what the majority of men would term an act of foolhardiness, which, however, seldom fails to attain the object aimed at. The source of this sureness of touch is a high degree of intuition, one of those elements of greatness with which his few intimate friends know him to be endowed.

Obregón possesses another quality the practical value of which to the successful leader of a revolution and ruler of a nation can hardly be overestimated—he can say no to an entreating friend and confiding comrade with a quiet firmness equaled only by his amiable way of uttering it. In this respect I know of only one statesman who can equal him—Aristide Briand. They both captivate the men whom they are unable or unwilling to oblige.

I have been present many times when Obregón refused urgent demands, turned down cherished projects, shattered fond hopes; and I could not but admire the various degrees of urbanity which he displayed in announcing his decisions. Again, he can make a man feel that the best way to extricate himself from a dangerous situation is to face it squarely and brave the consequences, however bitter. And he made an extensive use of this faculty when his officers were losing heart and ready to admit defeat at the Battle of Celaya, where he scored one of his most brilliant triumphs.

In the army he contrived to engender confidence among the soldiers by his word and to confirm it by his victories. Hence he could invariably count on them to volunteer for the most audacious enterprises. He showed this quality early in his military career. On one occasion he obtained the reluctant assent of his commander, whom I refrain from naming, to attack the enemy, then stationed at San Joaquin, Sonora; and even this extorted permission was given only because the general in command underestimated the number of the opposing forces, which were about nine hundred to a thousand, whereas Obregón had only one hundred fifty.

As soon as the latter started off the general remarked to his staff, "Obregón and his so-called invincible Mayos will have their hands full."

The attacking troops arrived on the spot and hid in a wood. In the village several peasants, after a talk with Obregón, volunteered to join him. He answered: "No, we are soldiers, and it is our duty to attack the enemy; whereas yours is to defend your hearths and homes."

While the combat was going on an officer asked the general why he did not send reënforcements to help out Obregón. The answer was that he lacked horses. Horses, however, were soon found in abundance, but the general then answered: "Obregón was keen on going. Let him now realize what was involved in his insistence."

The enemy, assuming that it had a much superior force to withstand, was beaten after a battle that lasted four hours. The prisoners were numerous, and two hundred horses were taken. The general gave Obregón the usual Mexican embrace, said bravo, and the incident was forgotten until now.

It is natural that foreigners whose vested interests suffered and whose sensibilities were shocked by the long civil war should regard it as the opening of the sluice gates of chaos and the release of the disruptive forces of hell. They refused to regard it even as war in the sense of the word then accepted in progressive countries. And as long as that view prevailed, it was impossible for them to treat seriously the strategy, successes or the characters of the various commanders. Nor has any type of leader been recognized among Mexicans of the civil feuds except those of the knave and the dupe, the ruthless brigand who, to further his own sordid purposes, plunders the defenseless civil population and robs the nation for whose welfare he professes to be fighting, and the dupe who follows the lead of the heroes of evil, impelled by personal attachment or by a natural desire to be at least the handle of the hammer when the alternative is the rôle of the anvil. Hence foreign observers, with a few exceptions, looked upon all the armies in the Mexican civil war as mere pillaging mobs, liable to periodic paroxysms of wild fury.

The Mexicans' Chief Virtue

THIS analysis was not corrected, even after Obregón came upon the scene, although since then the World War, with its refined cruelties and diabolical savagery, has taught people to look upon the matter with different eyes. Doubtless the Mexican civil style was also a series of outrages on everything that cultured humanity had been taught to respect. Prisoners were shot, the wounded were butchered, women were raped, towns were sacked, churches were turned into stables and the holiest of shrines were abominably desecrated. All that is true. And yet in the very midst of that seething ooze of primeval savagery was a center whence emanated words of order and deeds of veritable heroism. But in the maelstrom of the forces of moral and social dissolution it was almost impossible to discern any signs of a movement toward betterment.

Gradually a network of legend began to cover contemporary Mexico, and more especially its military forces—an odious legend which has had a long life and is not yet dead. Now, whatever these sowers of savagery may have been, and truly they were bad enough, cowardice was not one of their vices. They knew how to fight and die. Fanatics many of them were, and ferocious enemies, most of them; but at least they were intrepid, enduring, unafraid of death. And a few of their generals—just a few—stand out from the dead level as gifted men and heroic warriors, worthy

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For Service Instead of Profit

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

DECORATION BY WILMER J. RICHTER

ALL about me at the club luncheon table were young men—manufacturers mostly, of paper, office equipment, hosiery and other lines that I do not remember. They were arguing about something or other, politics probably, but at any rate the debate was becoming forced, thin and wearisome.

I fidgeted, waiting for a chance to break in, remarking as casually as possible: "Why don't you people discuss something that will help me make a living? I want to write an article on the subject of whether the motive of public service is likely to take the place of the private-profit motive in industry. You are all practical, hard-headed, experienced business men. Do you think service should supplant profit?"

For a moment all were grave and silent. Then my nearest neighbor smiled broadly and remarked: "My advice to you is to beat it away from that subject just as fast as possible while the going is good. Why look for trouble? You had better get out of that mix-up while there is time."

From luncheon I went to see a great and renowned professor of political economy, the author of many truly learned and authoritative books, yet shrewd and astute in the practical affairs of life. He is the possessor of not only a large fortune but of a temperament and nature diametrically opposed to any visionary Utopianism. Yet he is fair, dispassionate and just in his thinking, to the point almost of mathematical precision.

"Your question," he said, "goes back to and includes the French Revolution and the attempt of Robert Owen to establish a Utopian system. This and all other attempts to date have been failures. But the idea involved in your question includes more modern attempts, most notable of which is Soviet Russia with its communist theories. At this point the whole question becomes so broad that it wanders off into infinity."

The Social Benefits of Industry

BUT this article proves that the friendly and sympathetic warning of a genial luncheon companion and the even colder douche of the learned professor have been disregarded, not because the writer suffers from any overweening confidence of being able to solve one of the vexed problems of the ages, but simply because the question is being hurled at the business system by its critics with ever increasing force.

Hardly a day passes in which a new voice is not added to the chorus of those who challenge the existing industrial order on the ground that it should be conducted for social service, for use, rather than for pecuniary gain, or, as we commonly say, for private profit. Upon close inspection this challenge may prove to be nothing but a catchy phrase, a meaningless slogan produced either by muddy thinking or by a mere fresh eruption of youthful radicalism which in each generation repeats in new form the old, old gropings after an unattainable millennium.

Or perhaps this demand that industry be driven forward by less selfish motive forces and toward less selfish ends is nothing but a reaction from wartime profiteering. The inflationary process that went with the war and lasted until so recently, released to a dangerous and destructive extent the passion of greed. Though the reverse process has now set in, people are still feeling the sting of outrageous prices and illegitimate, indefensible profits. No wonder it sounds good to hear the word service suggested as the proper mainspring of business activity, rather than a term which carries with it so much of reproach and actual bitterness as that of profits.

But the challenge, the indictment which lies in contrasting service with profits, is far too serious to be dismissed lightly. It is not the mere parlor Bolshevik who sets these two words off against one another. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, within the last few months has stated that "the last drag upon the worker's heart and brain, upon his enthusiasm for service, upon his simple efficiency at the bench and forge, is the lingering ideal of production for profit only."

About a year ago in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I attempted to analyze the part which profits play in business; and more recently, in greater detail, the evils of profiteering. But the present question strikes even deeper and requires a longer probe. It is, in short, whether the whole idea and the ideals back of our system of industry, of business, of finance, are not in the main both ineffective and vicious, overripe for the scrap heap, waiting to be replaced by something new and far more inspiring.

It is not altogether easy to discover just what is meant by saying that industry should be conducted for public service instead of for private profit. Nor does the meaning become clearer by merely piling up repetitions of the same idea from different authorities. Mr. Gompers has said that "the greatest single achievement for progress in this day and generation is the substitution of the ideal of production for service for that of profit alone."

"Our workers will produce," says Robert Smillie, leader of the British coal miners, "if we get the guaranty that production is not to make millionaires but to make comfortable happy homes."

The reader, I imagine, is left with the shrewd suspicion that either he is very dull and stupid or that those authorities are astonishingly deep. Suppose the entire shoe industry in this country were on lower Manhattan Island and the sea suddenly rushed in and engulfed the factories. Then it would be discovered that the shoe industry, despite the profits which go to a number of the big manufacturers, has rendered quite a little service in its way.

Indeed it is obvious, or one might say more than obvious, that any number of industries are rendering a tremendous amount of service, even if private profits do go to private owners. Even the British coal mines, owned as they are by the merest handful of passive, absentee, nonfunctioning dukes, do undoubtedly render some service to the British Empire in producing their vast output of coal. Industry should be conducted for use, it is asserted, rather than for profit. But really are not most of the goods which are produced now under the profits system put to fairly good use?

Only a lunatic would deny this fact. Indeed, when the critic of the present system says that industry should be conducted for service and use instead of profit he means nothing of the kind. His use of language is confusing, obscure and wholly muddled. He implies by his statement that industry at present renders no or comparatively little service of a large social nature, a statement which is manifestly absurd.

Things That People Work For

WHAT he really means, of course, is that private profits should at the most be a by-product of industry, that the motive of making private profits should be greatly subordinated, and either largely done away with or reënforced by other and more unselfish motives. He also means that industry as at present constituted does not render so much service as he thinks it might under some more or less socialistic system which he has in mind. He expresses his ideas in theoretical, abstract language which makes hard reading. But please have patience, reader, for a few paragraphs.

"In everyday life there is a widespread rebellion against the profit motive," says one of the more moderate critics of the present order. "It is not an attack upon the creation of wealth; on the contrary it is a discovery that private commercialism is an antiquated, feeble, mean and unimaginative way of dealing with the possibilities of modern industry. . . . Man is not a slot machine set in motion by inserting a coin. Modern industry was created by the profiteer, and here it is. But he has failed to realize its promise. The profit system has never commanded the whole-hearted support of people who lived under it. . . . Always a deep stream of uneasiness and restlessness."

Now it is perfectly obvious that men are dominated in their work by a complex set of instincts and motives. Neither employers nor employees work merely because of the simple economic motive—that is, for wages, livelihood, profits, gain. The desire for distinction and honor, the instinct of emulation, the desire for self-assertion and craftsmanship, and even such instincts as those of gregariousness, pugnacity, curiosity and play, all help to make up the complex.

It would be narrow, it would be false, to say that men and women work solely to gain in a pecuniary sense; and if they work from other important motives as well it is equally false to say that the industrial system as a whole is driven on solely by the desire for profit making.

In every walk of life, in every occupation, there is a passion to do and to do well, no less than a passion to get. The domestic servant who takes no pride in her work and who thinks only of tips or wages is impossible. As H. G. Wells, the English novelist, has said, if there were

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THE PINK SHEEP

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE good will of his family as revealed at breakfast made Leonard Cadwell uncomfortable. Normally the Cadwells consumed the morning meal with a businesslike efficiency and dispatch which enabled Leonard to avoid attention. Even on Sundays, when the hour was eight-thirty instead of the weekday seven, this singleness of purpose provided him with an agreeable effect of invisibility. To-day, as he took his seat, the small pile of tissue-wrapped, ribbon-bound packages beside his plate seemed to mark him as momentarily a person of prominence. He felt himself flushing miserably under the conjoined and benevolent inspection.

"Happy birthday, Lennie."

Martha regarded him with the affection which she conceived to be a duty under the circumstances, and her sentiment was voiced in a tone which strongly implied mental reservations. George, already engaged with oatmeal, interrupted operations long enough to pound his brother stoutly between his shoulder blades, an attention which Leonard tried to accept gracefully in spite of his jarred spine and disturbed respiration. The others, more remote, confined themselves to appropriate speeches.

Leonard, fumbling unhappily with the ribbon of the nearest package, mumbled an inclusive "Thanks." He had learned to be afraid of the other Cadwells, even when bringing gifts—particularly when bringing gifts, in fact.

He opened the packages. Martha had embroidered his initials on a pair of pink suspenders; his mother had provided elastic arm bands of the same material and shade; Walter and George, evidently in collaboration, offered a carved meerschaum pipe in the semblance of a gargoyle with a hollow skull, and a filled canister of potent cut plug. Leonard foresaw that he would be obliged to make use of both, directly he finished his breakfast, and a premonitory twinge of nausea afflicted him. He wished vehemently that he had never attempted to demonstrate his manliness by a cautious experiment with tobacco. Something told him that he would find this capacious pipe and the black, gummy-looking mixture a very different affair from the carefully chosen cigar he sometimes ventured in public, and still more unlike the feeble cigarettes he smoked in strict seclusion. His appetite, never robust, underwent a sharp decline. He would have liked to refuse the liberal bowl of oatmeal which Martha filled for him during the ceremony of opening his packages, but habit and discipline were strong. He ate, his mind warily awake to the fact that as yet his father's gift was not in evidence.

The thought lessened his anxieties on the ordeal by pipe to be presently endured. The suspenders and arm garters became trivial distresses by comparison. They were happily designed for invisibility; he could keep them for best and thus avoid the question of their use except on occasional Sundays. But he glanced apprehensively at James Cadwell's beard as he absorbed the lumpy porridge, and speculated uneasily on the probable nature and extent of the climactic present he knew impended. James Cadwell had a certain dramatic sense; he liked the effect of suspense and surprise.

It might be a new suit, Leonard thought. He winced. His last birthday, so signalized, had cost him acute discomfort for fifty-two ensuing Sundays, including to-day. He tried not to see the pattern of his sleeve—a plaid in heavy worsted which assailed his eye almost as spitefully now as when it had been presented to him a year ago. He found a certain reassurance in the reflection that this present best suit was still quite new, and that James Cadwell would be unlikely to encourage his son in extravagance by replacing it so soon.

"He Looks Stylish, Ma," Said Martha. "If He Only Had a Mustache and Whiskers——"

His anxiety made him afraid to meet his father's eye. He struggled against the hypnosis which turned his glance again and again in the direction of James Cadwell's seat at the head of the table. He forced himself to look instead at objects he commonly sought to avoid—the cruet stand in the center of the cloth; the sideboard, a massive contrivance of walnut with a tombstone slab of white marble on which stood intricacies of colored glass; the oil paintings of fish and game and assorted fruits which hung against the red wall paper. Even these things, in which he detected a hideosity completely invisible to other eyes, were preferable to an ocular clash this morning with his father.

He realized that it was an extraordinary occasion, even among birthdays. He could hardly hope that it would be allowed to pass without some striking observance. Twenty-one—manhood—equality, so far as the law could provide it, with George and Walter and even James Cadwell himself! He remembered that he had looked thirstily forward to the day, with an idea that it would bring him freedom, self-sufficiency. The thought jeered at him now. He was no different from the Leonard Cadwell who had gone to bed last night. Whatever his father chose to do to him, under the pretense of observing his birthday, he would accept, and submit as passively as ever. He despised himself with a sudden heat, comparing his contemptible meekness with George's breezy self-assertions, with Walter's noisy aggressiveness. Even Martha, thin lipped and resolute, was more of a man than her youngest brother.

He ate a little of the Sabbath fish cake, swallowed his coffee, beginning to hope that his father might have forgotten the anniversary after all. But James Cadwell, pushing back his chair and opening the telescopic gold toothpick which anchored one end of his watch chain, addressed him in a fashion to set his doubts at rest.

"Well, Lennie, guess you been thinking I was going to give you the go-by, eh?"

He rumbled profoundly at this imputed error. Leonard grinned feebly, meeting the benignant inspection with eyes from which he tried to eliminate any shade of apprehension. Dimly he was reminded of his fourteenth birthday—another climacteric—when his big present had been the announcement of his apprenticeship.

"I was beginning to wonder, sir"

He felt that the confession would please James Cadwell. His father preferred to have people agree with him, especially in trivial matters. The others contributed, now, the intense hush appropriate to the situation. Leonard seemed to be acutely alone with his father. He watched the bearded face for some hint of the impending revelation.

"Well, you needn't have. You ought to know me better'n that by this time. Never forgot your birthday yet, did I?"

"No, sir."

Leonard's voice lifted a tone or two, in spite of his endeavor to keep it tuned to the basso thunder in which James Cadwell spoke. Hating himself, he felt the stinging sensation in the corners of his eyes which always made him afraid of tears when under emotion.

"No, sir. And it's not likely I'd forget this one—the most important birthday you've ever had—since the first one."

Again there was a boom of mirth, and again Leonard went through the motions of a grin. "I'm doing it against my best judgment," pursued his father, his beard seeming to stiffen at the change in tone. "You're pretty young to have your own head, and you're—well, you haven't shown any too much spunk so far."

"No, sir."

Leonard filled in a pause which threatened to be trying. His mind snatched hopefully at the suggestion of freedom implied in the reference to having his own head. It wasn't possible, of course; such things didn't happen except in stories; they couldn't conceivably happen in the Cadwell family. But ——

"There was a time when I figured you'd never amount to much," said James candidly. "But you've perked up

and taken hold all right. And I'm going to treat you just the same as if—as if you'd always been like Walt or George."

Leonard's pale hopes died. Walter and George, on attaining technical manhood, had been admitted to slim partnerships at the works. Evidently the same fate waited for him. He winced at the mental picture which rose before him—the long, graceless buildings sprawling over their littered yards beside the canal, the belching roll of greasy smoke, the hideous uproar which always seemed like a living, hostile thing, assaulting his eardrums with a deliberate and cunning ferocity, the blending smells which gagged him. It would have been better to stay on with McCullough. A moment earlier his work had seemed to sum up nearly everything that was repellent; now he thought of it almost affectionately. The works! All day under his father's eye and tongue; all day with Walt and George despising him and tormenting him; imprisonment in the wooden office building which vibrated to the thundering pulses of die presses and trip hammers. He thought briefly and wistfully of running away, as he had thought thousands of times before, and his self-hatred intensified, because he knew that he dared not step beyond the thought.

"I been watching you closer'n you may have thought," said James Cadwell. "And I been talking to McCullough, too. He says you know the business about 's well 's he does, and I guess he's right. Anyway, we'll soon see. You're going to run it after this. That's my birthday present, Lennie."

Leonard caught his breath, his mind blurring with a crazy turmoil of half-recorded thoughts. Mechanically his lips formed words of thanks. James Cadwell's face so unmistakably demanded them that his son's instinct of obedience responded automatically.

"You see, Lennie, I'm lookin' ahead. I'm good for a few years more, I guess"—he split the thick mask of hair in a brief grin—"but I want to fix things so there'll be room for all three of you boys when I'm through, and that means we got to branch out more and more. The ornamental end of the business ain't increasing very fast. Some ways it's falling off. But I figure there's goin' to be a big future in the plumbin'-supply end. That's why I put you into it. George and Walter couldn't go back an' learn a new trade. Guess it looked sorta mean when I 'prenticed you down there with McCullough, but I was lookin' ahead to to-day, Lennie—an' beyond that, too."

Leonard arranged his mental processes during the address It was clear enough that his father had bought McCullough's business. He had half anticipated such a move for months, and McCullough himself had dropped a canny word or two now and then. He knew that he was capable of running it as well as McCullough; for a year or more he had managed it with little interference on the part of the old owner. His first reaction was a sense of relief. Anything was better than the works—even the plumbing-supply business, with its detestable contracting department, was preferable to the destiny he had feared. But he had no pleasure in the prospect. A composite image of the McCullough establishment—profiting, to be sure, by comparison with the works—assailed him with a new ugliness—the show room, with its exhibit of specimen supplies, each item seemingly more unsightly than the next; the warehouse, where these eyesores were multiplied; the drab office at the rear, its windows overlooking a squalid, littered yard, the complicated horrors of the shops—these things assumed a new repulsion, now that he was compelled to survey them with, in some degree, the eye of a possessor.

He hoped for a moment that the birthday benevolence would go far enough to constitute him owner in fact of this domain. If it all really belonged to him there would always be the possibility of selling out, of taking the proceeds and escaping. He knew that he would not find courage to execute such a scheme, but the mere consideration would afford some comfort.

"It's better to keep things separate, on the outside," said James Cadwell. "Make trouble for us with other jobbers and contractors if we had a department of our own competin' with them. This way, you see, we get into the jobbing end without showin' our hand. We get our own outlet for our lines and cut out the cost of selling, besides taking a profit on the wholesale end and the contracting business. So the firm name won't be changed. It'll still be McCullough & Co., only I'll own it and you'll run it, Lennie."

"Fine," said Leonard.

He wondered vaguely where the birthday gift came in. He was already running the business in effect. A change of employers seemed to be the extent of his benefit. James Cadwell answered the speculation

"Of course you get an interest in the firm, Lennie—the same as Walt and George. Five per cent. That'll show you round a thousand a year. You can go on drawin' your fifteen a week and we'll square up any difference the first of every January."

"Thanks, father."

Leonard managed to look pleased. He saw that the family regarded him as undeservedly fortunate. There was a touch of elder-brother envy in the faces of George and Walter; Martha surveyed him with pale, admonishing eyes. His mother shook her head at him, as if to confess that she dissented from this extravagant bounty. He rebuked himself, under these stimulations, for his want of appreciation. He ought to be everlastingly grateful to be treated like Walter and George, who had earned their prosperity and justified it. He saw himself, after twenty-one years of education in the process, with the family eye. In his own estimate he was even a poorer thing, indeed, than the others thought and said. He knew his secret thoughts and measured their infamy, while the family judged by externals which he had learned to distort rather cunningly. He had no illusions about himself. He withheld even his pity for the poor stick which was Leonard Cadwell.

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"I Got So Dirty Helping Unload Some Magnesia That I Skipped Up for a Quick Bath," He Said From the Cover of Its Folds

HE DRIFTED TO THE CITY

By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

EVERY healthy nation needs a national menace. France worries about its decreasing birth rate, Germany about its increasing population, John Bull about his food and coal. And our national menace is the drift to the cities.

The economists, sociologists, editors, preachers and moralists have for years been viewing it with alarm. But the normal prewar drift was nothing to worry about compared with what has happened the past five years and what is still happening. The war drift showed, in official figures, more than 13,000,000 persons displaced in the United States, with the great trend toward the cities and towns. The Army sent 1,400,000 to France and 600,000 more men behind the lines. There were 550,000 in the Navy, and 1,700,000 in Army training here at home when the war ended. War work employed 7,150,000 men and 2,250,000 women—altogether a total of 13,650,000. It is estimated that there are between 1,000,000 and 3,000,000 still drifting throughout the country.

But statistics are dry—let us humanize the thing with some real people.

Tom and Jasper are brothers. Both enlisted before the draft got round to them. Jasper was twenty-nine and the huskier, and soon got over to France in a fighting unit. Tom was nineteen, the kid brother. He enlisted in the artillery, but proved so capable at hospital work that he was transferred and kept in a Southern camp.

The other day Jasper returned to the old farm in New York State, a disillusioned drifter, while Tom had just landed a city job, and felt that he could now drift into New York right and stay there, instead of commuting a hundred miles every week-end.

While Jasper was in France seldom a day passed without somebody's assuring him that he was the pride of the nation and that the country was waiting to give him a job at big wages the moment he got home. This idea was kept before the soldiers in print, speech, movies and propaganda generally. Like 2,000,000 other Yanks over there, Jasper looked forward to cashing in on this proposition—Uncle Sam's fair-haired boy, and so on. Go back to the old farm? Not on your life! The metropolis for him, and the bright lights and excitement, and that fifty or hundred dollar a week job just waiting to be filled.

Picking Up a Business Education

LIKE several hundred thousand other soldiers who stuck in New York instead of going home, Jasper drifted round the big town for eighteen months after discharge. The excitement soon wore off. He found that only two kinds of people prospered in the metropolis. Jobs at a hundred a week and upward are chiefly for the fellows who have demonstrated definite ability elsewhere and been sent to the metropolis to function on a bigger scale. The remaining population consists largely of clerks, waiters, drivers, chauffeurs, guards, conductors, people who can operate an adding machine, a sewing machine, a typewriter—anything that will help feed the big town, move it back and forth from work, keep its accounts straight—a city of stars, and of supers carrying spears, so to speak. The spear-carrying jobs are most numerous, seldom pay more than twenty-five dollars a week, and are eagerly snapped up by a contented job-holding class, with the competition of constantly arriving immigrants.

Jasper's first city job was found for him by a bureau that tackled the soldier-employment problem. He was taken into the stock room of a big corporation's New York branch at twenty-five dollars a week, where he filled orders for goods. Indoor work did not suit him, and the wages did not buy very much metropolitan excitement after board had been paid. The experience helped him land a thirty-dollar-a-week job with a contracting company, checking in materials on a new building. When the building was done that ended. Altogether, in eighteen months, he worked at nearly a dozen different things, from extra trolley conductor to learning parts of trades in factories. The last thing was handling steel in a shipyard. A strike threw him out of that, and with harvest coming on he decided that the old farm looked pretty good and went back to husking corn and milking cows.

All told, his wages during this period averaged not more than thirty dollars a week. He saved several hundred dollars, however, and brought certain city notions back home. One was a bathroom, another a hot-water tank for the kitchen stove, and a porcelain sink for mother. Army life left him orderly habits and city life a taste for clothes. Likewise, having measured the old farm by city standards of wages, costs, production and profits, he has started keeping books.

The net result of Jasper's city experience is about as follows: Wages are higher in town, but so is living; the kind of jobs he landed are uncertain, and lead nowhere in particular. He thinks farm life not only more independent, but that the same work and system applied to a farm will yield more clear money. Also, there is a girl mixed up in his proposition. Had she materialized in town Jasper would probably have married and stayed in the city, as do many fellows like himself—because the strenuous game of making the pay envelope cover rent, grocery bills, furniture installments, with perhaps a baby or two, would have kept him there. Jasper's girl happens to be a neighbor on the next farm, and when he marries that farm will practically be theirs.

His brother Tom went back to the farm upon leaving the Army, but the excitement of travel and cities had got into his bones. After the 1919 crops were out of the way he landed a job in a New York bank. It was not so good a job as some of Jasper's, measured in money. But Tom had a picture, where Jasper hadn't. It was a picture of himself in the movie industry somewhere—maybe a director or producer or manager or distributor. He liked that business for its atmosphere, and there seemed to be definite opportunities in its growth. The bank job fitted in because it taught him a lot about finance and business methods which he felt certain would be useful later.

After catching the general drift of banking he quit before banking caught him in its general drift. Then back to the farm for a few months during the planting season, where he studied stenography and typewriting. Then another city job in the circulation department of a newspaper, where he learned useful things about the putting together and running of an organization, with some experience in selling. After that his stenography was good enough to land him a place as assistant to an employment manager, where he learned something about hiring and managing people.

Each job contributed its practical knowledge, which was what Tom wanted. When he had what he wanted he quit.

The week before Jasper came home Tom wrote a letter applying for a position with a big moving-picture corporation. It was a pretty good letter evidently, because he reviewed his business experience, and made it clear that he wanted not merely a job, but a chance to grow up in that company's organization. One of the producing directors needed a secretary. He sent for Tom, had a talk with him, liked him and put him right to work.

A Million Soldier Rovers

"NOW it is up to me," Tom reasons. "There I am, with interesting work, a boss I like to work for and a key position where most of the activity in that business centers and things happen every day. If I can't make something out of that in ten years, then I don't belong."

With his picture, his keen mind and the clean, quiet ambition of twenty-two, he will probably be well on his way in two years.

There is a war drift and a peace drift. The first is abnormal, but already showing signs of change. The peace drift appears to be permanent, and perhaps not so menacing as our little group of serious thinkers believe.

Last summer a New York hotel man went West, scouting for ability to recruit one of the big syndicates recently formed in his line of business. He found the West thriving with a record tide of travel, and at the same time anxious to know whether it would last. This question was put to him everywhere, and led him to make direct inquiries of travelers on trains, in hotels, automobile touring, camping and viewing the national parks. He found two classes on the move.

First, the ex-soldier who had never been fifty miles from home until Uncle Sam drafted him. To prevent distraction in his training, the Army promptly sent him at least a thousand miles from home, then to France; or, if he was kept in the United States, probably transferred him from place to place. That roused the love of travel. Our Civil War settled the West, and also created the hobo. The World War has created a million soldier rovers, at the lowest estimate. Most notably it has broken up the crystallization of youth in the densely populated Eastern cities.

The hotel man had a handy example in his own brother, who was a Wall Street clerk when he enlisted, had never been anywhere, always worked indoors, was inoffensive, quiet, a contented dweller in his world of paper work. Choosing the cavalry, he was sent down to Texas, introduced to horses, trained to live outdoors and made proficient in certain soldierly rough stuff.

"If you got fresh with him after he came back," said his brother, "you would find yourself out in the middle of the street in about a minute."

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BURNED TOAST

By TEMPLE BAILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

PERRY CUNNINGHAM and I had been friends for years. I was older than he, and I had taught him in his senior year at college. After that we had traveled abroad, frugally, as befitted our means. The one quarrel I had with fate was that Perry was poor. Money would have given him the background that belonged to him—he was a princely chap, with a high-held head. He had Southern blood in his veins, which accounted perhaps for an almost old-fashioned charm of manner, as if he carried on a gentlemanly tradition.

We went through the art galleries together. There could have been nothing better than those days with him—the Louvre, the Uffizi, the Pitti Palace. Perry's search for beauty was almost breathless. We swept from Filippo Lippi to Botticelli and Bellini, then on to Ghirlandajo, Guido Reni, Correggio, Del Sarto—the incomparable Leonardo.

"If I had lived then," Perry would say, glowing, "in Florence or in Venice!"

And I, smiling at his enthusiasm, had a vision of him among those golden painters, his own young beauty enhanced by robes of clear color, his thirst for loveliness appeased by the sumptuous settings of that age of romance.

Then when the great moderns confronted us—Sorolla and the rest—Perry complained, "Why did I study law, Roger, when I might be doing things like this?"

"It is not too late," I told him.

I felt that he must not be curbed, that his impassioned interest might blossom and bloom into genius if it were given a proper outlet.

So it came about that he decided to paint. He would stay in Paris a year or two in a studio, and test his talent.

But his people would not hear of it. There had been lawyers in his family for generations. Since the Civil War they had followed more or less successful careers. Perry's own father had made no money, but Perry's mother was obsessed by the idea that the fortunes of the family were bound up in her son's continuance of his father's practice.

So Perry went home and opened an office. His heart was not in it, but he made enough to live on, and at last he made money enough to marry a wife. He would have married her whether he had enough to live on or not. She was an artist, and she was twenty when Perry met her. We had been spending a month in Maine, on an island as charming as it was cheap. Rosalie was there with a great-aunt and uncle. She was painting the sea on the day that Perry first saw her, and she wore a jade-green smock. Her hair was red, drawn back rather tightly from her forehead, but breaking into waves over her ears. With the red of her cheeks and the red of her lips she had something of the look of Lorenzo Lotto's lovely ladies, except for a certain sharp slenderness, a slenderness which came, I was to learn later, from an utter indifference to the claims of appetite. She was one of those who sell bread to buy hyacinths.

I speak of this here because Rosalie's almost ascetic indifference to material matters, in direct contrast to Perry's vivid enjoyment of the good things of life, came to have a tragic significance in later days. Perry loved a warm hearth in winter, a cool porch in summer. He had the Southerner's epicurean appreciation of the fine art of feasting. The groaning board had been his inheritance from a rollicking, rackety set of English ancestors, to whom dining was a rather splendid ceremony. On his mother's table had been fish and game from Chesapeake, fruits and vegetables in season and out—roast lamb when prices soared high in the spring, strawberries as soon as they came up from Florida. There had always been money for these in the Cunningham exchequer, when there had been money for nothing else.

I Went to See Her Once a Week. It Seemed the Only Thing to Do

Rosalie, on the other hand, ate an orange in the morning, a square of toast at noon, a chop and perhaps a salad for dinner. One felt that she might have fared equally well on dew and nectar. She had absolutely no interest in what was set before her, and after she married Perry this attitude of mind remained unchanged.

She was a wretched cook, and made no effort to acquire expertness. She and Perry lived in a small but well-built bungalow some miles out from town, and they could not afford a maid. When I dined with them I made up afterward for the deficiencies of their menu by a square meal at the club. There was no chance for Perry to make up, and I wondered as the years went on how he stood it.

He seemed to stand it rather well, except that in time he came to have that same sharpened look of delicacy which added a spiritual note to Rosalie's rich bloom. He always lighted up when he spoke of his wife, and he was always urging me to come and see them. I must admit that except for the meals I liked to go. Rosalie's success at painting had been negligible, but her love of beauty was expressed in the atmosphere she gave to her little home; she had achieved rather triumphant results in backgrounds and in furnishing.

I remember one spring twilight. I was out for the week-end, and we dined late. The little house was on a hill, and with the French windows wide open we seemed to hang above an abyss of purple sky, cut by a thin crescent. White candles lighted the table, and there were white lilacs. There was a silver band about Rosalie's red hair.

There was not much to eat, and Perry apologized, "Rose hates to fuss with food in hot weather."

Rosalie, as mysterious in that light as the young moon, smiled dreamily.

"Why should one think about such things—when there is so much else in the world?"

Perry removed the plates and made the coffee. Rosalie did not drink coffee. She wandered out into the garden, and came back with three violets, which she kissed and stuck in Perry's coat.

The next morning when I came down Rosalie was cutting bread for toast. She was always exquisitely neat, and in her white linen and in her white-tiled kitchen she seemed indubitably domestic. I was hungry and had hopes of her efforts.

"Peer is setting the table," she told me.

She always called him "Peer." She had her own way of finding names for people. I was never "Roger," but "Jim Crow." When questioned as to her reason for the appellation she decided vaguely that it might be some connection of ideas—dances—Sir Roger de Coverley—and didn't somebody "dance Jim Crow"?

"You don't mind, do you?" she had asked, and I had replied that I did not.

I did not confess how much I liked it. I had always been treated in a distinctly distant and dignified fashion by my family and friends, so that Rosalie's easy assumption of intimacy was delightful.

Well, I went out on the porch and left Rosalie to her culinary devices. I found the morning paper, and fifteen minutes later there came up across the lawn a radiant figure.

Rosalie, hearing the garden call, had chucked responsibility—and her arms were full of daffodils!

We had burned toast for breakfast! Rosalie had forgotten it and Perry had not rescued it until it was well charred. There was no bread to make more, so we had to eat it.

For the rest we had coffee and fruit. It was an expensive season for eggs, and Rosalie had her eye on a bit of old brocade which was to light a corner of her studio. She breakfasted contentedly on grapefruit, but Perry was rather silent, and I saw for the first time a shadow on his countenance. I wondered if for the moment his mind had wandered to the past, and to his mother's table, with Sunday waffles, omelet, broiled bacon. Yet—there had been no bits of gay brocade to light the mid-Victorian dullness of his mother's dining room, no daffodils on a radiant morning, no white lilacs on a purple twilight, no slender goddess, mysterious as the moon.

It was in the middle of the following winter that I began to realize that Perry was not well. He had come home on a snowy night, tired and chilled to the bone. He was late and Rosalie had kept dinner waiting for him. It was a rather sorry affair when it was served. Perry pushed his chair back and did not eat. I had as little appetite for it as he, but I did my best. I had arrived on an earlier train,

with some old prints that I wanted to show him. Rosalie and I looked at them after dinner, but Perry crouched over the fire and coughed at intervals.

At last I couldn't stand it any longer.

"He needs some hot milk, a foot bath, and to be tucked up in bed."

Rosalie stared at me above the prints. "Perry?"

"Yes. He isn't well."

"Don't croak, Jim Crow."

But I knew what I was talking about. "I am going to get him to bed. You can have the milk ready when I come down."

It developed that there was no milk. I walked half a mile to a road house and brought back oysters and a bottle of cream. I cooked them myself in the white-tiled kitchen, and served them piping hot in a bowl with crackers.

Perry, propped up in bed, ate like a starved bird.

"I've never tasted anything better," he said; and, warmed and fed, he slept after a bit as soundly as a satisfied baby.

It was while he was eating the oysters that Rosalie came to the door and looked at him. He was not an æsthetic object—I must admit that no sick man is—and I saw distaste in her glance, as if some dainty instinct in her shrank from the spectacle.

When I went down I found her sitting in front of the fire, wrapped in a Chinese robe of black and gold. You can imagine the effect of that with the red of her hair and the red of her cheeks and lips. Her feet, in black satin slippers, were on a jade-green cushion, and back of her head was the strip of brocade that she had bought with her housekeeping money. It was a gorgeous bit, repeating the color of the cushion, and with a touch of blue which matched her eyes.

She wanted me to show her the rest of the prints. I tried to talk to her of Perry's health, but she wouldn't.

"Don't croak, Jim Crow," she said again.

As I look back at the two of us by the fire that night I feel as one might who had been accessory to a crime. Rosalie's charm was undoubted. Her quickness of mind, her gayety of spirit, her passion for all that was lovely in art and Nature—made her indescribably interesting. I stayed late. And not once, after my first attempt, did we speak of Perry.

II

IT WAS in March that I made Perry see a doctor. "Nothing organic," was Perry's report. Beyond that he was silent. So I went to the doctor myself.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He is not getting the proper nourishment," the doctor told me. "He must have plenty of milk and eggs, and good red meat."

It sounded easy enough, but it wasn't. Rosalie couldn't grasp the fact that diet in Perry's case was important. For the first time I saw a queer sort of obstinacy in her.

"Oh, my poor Peer!" And she laughed lightly. "Do they want to make a stuffed pig of you?"

Well, you simply couldn't get it into her head that Perry needed the bread that she sold for hyacinths. She cooked steaks and chops for him, and served them with an air of protest that took away his appetite.

Of course there remained the eggs and milk, but he didn't like them. What Perry really needed was three good meals a day according to the tradition of his mother's home.

But he couldn't have them. His mother was dead, and the home broken up. The little bungalow, with its old brocades, its Venetian glass, its Florentine carvings, its sundial and its garden, was the best that life could offer him. And I must confess that he seemed to think it very good. He adored Rosalie. When in moments of rebellion against her seeming indifference I hinted that she lacked housewifely qualities he smiled and shifted the subject abruptly.

Once he said, "She feeds—my soul."

Of course she loved him. But love to her meant what it had meant in those first days on the Maine coast when she had seen him, slender and strong, his brown hair blowing back from his sun-tanned skin; it meant those first days in their new home when, handsome and debonair in the velvet coat which she had made him wear, he had added a high light to the picture she had made of her home.

This new Perry, pale and coughing—shivering in the warmth of the fire—did not fit into the picture. Her dreams of the future had not included a tired man who worked for his living, and who was dying for lack of intelligent care.

To put it into cold words makes it sound ghoulish. But of course Rosalie was not really that. She was merely absorbed in her own exalted theories and she was not maternal. I think when I compared her, unthinking, to the young moon, that I was subconsciously aware of her likeness to the "orbed maiden" whose white fire warms no one.

She tried to do her best, and I am quite sure that Perry never knew the truth—that he might have been saved if she could have left her heights for a moment and had become womanly and wifely. If she had mothered him a bit—poured out her tenderness upon him—oh, my poor Perry. He loved her too much to ask it, but I knew what it would have meant to him.

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Money's Worth — By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WAS at that point upon the way to Thun where the white dust-carpeted road is squeezed between the tree-clad hillside and the flower-gemmed gardens of the villas bordering the lake that the third tire exploded like a bomb. Upon the noise of it the pale girl in the back of the car carried a quick involuntary hand to her heart and the big gray man beside her exclaimed in rasping French. The rabbit-faced chauffeur lumped a shoulder defensively and drew the car up at the side of the road.

"It is the heat," he said plaintively, turning deprecating, uneasy eyes on his employer as he prepared to descend from his seat. "And now I must mend it; I have no more spares."

The big man made a small impatient grimace. "How long will it take?" he demanded.

The chauffeur shrugged with outspread palms. "Half an hour—forty minutes," he suggested hopefully. "If m'sieur and mademoiselle would care to walk a little—there are seats in the shade of the trees farther on."

"What d'you think about it, Cecil?" The big man bent to the girl at his side. "Would you like to get out for a little while; or is it too hot for you?"

The very dust of the road was aglow with the sun blaze, and the still surface of the lake beyond the gardens shimmered with the heat haze. It was the afternoon of such a day as visits Switzerland once or twice in a summer, when the sunshine stands between the hills like deep water, and the air is quelled and stagnant with heat. The girl raised her head slowly, as if with an effort, and seemed to sigh faintly. She was perhaps twenty-two years of age, little and slight; her attitude as she leaned back in the wide seat, beside the robust bulk of the man who leaned over her, enhanced her effect of a delicate fragility. The face she lifted to the glare of the sun was wan with an invalid pallor; she might have been ghostly but for a touch of auburn luster in her fair hair and the quiet life in her dark eyes.

"Yes," she answered. "I'd like to get out for a little."

"Right!" said the big man cheerily, and flung open the door of the tonneau. "Get on with it," he bade the chauffeur in French. "Come after us when you're through, and don't smother us with dust when you come."

With strong and gentle hands he helped the girl down, handling her with careful tenderness. He was a large man, thick bodied, great in the shoulders, heavy browed, with lips wide and firm under his close-clipped gray mustache. What was salient in him, as he stood and moved, was a quality as of

"It's No Use, Mr. Hait. I Don't Want Your Million and I Do Want My House"

"Isn't it Perfect! Oh! It's Lovely! I Could Get Well Here!"

assurance and security in every posture and motion, a manner as though power—the habit and knowledge of it—had penetrated every function of his being—till it flavored even the least of his actions. The rabbit-faced chauffeur, flimsy bodied and uncomely, watched him with furtive slavish eyes as he lifted the girl bodily from the step and set her beside him in the road.

"Now," he said, "we'll go slowly till we get to the shade and then we'll sit down. Take hold of my arm, honey."

His strong good nature was like a benign tyranny. "Yes, father," said the girl, in her faded sick-room voice that yet had musical undulations in it, and passed her thin arm through the crook of his big elbow.

Together they crossed to the sidewalk and moved slowly along it toward where, beyond a bend in the road, a cluster of tree tops held promise of shade. The chauffeur, standing limp by the machine, watched them depart ere he fell to work; he needed to be free of that dominance before he could develop any initiative of his own.

The pair of them—the large forceful man and the small frail girl—moved slowly through the sunlight. Warren Hall, who owed obedience to no man or men, had come hither upon the word of a Paris doctor, leaving to partners and assistants the great complexity of affairs that was his life. Here, where the dawn and evening breezes came freighted with the healing virtues of the great mountains, where yet the levels lay low enough to put no strain upon an impaired heart, he looked to find health for the daughter who drooped beside him while he walked. Together they had sought it for her in many places where luxury and hope are for sale to those who can pay lavishly; they had gathered in weariness and disappointment a strange lore of those caravansaries where the wealthy infirm of Europe congregate and languish; and now at last they had found themselves a refuge in the little antique town of Thun, through which the volume of the lake pours swiftly.

"It's hot, isn't it?" said Warren Hall. He looked down at her, his big face that could harden to granite, soft and solicitous. "You feeling any better to-day, Cecil?"

She raised her eyes to his and gave him a brief smile. It was as though a light had flashed upon her face, and for an instant the languor and wanness of her countenance were warmed to vividness and life. It was a gift she made him and she knew his instant response to it in the sudden pressure of his big arm upon hers.

"I think so," she answered. "I—I like this place, father. I couldn't bear those big hostels and all those sick people any longer."

"That's fine," he said; and possibly among the many who hated and feared him, some would have pitied him at that moment for the sudden happiness that showed in him. "That's fine, Cecil! Oh, we'll get you well yet, all right—well enough to look after your poor old father in his old age. You're looking better too. I can see the difference in you since we came here."

It was at that moment in their carefully slow progress that the girl stopped and stood. He came to a halt instantly upon the gentle drag of her arm and his cheeriness dissolved to an instant anxiety.

"Why, Cecil!" he began.

She tried to smile at him again but there was no mirth upon her lips.

"It's—nothing," she said breathlessly. "Only—perhaps the heat. If—if I could sit down! Hold me, father!"

She was leaning against him and he passed a deft arm under hers and round her. Over her head, where it bowed against his burly shoulder, his big face was grim and dark. It was moments such as these that were to be feared—death traps hiding along the way by which they groped for life—when the halting heart in the girl's bosom flogged itself to an insane gallop toward destruction and death. He could feel it now as he held her to him, the wild, irregular beating of it perceptible through her clothes and his. He cast desperate eyes back along the road to where the chauffeur knelt beside the car and pried at the burst tire.

The man's back was to him; he would have shouted to him to drive the car hither as it was, but he feared to startle her. The road was empty in both directions. He backed against the white fence of the garden behind him, shifted his hold upon the girl to give her an easier posture, and set his iron jaw to wait till the spasm should have passed.

It was a couple of minutes before at last she lifted her head and moved to slacken his arm. He let her go at once, but kept a hand lightly upon her. They looked at each other.

"Well," he said in matter-of-fact tones, "that was sudden!"

"Yes," she answered. There was a touch of color in her cheeks for the moment as though she were flushed with effort.

"Easier now?" he asked.

"Yes; it's gone now," she said.

It was thus they spoke together always when the lurking menace had shown itself. So much at least they had in common—they could not tell each other of the cold fear that was theirs in those moments, she with death imminent before her, he with loss and grief reaching over her bent head at him.

They stood looking at each other; they seemed to be alone together upon the white road in a complete solitude; so that the voice that suddenly spoke to them across the fence from the garden startled them both.

"Is anything wrong?" it said.

They turned, the girl with that involuntary movement of her hand toward her heart. Beyond the fence a tall slender woman, clad from neck to skirt hem in an earth-soiled blue overall, stood regarding them. Upon her head she wore a broad-brimmed hat of rough straw such as laborers wear in the fields round Thun; she had gauntlets of undressed leather on her hands and in one of them she carried a gardening trowel. In the shadow of her hat she showed a face composed, enterprising and adequate.

Warren Hall took in the ensemble of her with a single shrewd glance; men and women are the chief materials in most trades and he was an expert in his. He raised his hat.

"Why, ma'am," he replied, "my daughter here—I fancy the heat's been a little too much for her. Our car burst a tire back there and we got out to stroll along a little way and she found she couldn't make it."

The tall woman needed longer to estimate their quality than Warren Hall had required for hers. She bent on them a gaze that was frankly an inspection and even walked nearer to the fence to look along the road and verify the existence of the car. It was done so calmly and openly, so much in the manner of a decent formality, that Warren Hall failed to feel indignation at it all.

"Your man will probably be some time," said the tall woman then. "Would you care to come in and sit down where it's cooler?"

"Why, thank you," said Hall awkwardly. For himself he would have refused but his daughter was another matter. "You're very kind."

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MY MARRIAGE

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

IT WAS the height of Rome's gay carnival season, and we had not been there many days when old friends of my parents and my aunt found us out. Soon our days and evenings were filled with charming parties.

I made friends with a group of young people, among whom were nearly all the gilded youths whom I had seen dining at the Grand Hotel and of whom Doctor Nevin had told me. There were lunches and dinners, soirées and balls. We were asked to a small afternoon reception and tea by the Queen Mother, a beautiful graceful woman with delightful simple manners, and we went also to a court ball which was well done in every way and very pleasant, though not possessing the quaint and picturesque qualities of the Hapsburg court. In general one had in Rome the impression that all society life was new and cosmopolitan, having nothing in common with its ancient background of rare beauty. Americans, English, Russians camped out in magnificent Roman palaces and gave rich fêtes in them, but they did not fit into these surroundings; and even at court, the halls were comparatively modern and the mixed crowds lacked something of Vienna's old-time picturesqueness and quaint ways.

"Bauromka," the Cantacuzène Château, in 1899
Above—Mrs. Potter Palmer's Newport Home Where the Marriage Occurred September 22, 1899

Memories of Leo XIII

THE King and Queen were popular and very agreeable. People wore fine clothes and jewels, and to us young people the good music and fine floor appealed strongly.

It seemed complicated in society, to keep track of the families who belonged to the White or royal party, and those who had remained faithful to the Black traditions of the Vatican.

Feeling still ran high, and among the older generations the two groups scarcely ever met or mixed.

The most interesting experience we had, was to assist at high mass celebrated in gala robes by the Pope in person. Leo XIII was then very old, and had not for some time appeared at any function, but we were given tickets for a mass in the Sistine Chapel, and accepted in the desire to see the beauty of the place and to hear the famous choir. Besides it was rumored that if he was well enough His Holiness was to appear, though no one counted on this. In black, with lace mantillas on our heads, according to etiquette, we went early one morning, and on the threshold of the palace one was seized by the feeling of a fairy tale being acted. The staircase, always magnificent, was lined with the Swiss guard who were dressed in costumes designed by Michelangelo. On the streets one would have taken them for crazy, but on this background, for which it was designed, the dress of the Renaissance was quite appropriate in its gorgeousness; and the chamberlains and gentlemen in waiting, the monsignori and the cardinals in purple and in crimson, the priests and officers of the papal household—were all so much necessary color against the finely proportioned gray stone walls. In the chapel the light was dim and beautiful, and the frescoes were rich and dignified. We took our places, and after a short wait the rumor circulated and was soon confirmed that His Holiness would himself celebrate the mass.

Soon after this we heard distant chanting, which announced the coming of the procession. Prelates of great rank, brains and distinction made up the larger part of it. Chief among them the thin, sharp features and the keen, shining eyes of Monsignor Merry del Val stood out, dark and powerful. Great things were predicted of the young Spaniard and I was interested to see how he had developed, as I had known him in Vienna where as a young student preparing to take orders he came sometimes to visit his father, the then Spanish Ambassador to the Hapsburg court. Now his father was transferred to the Vatican, and many were the tales of the Pope's reliance on the son and of the future he was bound to have.

When the chanting and the music reached their zenith of beauty, at the end of the procession came the Pope, surrounded by his intimate court. Seated on a throne, which I am sure he owed to Michelangelo's genius, His Holiness was borne high above the congregation's heads, and about him were various emblems and banners. Six or eight huge fans of splendid white ostrich plumes were carried also on each side of his throne, waving gently, catching the light of hundreds of tapers. The shriveled figure and face of His Holiness, moving along above our heads in the uncertain light, looked pure almost to transparency. High-bred, intellectual, worn with fasting and with age, the face was one of great beauty and repose. He turned slowly and gently from side to side to bless the crowd of his children, who looked up at him with reverence. All in white, he caught the light and held all eyes.

Both there and afterward, as he drew himself to his full height at some point in the service, hand and arm raised in benediction, one was struck with the sublimity of his ethereal presence. It was the very spirit of religion come to life, not for long, for the old Pope was very frail and I believe this was his last public appearance. It was a very grand one, for the music and the frame, as well as that picked crowd of devotees, were all worthy of the noble, frail, central figure. Somehow I felt the Church of Rome, in this Pope's person, had gained in spiritual beauty what it had lost in luxury and power since earlier days.

Days in Rome

DOCTOR NEVIN had been as good as his word and had arranged for me to have a good mount to wander over the Campagna in his pleasant company. He was as agreeable a guide as elsewhere my father had been, and he knew his subject and loved it so well that I was never weary of his tales of the ruins we saw, or the villages and villas we visited. Often we went together in the delightful tête-à-tête of old and sympathetic comradeship, and though we were many years apart in age, we grew to be warm friends through similar tastes and ideas. Sometimes my cousins came on these excursions, and little by little various others were asked to join our party, till it grew into a large group, keen for the pleasure Nevin arranged so well.

There were three or four young men among the diplomats I had met, who were especially kind about accompanying us always on these picnics, and who besides felt it their duty to invent other sightseeing expeditions in and about the city, visiting with us the palaces or museums. One of these, a Russian, was only temporarily attached to the embassy, to make pleasanter a lengthy stay he was obliged to make in Rome. He was a soldier by profession, and a sportsman, who made his mark among the élite of the Italians, both at riding and in handling the ribbons over a smart team of four horses. Prince Cantacuzène, we heard, was in the south recuperating from a horse-show accident. He had little if any duty on the embassy staff, and seemed glad—in spite of his reputation of hating society—to run about with us, whether to balls or in more sporty or intellectual occupations.

My uncle soon grew better, and we were to push on to Cannes, where with early spring the doctors said he would

find the change of climate and the sea air beneficial. Our departure was rather saddening. We had all enjoyed the season of gayety, and felt we were leaving many pleasant friends who would be missed. At the last our rooms were continuously crowded and I had no quiet talk with anyone.

I discovered that a variety of rumors had floated round us and that I was supposed to have refused every man in the sympathetic little circle, from old Doctor Nevin down. It seemed just as well to be leaving while the glory lasted. Several of the crowd spoke of coming to join us in Cannes for a vacation, and each one was to write me more of his plans. They all kept their kindly promise as to this, giving me the opportunity of straightening things out so there might be no misunderstandings. All save one did this, for I had not been on the Riviera a week when on walking into the hall of our hotel with an armful of bundles and an open box of candy, to boot, I found Cantacuzène seated in a deep chair reading. He dropped his book and came toward me. I had only just had a letter from him saying that he was leaving Rome and going to Paris, having given up his proposed stop on the Riviera, and this sudden apparition surprised me so much that my arms fell and the sweets and bundles scattered over the floor. When my aunt and cousins joined us, Cantacuzène was still gathering up the horrid things. The family were all very glad to see him, for he was an agreeable fellow. He explained with energy how he had been on the verge of starting for Paris when a telegram from the Grand Duke Kyril had brought him to Cannes for a few days' visit, and that he was going to spend the evening with this old comrade. We were also dining out at the Casino, so we all parted, making an engagement for the next day.

The Prince Proposes

AT DINNER I chanced to sit next to the Grand Duke himself, and by way of conversation I said to him how nice it was that he had brought Cantacuzène to the Riviera.

"I did not," said Kyril. "I was glad to see him when he appeared in my rooms this evening, but it filled me with amazement. All winter he has stuck in Rome—I don't know why—and now, when I gave him up, he came. I had to turn him out, since I was already engaged for to-night, but to-morrow I will know about why he has suddenly elected to arrive! He seems unusually capricious!"

It was evident Kyril's story and Cantacuzène's had not been compared before the telling, and that some mystery surrounded the latter's actions. I was given further food for thought when a day or two later an old college friend of my cousin's announced to me that I would be making a great mistake to tie up to any foreigner, no matter how nice he was. "Grants belong in America, and I want to argue the point seriously with you."

As he spoke he looked across the table to where the Russian sat, making himself agreeable to Princess Clémentine of Belgium—herself a delightful person with whom we had made friends, and whom I had visited at her villa at San Rafael. Mr. G—— scowled, and I laughed.

"I assure you no foreigner wants me. You see all the girls who marry English, French and Italians have fortunes. I'm too poor to be in danger. Besides I don't think I should care for foreign life save as an incident such as this trip has been. Don't let my peril weigh on you now, and if it will allay your anxiety for the future I can safely promise you to keep myself free for an American who may appeal to me in time."

"I suppose I must be content with this solemn promise," said Mr. G——, and we passed on to other subjects.

Whether it was the fine weather and the beauty of Cannes, or the powers of eloquence which he displayed, and his disregard for the European necessity of a dower, within two days from that luncheon I found myself, in spite of my intentions, engaged to Prince Cantacuzène. Ours was a complicated position, for we were far away from both our immediate families, and for some days we kept the telegraph wires hot. Finally we had official consent of all our parents and were able with my aunt's help to make some plans. April was still to be spent in the south, then we were to go to Paris, our party augmented by my fiancé. There the official announcement would be made, and I was to order my trousseau. The first of June we were to sail for the United States, while Cantacuzène returned to his own country to take up his regimental service during the summer maneuvers. He was to join us in the autumn again for the wedding. We had known each other but two weeks before becoming engaged, and had been a month together since then. Now the summer was to mean a long and distant separation, and we were to meet again only two weeks before our marriage day.

Ulysses Grant, 3d

I was called a bit of a gambler by some of my friends at this time; but, though generally a slow, careful person, on this occasion I was not at all hesitating or agitated over what seemed perhaps a risky business.

I knew nothing of Russia—even its geography and history were hazy in my mind; nothing of the society or family in which I was to take a place. Such Russians as I had met I liked, and I had found their point of view similar to my own, and my fiancé knew beforehand I was quite poor; yet he had not hesitated over this fact. He was a liberal-minded, hard-working individual and seemed among his comrades popular and well liked. His name carried me back to those Vienna friends of whom I had been fond. Without any doubts on the score of what my future background would be, I had accepted the attractive proposal to go and live with him in his far-away home.

Before the Wedding

THE summer in America was spent visiting various members of my own family in my mother's company, and then with her I went to Newport to await my fiancé's arrival. I seemed to have a series of new and quaint impressions of my own country and its inhabitants. The amazing avidity of human capacity to absorb queer stories about totally uninteresting details dazed me, as well as the manner in which this taste was catered to. All my family was entirely satisfied with my marrying someone I liked and felt to be attractive; yet the papers came out with lurid accounts of my Grandmother Grant's despair over the match, giving dramatic tales of interviews with her and with me which never took place. My trousseau, which had remained in Paris till I could pick it up in the autumn on the way to our new home, was said to be lost—then to have arrived; gowns which did not exist were minutely described, especially one with "real gold coins sewed all over it," and one covered with "real

(Continued on Page 36)

Part of the Cantacuzène Wedding Party at Newport

THE WRONG TWIN

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

CHAPTER II (Continued) III

DOWN the dusty road over West Hill went the twins, Wilbur still forcefully leading. His brother was becoming uneasy. There was a strange light in the other's eyes, an unwonted look of power. When they were off the hill and come to the upper end of shaded Fair Street, Merle advanced to keep pace beside his brother. The latter's rate of speed had increased as they neared the town.

"Hadn't I better take care of our money?" he at last asked in a voice oily with solicitude.

"No, sir!"

The "sir" was weighted with so heavy an emphasis that the tactful Merle merely said "Oh!" in a hurt tone.

"I can take care of my own money for me," added the speeding capitalist, seeming to wish that any possible misconception as to the ownership of the hoard might be definitely removed.

"Oh," said Merle again, this being all that with any dignity he could think of to say. They were now passing the quiet acre that had been the scene of the morning's unpleasantness. Their pails, half filled with berries, were still there, but the strangely behaving Wilbur refused to go for them. He eyed the place with disrelish. He would not again willingly approach that spot where he had gone down into the valley of shame. Reminded that the pails were not theirs, he brutally asked what did he care, adding that he could buy a million pails if he took a notion to. But presently he listened to reason, and made reasonable proposals. The Merle twin was to go back to the evil place, salvage the pails, leave them at the Penniman house and hasten to a certain confectioner's at the heart of the town, where a lavish reward would be at once his. After troubled reflection he consented, and they went their ways. The Merle twin sped to the quiet nook where Jonas Whipple had been put away in 1828, and sped away from there as soon as he had the pails. Not even did he bend a moment above the little new-made grave where lay a part of all that was mortal of Patricia Whipple. He disliked graveyards on principle, and he wished his reward.

Wilbur Cowan kept his quick way down Fair Street. He had been lifted to pecuniary eminence, and incessantly the new wealth pressed upon his consciousness. The markets of the world were at his mercy. There were shop windows outside which he had long been compelled to linger in sterile choosing. Now he could enter and buy, and he was in a hurry to be at it. Something warned him to seize his golden moment on the wing. The day was Saturday, and he was pleasantly thrilled by the unwonted crowds on River Street, which he now entered. Farm horses were tethered thickly along hitching racks. He threaded a way among them till he stood before the establishment of Solly Gumble, confectioner. It brought him another thrill that the people all about should be unaware of his wealth—he, laden with unsuspected treasure that sagged cool and heavy on either thigh, while they could but suppose him to be a conventionally impoverished small boy.

It Was a Scene of Babylonian Profligacy, and It Endured to a Certain Moment of Icy Realization Suffered by the Host

He tried to be cool—to calculate sanely his first expenditure. And he contrived an air of careless indecision as he sauntered through the portals of the Gumble place and lingered before the counter of choicest sweets, those so desirable that they must be guarded under glass from a loftily sampling public.

"Two of those and two of those and one of them!"

It was his first order, and brought him, for five cents, two coconut creams, two candied plums and a chocolate mouse. He stood eating these while he leisurely surveyed the neighboring delicacies. Vaguely in his mind was the thought that he might buy the place and thereafter keep store. His cheeks distended by the chocolate mouse and the last of the coconut creams, he now bartered for a candy cigar. It was of brown material, at the blunt end a circle of white for the ash and at its center a brilliant square of scarlet paper for the glow, altogether a charming feat of simulation, perhaps the most delightful humoresque in all confectionery. It was priced at two cents, but what was money now?

Then, his eye roving to the loftier shelves, he spied remotely above him a stuffed blue jay mounted on a varnished branch of oak. This was not properly a part of the Gumble stock; it was a fixture technically, giving an air to the place from its niche between two mounting rows of laden shelves.

"How much for that beautiful bird for my father?" demanded the nouveau riche.

His words were blurred by the still resistant chocolate mouse, and he was compelled to point before Solly Gumble divined his wish. The merchant debated, removing his skullcap, smoothing his grizzled fringe of curls, lifting the cap on again deliberately. Then he turned to survey the bird, seemingly with an interest newly wakened. It was indeed a beautiful bird, brilliantly blue, with sparkling eyes; a bit dusty, but rarely desirable. The owner had not meant to part with it; still, trade was trade. He meditated, tapping with a pencil.

"How much for that beautiful bird for my father?"

He had swallowed strenuously and this time got out the words cleanly.

"Well, now, I don't hardly know. My Bertha had her cousin give her that bird. It's a costly bird. I guess you couldn't pay such a price. I guess it would cost a full half dollar."

He had meant the price to be prohibitive, and it did shock the questioner, opulent as he was.

"Well, mebbe I will and mebbe I won't," he said importantly. "Say, you keep him for me till I make my mind up. If anybody else comes along, don't you sell him to anybody else till I tell you, because prob'ly I'll simply buy him. My father, he loves animals."

Solly Gumble was impressed.

"Well, he's a first-class animal. He's been in that one place goin' on five years now."

"Give me two of those and two of those and one of them," said the Wilbur twin, pointing to new heart's desires.

"Say, now, you got a lot of money for a little boy," said Solly Gumble, not altogether at ease. This might be a case of embezzlement such as he had before known among his younger patrons. "You sure it's yours—yes?"

"Ho!" The Wilbur twin scorned the imputation. He was not going to tell how he had earned this wealth, but the ease of his simple retort was enough for the practical psychologist before him. "I could buy all the things in this store if I wanted to," he continued, and waved a patronizing hand to the shelves. "Give me two of those and two of those and one of them."

Solly Gumble put the latest purchase in a paper bag. Here was a patron worth conciliating. The patron sauntered to the open door to eat of his provender with lordly ease in the sight of an envious world. Calmly elate, on the cushion of advantage, he scanned the going and coming of lesser folk who could not buy at will of Solly Gumble. His fortune had gone to his head, as often it has overthrown the reason of the more mature indigent. It was thus his brother found him, and became instantly troubled at what seemed to be the insane glitter of his eyes.

He engulfed an entire chocolate mouse from his sticky left hand and with his right proffered the bag containing two of those and two of those and one of them. Merle accepted the boon silently. He was thrilled, yet distrustful. Until now his had been the leading mind, but his power was gone. He resented this, yet was sensible that no resentment must be shown. His talent as a tactician was to be sorely tested. He gently tried out this talent.

"Winona says you ought to come home to dinner."

The magnate replied as from another world.

"I cou'n't eat a mouthful," he said, and crowded a coconut cream into an oral cavity already distended by a chocolate mouse.

"She says, now, you should save your money and buy some useful thing with it," again ventured the parasite. It was the sign of a nicely balanced acumen that he no longer called it our money.

"Ho! Gee, gosh!" spluttered the rich one, and that was all

"What we going to have next?" demanded the wise one.

"I'll have to think up something." He did not invite suggestions and none were offered. Merle nicely sensed the arrogance of the newly rich. "I know," said the capitalist at length—"candy in a lemon."

"One for each?"

"Of course!" It was no time for petty economies

Solly Gumble parted with two lemons and two sticks of spirally striped candy of porous fabric. Then the moneyed gourmet dared a new flight.

"Two more sticks," he commanded. "You suck one stick down, then you put another in the same old lemon," he explained.

"I must say!" exclaimed Merle. It was a high moment, but he never used strong language.

When the candy had been embedded in the lemons they sauntered out to the street, Merle meekly in the rear, the master mind still coerced by brute wealth. They paused before other shop windows, cheeks hollowed above the savory mechanism invented by Patricia Whipple. Down one side of River Street to its last shop, and up the other, they progressed haltingly. At many of the windows the capitalist displayed interest only of the most academic character. At others he made sportive threats. Thus before the jewelry shop of Rapp Brothers he quite unnerved Merle by announcing that he could buy everything in that window if he wanted to—necklaces and rings and pins and gold watches—and he might do this. If, say, he did buy that black marble clock with the prancing gold horse on it, would Merle take it home for him? He had no intention of buying this object—he had never found clocks anything but a source of annoyance—but he toyed with the suggestion when he saw that it agitated his brother. Thereafter at other windows he willfully dismayed the brother by pretending to consider the purchase of objects in no sense desirable to anyone, such as boots, parasols, manicure sets, groceries, hardware. He played with the feel of his wealth, relishing the power it gave him over the moneyless.

And then purely to intensify this thrill of power he actually purchased at the hardware shop and carelessly bestowed upon the mendicant brother an elaborate knife with five blades and a thing which the vender said was to use in digging stones out of horses' feet.

Merle was quite overcome by this gift, and neither of them suspected it to be the first step in the downfall of the capitalist. The latter, be it remembered, had bought and bestowed the knife that he might feel more acutely his power over this penniless brother, and this mean reward was abundantly his. Never before had he felt superior to the Merle twin.

But the penalties of giving are manifold, and he now felt a novel glow of sheer beneficence. He was a victim to the craze for philanthropy. Too young to realize its insidious character, he was to embark upon a ruinous career. Ever it is the first step that costs. That carelessly given knife—with something to dig stones out of a horse's foot—was to wipe out, ere night again shrouded Newbern Center, a fortune supposed to be as lasting as the eternal hills that encircled it.

They again crossed River Street, and stopped in front of the Cut Rate Pharmacy. The windows of this establishment offered little to entice save the two mammoth chalices of green and crimson liquor. But these were believed to be of fabulous value. Even the Cut Rate Pharmacy itself could afford but one of each. Inside the door a soda fountain hissed provocatively. They took lemon and vanilla respectively, and the lordly purchaser did not take up his change from the wet marble until he had drained his glass. He had become preoccupied. He was mapping out a career of benevolence, splendid, glittering, ostentatious—ruinous.

In a show case near the soda fountain his eye rested upon an object of striking beauty, a photograph album of scarlet plush with a silver clasp, and lest its purpose be misconstrued the word "Album" writ in purest silver across its front. Negotiations resulting in its sale were brief. The Merle twin was aghast, for the cost of this thing was a dollar and forty-nine cents. Even the buyer trembled when he counted out the price in small silver and coppers. But the result was a further uplift raising him beyond the loudest call of caution. The album was placed in an ornate box—itself no mean bibelot—and wrapped in paper.

"It's for Winona," the purchaser loftily explained.

"I must say!" exclaimed the latter, strongly moved.

"I'm going to buy a beautiful present for everyone," added the now fatuous giver.

"Everyone!" It was all Merle could manage, and even it caused him to gulp.

"Everyone," repeated the hopeless addict.

And even as he said it he was snared again, this time by an immense advertising placard propped on the counter. It hymned the virtues of the Ajax Invigorator. To the left sagged a tormented male victim of many ailments meticulously catalogued below, but in too fine print for offhand reading by one in a hurry. The frame of the sufferer was bent, upheld by a cane, one hand poignantly resting on his back. The face was drawn with pain and despair. "For twenty years I suffered untold agonies," this person was made to confess in large print. It was heartrending. But opposite the moribund wretch was a figure of rich health, erect, smartly dressed, with a full, smiling face and happy eyes. Surprisingly, this was none other than the sufferer. One could hardly have believed them the same, but so it was. "The Ajax Invigorator made a new man of me," continued the legend. There were further details which seemed negligible to the philanthropist, because the pictured hero of the invigorator already suggested Judge Penniman, the ever-ailing father of Winona. The likeness was not wholly fanciful. True, the judge was not so abject as the first figure, but then he was not so obtrusively vigorous as the second.

"A bottle of that," said Wilbur, and pointed to the card.

The druggist thrust out a bottle already wrapped in a printed cover, and the price, as became a cut-rate pharmacy, proved to be ninety-eight cents.

A wish was now expressed that the advertising placard might also be taken in order that Judge Penniman might see just what sort of new man the invigorator would make of him. But this proved impracticable; the placard must remain where it stood for the behoof of other invalids. But there were smaller portraits of the same sufferer, it seemed, in the literature inclosing the bottle. It was the Merle twin who carried the purchases as they issued from the pharmacy. This was fitting, inevitable. The sodden philanthropist must have his hands free to spend more money.

(Continued on Page 117)

"What? Repulsed Again? Ah, Well, There's Always the River!"

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Excess-Profits Tax and Prices

STUDENTS of taxation incline to the view that income taxes are not easily passed on, added to the sales prices eventually paid by the consumer, while excess-profits taxes are easily passed on, and reappear in the cost of living. A manufacturing concern with twenty thousand stockholders could not solicit from these stockholders figures for the proportions of their income taxes derived from this concern and add these to the sales prices of the commodities manufactured by the concern. That is not practicable. But such a concern can add the figure for excess-profits tax to the sales price of commodity, if competition in the trade permits it.

There is no way of judging the total deflections of the theoretical excess-profits tax. Elaborate statistical investigation would be required to secure the data. There seems, however, no doubt that a considerable proportion of the excess-profits tax reappears in consumers' prices of commodities of all kinds. The high prices of the past summer were dependent in large part on increased costs of production and inflation of currency and credit; but the operations of the excess-profits tax must have contributed to high prices, both directly and indirectly.

Certain sections of the press are so convinced of the desirability of the excess-profits tax as a method of alleviating the inequitable distribution of wealth that they feel compelled to question the statement that an excess-profits tax increases the cost of living. They point to the fact that in 1917 the excess-profits tax equaled about fifteen per cent of the corporate net income. This was raised in 1918 to twenty-five per cent, and reduced in 1919 to approximately thirteen per cent of the corporate net income. The curve of prices does not follow this at all. At the beginning of the fiscal year 1917–18 the cost of living was about one hundred and eighty-five per cent of the base line of 1913. A year later it had risen to not more than two hundred per cent. Beginning with the summer of 1919, it rose rapidly, and in the spring of 1920 was more than two hundred and seventy per cent.

But from these facts the conclusion may not be drawn that excess-profits taxes do not reappear in the cost of living, because the markets in the United States from July, 1917, to March, 1919, were not free. Prices were controlled. The grain exchanges were closed. The price of wheat was controlled from the farmer, through the miller and baker to the retail seller of bread. The price of sugar was fixed, from the foreign and domestic producer of cane and beet to the retail seller of refined sugar and of sugar in manufactured states. The price of hogs was stabilized at seventeen dollars and fifty cents a hundredweight. Stabilized prices also were in effect with rice and cottonseed oil. Through the control of export prices to our Allies in the war all prices of foodstuffs in the country were stabilized. The price of coal and coke was fixed. Metals and other raw materials were allocated to manufacturers of war implements upon a cost-plus basis, and this had a restraining influence upon the manufacture of civilian commodities. The prices of rubber, tin, wool, jute, silk and other imported basic raw materials were fixed by international arrangement. Under these circumstances it was not possible to pass on the excess-profits tax to the final consumer. When de-control was accomplished in the spring of 1919, manufacturers and business men were for the first time in position to add the excess-profits taxes to the prices of commodities. When revenue is badly needed, an excess-profits tax may be the only way of securing it, even with the certainty of driving investors to exempted securities. But it does not simplify the problem by denying that business men are able to add the tax to the prices of commodities. Specific analysis of trading operations indicates that this has been and is being done.

What Every Lawyer Knows

HARDLY a week passes that the press of some state or city does not flame up in a burst of righteous indignation against local authorities for failing to enforce the laws. And yet it is an axiom accepted among lawyers that for the most part our statutes are enforced just as rigidly or just as laxly as the prevailing sentiment of the community dictates.

No state or county officer keeps his ear more firmly pressed to the ground than the prosecuting attorney. No one is quicker than he to detect the faintest rumble of disapproval for the conduct of his office. With the nicest precision he is able to gauge the quality of public sentiment toward every law on the statute books. Experience has endowed him with an uncanny intuition that tells him when it may be good policy or politics to ignore infractions of the law, when to prosecute them with routine diligence, when to exert every faculty to insure an immediate trial and a sentence as heavy as the statute allows.

By the terms of his oath of office a public prosecutor must enforce the statutes as he finds them; but he need not wince under the tooth of remorse because some hungry newsboy who stole a pint of milk and some errand girl who came into unlawful possession of a yard of hair ribbon are not expiating their crimes in the county jail.

The sensible prosecutor takes too broad a view of his job to be willing to make the law a laughingstock. He realizes that there is such a thing as public policy and that the well-being and morale of his town or county are not best served by blind and impetuous zeal untempered by horse sense. He knows that the laws were designed for the protection of the people, and that the people, whether good or bad, were not created to serve as mere fodder for prisons or grist for fine-mills. The prosecuting officer is the keeper and guardian of the people's conscience; and for that very reason he is slow to enforce with excessive rigor those statutes that in some cases work manifest injustice.

As time goes on, the strength of a new law is tried out in the courts. The prosecutor finds that his unwilling witnesses have short and uncertain memories. Juries are obtuse and obstinate. Preponderance of evidence does not sway them. Ordinary proof of guilt does not suffice.

Juries, as well as lawmakers and prosecutors, are interpreters and spokesmen of the public conscience, and such is their hard-won independence that in default of explicit instructions from the bench they can, and often do, bring in verdicts of not guilty in the face of overwhelming evidence that points to a contrary finding.

Every time a defendant who is clearly guilty of breaking a new law is acquitted the force of the statute is weakened and the official prestige of the prosecutor is lowered. A long succession of failures to get convictions in strong cases has a marked tendency to discourage the prosecutor so far as that particular act is concerned, and he will probably resolve to confine his activities, as far as practicable, to cases in which juries can be expected to return verdicts in harmony with the evidence.

Before our statutory hypocrisies can be abated we must renounce the childish belief that law can make character. The women can do much to help if from the first they refuse to be deceived by the fallacy that is responsible for thousands of pages of foolish man-made statutes. Then, too, we must take a livelier interest in the law of the land. We must talk about law, think about it and read about it, until we come to realize that wise lawmaking involves one of the most difficult and baffling of all sciences. Moreover, we must learn to think clearly, to march warily, and to see to it that our statutory advance guard never outpaces the main body of public opinion, in which lies its only hope of survival when the battle is joined.

Dreams of Perfection

IF THE world is not to be crushed by the burden of taxation it is necessary that armaments shall be lessened. But if there are rascals about, how shall one disarm without inviting disaster?

If one half the world should purpose in its heart to avoid strife at any cost and endure affronts of every nature without show of resentment the other half would break all established speed records en route to the harvest. It would loot until the peaceful folk were stripped to the hide. And then it would make them draw water and hew wood in exchange for the privilege of living. If the world is to forsake its evil ways the decision must be unanimous.

Advocates of disarmament do not contend that disarmament would insure peace, but only that it would lessen the probability of war. It is true that one who has a pistol on his hip is easily offended and will draw when the provocation is but slight, but it is also true that one who has no pistol will trust to his fists and his teeth when the provocation is so great as to overcome patience and discretion. If nations of unarmed men are fired by hatred they will go out to do battle with clubs and stones.

To dream of everlasting peace by reason of disarmament may be futile, but reducing armament to the minimum required for police purposes would greatly lessen the burden of taxation, and that is an end worthy of much proselyting.

Dreams of a universal brotherhood are worth while, but while having them one must have one eye open on facts. While one is down he envies another who is up. His thoughts are focused on the contrast between them. He dreams of a world in which all men shall be equal, but in his secret heart he knows full well that the dream does not express the whole of his desire. If he should get up and find all men standing on a level his disappointment would be no less bitter than his former resentment. He desires to get up, but he desires above all to enjoy looking at the world from a new angle.

One may be righteous without being stupid. One may love his fellows without dropping his purse on the street to show his confidence in them. If history has taught anything at all it has taught that men and nations cannot trust one another. This is not cynicism, but recognition of a simple fact. One should, for the sake of good manners, concede that the other man is honest and will keep his word. But good manners alone do not make a contract binding, and it is the part of prudence to have a signature on the dotted line.

If school children are taught the glory of peace and the ugliness of war the world may in time learn to settle its differences without the shedding of blood. And if children are made to believe that money is the least of the honors to be won there may come a time when none will seek great fortunes and all will have a share in prosperity.

But dreams cannot afford a short cut to a perfect state, and, while men remain imperfect, he will best serve to improve his generation and prepare the way for a better one to come who does not confound his dreams with the facts that are his problem.

One who would deal wisely must deal with facts as they are, and the evidence at hand indicates that mankind will not be ready for Utopia until seven times seven thousand years have been gathered into history.

Short Sermons From Kansas

By E. W. HOWE

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

I THANK the neighbors for watching me and keeping me reasonably well-behaved; and I am grateful to them for many charities. Occasionally I have fooled them, but not often. There is a type of fool that cannot be reformed or educated. I am foolish, but have one redeeming trait—as soon as I know better I try to do better. And I have this inkling of sense: I believe anything that can be demonstrated.

In the cattle country of the West there are certain outlaw horses that will not permit a saddle on their backs; they will die rather than submit to the rules made for horses. The worst bucking horse ever known was called Rocking-chair. He broke a leg last summer, in dislodging a rider, and was shot. In his time he had injured a dozen men.

Likewise there are certain outlaw writers who refuse to accept the rules of civilization. There are outlaw publications devoted to these men; others get by the postmaster-general with difficulty. To read them is as unusual as a bucking contest at a Wild West show. Some of the outlaw writers have been shot; a good many have been in jail. One of them threw his rider and ran away to Russia, where he was well received for a time, but finally he will buck so hard as to break a leg, as did Rocking-chair, and share his fate.

Even if a gun is loaded you can handle it in such a way it won't go off.

The world is compelled to admit, after centuries spent in searching for good things, that most good things are old. The best philosophy is, after all, a certain amount of old fogyism.

For centuries men thought they might be able to coax those with a large store to divide with those who have little or nothing. But they have finally decided this policy won't work, and have adopted different measures; they now have a club, and are assembling for a descent on the rich valleys of the enemy.

When my affairs go wrong I have finally learned that the only possible remedy is to behave better.

The world was getting along pretty well up to 1914. Every respectable thing was meeting with some encouragement, when suddenly a fool kicked over the torch of civilization, and now the world is on fire. It is an awful wreck, and everybody is in it. The first excuse for the bloody business was the shooting of an Austrian prince. The shot was fired by a man who had been wrought up to it by years of immoderate preaching, and it was in quarreling over this incident that the devil got loose. Bad as the rulers are, it was a foolish agitator who dropped the match into the powder barrel.

Benjamin Franklin has been called the greatest type and example of the citizen, yet his principles were extremely simple. In his journey through life he had a desire to be as little as possible either an incompetent, an idler, a fool or a rogue. He didn't claim perfection, but sincerely desired to avoid mistakes as frequently as possible. In his writing he acknowledged a good many bad habits, but experience proved the folly of bad habits, and he gradually quit them.

He always gave his private business sufficient attention to make it prosperous, but did not neglect his duty in public affairs; he took an interest in street lighting, in paving, in libraries, in fire departments, in home guards, in schools. He became noted in science, and one of the world's best-educated men, though he almost never went to school. For a time in his youth he was a kind of orphan, castaway or runaway, yet, some say now, he became the world's greatest citizen.

Franklin happened to be born with a good mind, but the most ordinary man may adopt his rules of life with profit. He had all the weaknesses you have, but kept them down. You may do it; and rest assured that this effort will pay better than any other in which you can engage.

I have often remarked the unreliability of the testimony of defendants. Whatever makes a good story they tell.

It is said of three of our greatest American writers that they went to their graves without ever having dared express their real opinions. What an intelligent man really thinks, as a result of experience with life, should be his best and most useful contribution to posterity. I cannot understand why men are ashamed of their real opinions, and bury them in mystic, meaningless sentences.

Some people are dangerously careless. I am; I worry over neglected duties to-day that worried me last year. It is my way; I drew it in the lottery. I am lamentably weak in mechanics; the mechanism of a wheelbarrow stumps me, and I am asked to run an automobile. I know people who drew excellent stomachs; I know others who drew bad ones. Some inherit good looks; others are ugly. The best-behaved person I know does not try so hard as I do, and behaves better. Still, I should be worse off than I am did I not exercise constant care.

I will believe only my own eyes; you cannot see for me. And being selfish I see as clearly as I can to avoid danger. With such guidance I have come to believe that success in life is mainly distinction in industry, politeness, fairness, temperance, and such usefulness as a selfish man may find desirable and near at hand.

It was Doctor Holmes the poet, and not Doctor Holmes the physician, who invented the fancy saying about a man being seventy years young.

I read for hours, and wade through what seems to me to be trash, when suddenly I come upon a paragraph so true and apt that I feel repaid for my wasted time. I ran across such a paragraph to-day, an old Persian saying: "Fooled thou must be, though wisest of the wise; then be the fool of virtue, not of vice." And to repay me for my reading last week I encountered this in Emerson: "I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character."

The big scenes in American writing are mainly invented and made larger than the truth; in the writing of the French there is always a very effective note of probability. Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote his complete history, omitting no detail, however discreditable. Pierre Loti told in Madame Chrysanthème of his life with a woman not his wife, and the book was crowned by the Academy. I believe of another noted French book that it is really the confession of the author thinly disguised, though pretending to be a novel. There are several tremendous scenes in it. They were not thought up as art; they happened to the author. The heroine is the most natural woman ever put between the covers of a book. The author knew this woman well; he didn't make her up.

We are told everyone should be devoted to the public service. The orators claim they have consecrated their lives to it; women agitators, ministers, socialists, labor leaders, editors, missionaries—all claim to be devoted to the public service. But in spite of the devotion of these ladies and gentlemen, our public affairs are in a worse snarl than ever before.

Look at the exploded notions with which the advance of civilization has been encumbered! Some of them have annoyed the world thousands of years. It seems to me we should have got rid of them sooner.

I am still in the primer class, but everything I read seems to have been written for the high school.

A plain idler who whistles and whittles, and fishes in streams where there are poor fish, is his own condemnation; he is a living moral lesson. But an idler who devotes

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Our Food This Winter—and Next

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

DECORATIONS BY DOUGLAS RYAN

AFTER I had got such heartening assurances of a full pantry and plenty of food from Mr. Meredith and his associates, as I have related in my previous article, I walked down through the Mall to the Treasury Department to talk to the Secretary of the Treasury. There I got some more good news. Mr. Houston also points with pride. Neither he nor Mr. Meredith answers the description of the man who looked behind him with regret, about him with rage, and before him with foreboding.

Mr. Houston is an economist. That means he does not sentimentalize over facts or conditions, but seeks to interpret them. He was for seven years Secretary of Agriculture before he came to the Treasury. He is interested in farmers and farming, though no longer charged with any responsibility as to crops. From him I got a piece of news that I think will surprise a great many other persons as much as it astounded me. It is this:

The so-called drift to the cities from the farming regions is more apparent than real. Agriculture is not declining. The number of farms is not decreasing. The precise contrary is true. There is a steady and continuous increase in production, in acreage and in the quantity of food raised on every acre. We have great reserves of tillable land that have not been touched. Our farmers produce more per man than any other farmers in the world. We do not raise so much per acre as some other countries. The answer is, we do not have to.

The real test is how much each farmer produces. Whatever our national shortcomings and whatever privations we may have to endure in the years to come, all the present prospects are that we shall have plenty to eat if we give the farmer a fair deal. He deserves it.

Mr. Houston on Food Production

HERE is the substance of Mr. Houston's good news. I am afraid it is rather clogged with figures, but that cannot be helped. One has to be very alert to keep up with this nation. Generally speaking, very few things one can say about it to-day will be true of it to-morrow. We may attempt to forecast the future only if we know the past.

In the fifty years from 1860 to 1910 our population increased 60,000,000, or from 31,000,000 to 91,000,000; the number of farms from 2,044,000 to 6,361,000, or 4,317,000; the number of improved acres in farms from 163,000,000 to 478,000,000, or 315,000,000; the value of farm property, in round numbers, from $8,000,000,000 to $41,000,000,000; the wealth of the nation from $16,000,000,000 to $175,000,000,000; and the bank resources from $1,500,000,000 to $22,500,000,000.

The period from 1900 to 1915 is still more amazing, for in that period it is estimated that the population increased 23,500,000, or from 76,000,000 to 99,500,000; the wealth $130,000,000,000, or from $88,000,000,000 to $218,000,000,000; and the banking resources $17,000,000,000, or from $10,800,000,000 to $27,800,000,000.

The aggregate value of farm products was $10,000,000,000 in 1914 on the prewar price basis, and nearly $25,000,000,000 in 1919, or forty-five per cent of the estimated wealth of France. For the forty years from 1855 to 1895 they furnished from seventy-three to eighty-four per cent of our total exports, and from 1895 to 1914 from forty-six to seventy-one per cent; while for sixty years from forty-two to fifty-five per cent of our imports were agricultural commodities.

On two occasions they materially aided, if they did not save, our national finances. In 1875 Congress decreed that specie payments should be resumed January 1, 1879. Up to the time this act was passed we had been an importing nation, sending out gold to pay the balance. In the five years, 1871 to 1875, imports exceeded exports $380,000,000. In the five years following the passage of the act exports exceeded imports $920,000,000, a gain of $1,300,000,000; and agricultural exports alone exceeded the total imports by $200,000,000. This was due to the opening up of the Middle West and the vast flow of agricultural products from that section.

Again, when the European war broke out similar aid was rendered. This country was indebted in enormous sums to Europe. It was estimated that the floating indebtedness whose payment Europe could demand exceeded $500,000,000. There was much apprehension as to the possibility of meeting it. Within twelve months, while the industrial exports declined, the agricultural exports increased nearly $500,000,000.

In 1913 we exported 19,000,000,000 pounds of beef, pork, cotton, grain, flour and tobacco, valued at $940,000,000, while in 1918 we exported 18,300,000,000 pounds, valued at $1,840,000,000. These figures are suggestive to those who deal in foreign trade, in foreign banking and in transportation.

Now is it true that farming has deteriorated, that soils are being impoverished, that acre yields have declined and that production of food has not kept pace with population and that the drift to the cities threatens us with short rations? Let Mr. Houston answer the whole general question in his own words:

"First, as to the yields per acre. These show an upward tendency during the whole period for which we have reliable statistics. The average rate of increase for twenty-five years has been one-half of one per cent a year. The gain is not readily observed from one year to another; but when averages for a series of years are obtained the trend is clear. During the decade of the seventies and eighties, when there was a vast expansion of the farm area in the West, cultivation was on a very extensive and inadequate scale and the tendency was downward. Since the early nineties, however, the movement has been decidedly upward.

"Since 1880 the following increases in yield per acre are noted: Wheat, twenty-five per cent; corn, ten; oats, twenty-four; potatoes, thirty-three; hay, twenty; cotton, three and one-half; or for all crops sixteen per cent. The facts are even more striking when we take the more settled states of the union. For New York State the weighted average increase for all crops was eighteen per cent, and for New England twenty-five per cent. And yet is it not true that there is a general impression that farms in New England have been abandoned and that its agriculture has deteriorated? The explanation of the improvement is to be found in better agricultural methods, use of farm machinery, rotation of crops, disease-control measures, and increased and more intelligent use of fertilizers.

"But what about the other test—the relation of farm production to growth of population? Here too the facts are equally encouraging and contradict the prevalent view. It is true that the production of meats per capita has declined. In 1900 it was 248 pounds, decreasing in 1914 to 183, rising in 1918 to 222. It is worth noting that, with the great increase in the variety of our products and of our diet, we are not so dependent on meat as formerly; and, furthermore, that we are still large exporters of meat products."

The Farmers' War Record

"FIFTY years ago, in the decade of 1866–74, the production of the six leading cereals per capita was thirty-eight bushels, while in 1905–14 it was fifty-two; corn having increased from 23 to 27 bushels; wheat from 6 ⅛ to 8; oats from 4¾ to 13; potatoes from 2 9/10 bushels to 3 9/10; tobacco from 7⅞ pounds to 12⅛; cotton from 36½ pounds to 60; and milk from 84 gallons in 1889 to 96 gallons in 1919.

"I spoke a moment ago of the increase in the variety of our diet. In some respects the advance in agriculture has been most striking in the rise of new or minor crops to large proportions and their availability throughout the year. The only hint that I can give you of this expansion is from the figures for canning of vegetables and fruits and the drying of fruits. The canning industry showed a gain from 20,000,000 cases in 1889 to 52,000,000 in 1914, and dried fruits from 85,000,000 to 521,000,000 pounds.

"But there is still another test, and that is the number of farm workers and the production for each laborer. Their number increased from 5,900,000 in 1870 to 18,700,000 in 1910, and the production for each worker in terms of leading cereals rose from 266 bushels in the decade 1866–76 to 406 in 1905–14, and to 418 in the five years 1915–19.

"The war revealed another fact, that whenever an emergency comes the farmers of the nation by straining a point can achieve very remarkable results. During the war, in spite of all the difficulties, including the abstraction of labor, they increased the acreage of leading cereals by 33,000,000, the yield 625,000,000 bushels above the

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Their high quality has built for Campbell's Beans a reputation as wide as the country itself. For more than half a century our kitchens have been famous for making food good, until now the name "Campbell's" is recognized everywhere as a pledge of excellence. Every dish of Campbell's Beans tells why they are so popular.

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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prewar average; and they did a more difficult thing: they increased the number of milk cows over 1914 by 2,750,000, of other cattle by 8,500,000, of work animals by 1,000,000, of swine by 16,000,000; or a total of approximately 29,000,000.

"Wheat was an especially important war material. The department asked the farmers to increase their fall acreage alone in 1918 to 47,200,000 acres. There was actually planted 49,261,000, and the spring-wheat acreage equaled the record of 22,500,000. It was this performance of the farmers which saved the situation.

"Furthermore, this country has a long distance to go before it comes in sight of its limit of farm production. It can further increase its output of commodities by continuing to secure increased yields per acre, and still further by cultivating the tillable land which at present is unused, estimated to be over sixty per cent of the total. It has been estimated by experts that only about fifteen per cent of the land in cultivation is yielding reasonably full returns. The opportunity, therefore, is presented of placing the remainder of the tillable land under cultivation and bringing it and eighty-five per cent of that now cultivated up to the point of full yields.

"I may remark here that I see no particular point in feverish haste to reach this goal. Success would bring with it certain advantages but also many obvious disadvantages. We must give more intelligent consideration to the policy which should be pursued in reference to the expansion of the farm area and bring to bear the services of all the agricultural experts to make the survey and to point the way. It is not in the interest either of producers or consumers to have fluctuations in agricultural production. There is always danger of glutting the market and of serious loss. Furthermore, the right expansion of the industry is limited by the supply of labor and capital available for farming purposes and by the inelasticity of the demand for farm products. The aim should be to secure a steady flow of commodities of sufficient volume to supply an increasing demand at prices which will yield the farmer a decent wage and a fair profit on his investment."

Foreign Crop Estimates

"IT SEEMS difficult to get it into the minds of some people that farming is a business and must pay; that under modern conditions there cannot be an unlimited number of farmers. There could be a larger proportion of farmers to total population if each farm were self-sufficient and produced no surplus of consequence; but to-day the average farmer produces many times what he consumes of some things and is dependent for his prosperity upon their profitable exchange.

"There should be, and in the long run there will tend to be, no more farmers in the nation than are needed to produce the quantity of products which can be disposed of at a profit. There will be farmers enough if the business of farming is made more profitable and if rural life is made attractive and healthful. The consumers must be willing to pay prices for farm products which will enable farmers to produce them and to maintain a satisfactory standard of individual and community life. The nation, therefore, must be prepared to omit nothing to improve the countryside. The farmers have proved themselves worthy citizens and strong bulwarks against radicalism.

"The acreage yields in the United States are frequently compared with the much larger yields in some European nations. In Belgium the acreage yield is about double that in the United States; in the United Kingdom, more than sixty per cent greater, and in France, nearly fifteen per cent. It should be borne in mind, however, that the energy of each American farmer is spread over a larger area, and that, although he produces less per acre, he produces much more per man.

"The total output of the average farmer is probably greater in the United States than in any other country in the world. Thus, in Belgium, with its intensive system of farming, only about 5.3 acres are cultivated for each person engaged in agriculture, whereas in the United States the corresponding figure is 27 acres. Taking both acreage and yield per acre into consideration, the average American farmer produces 2.5 times as much as the average Belgian farmer; 2.3 times as much as the English; 3.2 times as much as the French; 2.5 times as much as the German; and over 6 times as much as the Italian."

A great part of Europe will look to us this winter to be fed. Whatever our supply, we must send a certain quantity abroad. The Department of Agriculture is therefore almost as deeply interested in foreign crop prospects as in our own. The latest available information, covering the period up to about the beginning of September, shows that present agricultural prospects when viewed from a world standpoint are as a rule satisfactory, especially when based on the wartime consumption of food.

Among the principal features in the Northern Hemisphere are the bumper wheat crop in British India and indications of the same thing in Canada. The wheat harvest in British India began in March with a record crop of 376,880,000 bushels, as against 280,485,000 in 1919, and at the present time is nearing completion in Canada, where preliminary estimates indicate another record yield of 267,338,000 bushels, as against 193,260,000 in 1919. No authentic reports relative to the great wheat-producing areas of Russia are at present available.

In the Southern Hemisphere the two principal wheat-growing countries, Argentina and Australia, have reaped crops which fall below their combined 1919 production by 26,702,000 bushels, the production of wheat in Argentina being placed at 214,140,000 bushels, as against 212,800,000 in 1919, while Australia produced only 47,104,000 bushels, as against 75,146,000 in 1919.

From the present somewhat vague indications the agricultural prospects in Europe are not quite so satisfactory as in ordinary times. The notable lack of optimism is probably due more to the unfavorable transportation facilities between the great grain-producing region of Russia and Western Europe than to any appreciable falling off of yields. Quantitative estimates are as yet not available from the majority of European countries.

In Jugoslavia and Czechoslovakia prospects are excellent. In France the harvests are proceeding under favorable conditions and it is roughly estimated that the cereals will approximate for the year 1920, 7,150,000 short tons, against 5,500,000 in 1919. Official estimates from Switzerland place the production about the same as that of last year. The harvest is under way in Germany and the prospects are generally good for all cereals. The crops of Great Britain and Ireland have suffered somewhat owing to drought and cold winds. The appearance of wheat is good. Barley and rye are fairly satisfactory and both promise about average yields.

In Italy present prospects for the corn crop are good but reports of the wheat harvesting indicate a poor crop both in quantity and quality. In Rumania the yields are good with the probability of some wheat being exported. Fair quantities of barley are expected to be available for export, while prospects for a large corn crop are favorable. In Spain the acreage of wheat is estimated at 9,511,000 acres in 1920, as against 10,388,000 in 1919. The prospects of cereal crops in the Netherlands range from five to fifteen per cent above the average.

Reports from Luxemburg indicate that all cereals with the exception of oats are slightly below the average. In Finland the condition of wheat, barley, oats and potatoes is from ten to thirty per cent above a normal crop, but indications are that rye will probably be ten per cent below the normal.

Returns from Sweden show the wheat, rye, barley and oats crops slightly above the average, with sugar beets and potatoes slightly below. In Belgium the crops continue to show good prospects, the acreage of wheat being estimated at 304,000 acres against 329,000 for 1919. In Bulgaria the quantity of moisture from the rains of the latter part of April was sufficient for a good growth of winter and spring cereals, while in Hungary the exceptional heat and drought had a bad effect on the progress of cereal crops.

On the north coast of Africa the agricultural prospects are not so promising. In Algeria continued drought has severely damaged cereal crops, also in some districts of Morocco, particularly the crops of wheat and barley. In Egypt the prospective yields per acre of wheat and barley show quite an improvement over those of last year.

In Australasia recent weather conditions were favorable to the growing crops, which, however, will not be harvested until late this year and early in 1921.

Our Record Corn Crop

WE HAVE got a whale of a corn crop this year. With indications for the largest crop on record much, if not all, depends on the attitude of the farmer this year. Will he respond, as he has in the past, and increase his consumption of corn so as to assist in keeping up the market? He can do this by holding his hogs and cattle longer until they are heavier, and by increasing the number of animals and holding corn over to fatten them out next year.

There is a general impression that the number of feeding animals on farms is smaller than usual. This feeling is supported by the Bureau of Crop Estimates in its statement that on August first the number of hogs was ninety-four per cent of that for the same time last year, and the number of cattle only ninety per cent of last year. As a further depressing fact many farmers seem to be discouraged because of the prices during the past year received for their livestock.

If the farmers and feeders are to consume a larger amount of corn this next year they must first overcome the six to ten per cent shortage in feeding animals. It is quite possible that if corn should start off low in December farmers would feed longer and would increase the number of animals.

This should be especially true if livestock prices are well maintained. If prices for animals rise so that feeding becomes more profitable there should thus spring up a demand among farmers for corn, which would tend to prevent its remaining for any length of time at an extremely low price. But there seems no denying that the present indications are for a decreased demand from farmers for the surplus corn, and furthermore, there is no evidence of an increase in the commercial demands for corn for purposes other than feeding.

The situation stands, therefore—a prospect for an unusually large crop coupled with a prospect for a decreased

(Concluded on Page 130)

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

Sure saving in clothes

The man who is keen to avoid the extreme price buys Styleplus.

He does so because he finds everything he wants in style and quality and yet pays a price that yields a distinct saving.

There's a value to you in the national reputation of Styleplus. Clothes so prominent must be good.

Styleplus hold their fame on high quality at medium prices. Although they cost less than most quality clothes, every fabric is all-wool, correctly styled and tailored for long service. The wear is guaranteed.

Buy a Styleplus suit and overcoat this fall and your saving is sure.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

STYLEPLUS — *The big name in clothes*

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Big-Scale Irrigation

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE whole history of civilization is nothing more or less than an amazing story of man's ceaseless effort to utilize profitably the vast and never-ending energies of Nature. The winds of the earth were rather a nuisance until one man built a boat with a sail and made practical use of an idea that was copied until the world's winds had become the chief power factor in water transportation. Primitive man with his sailing vessel felt sorry for his ancestors who had not yet learned the art of harnessing a breeze. Later peoples with their ships propelled by steam felt a great pity for the fellows who could do no better than depend upon fickle winds. Probably in another decade modern man with his electric ships will commence to reminisce about the difficulties and hardships of that bygone age when the chief cargo of an ocean-going vessel was the coal it had to store away to provide it with a source of necessary energy.

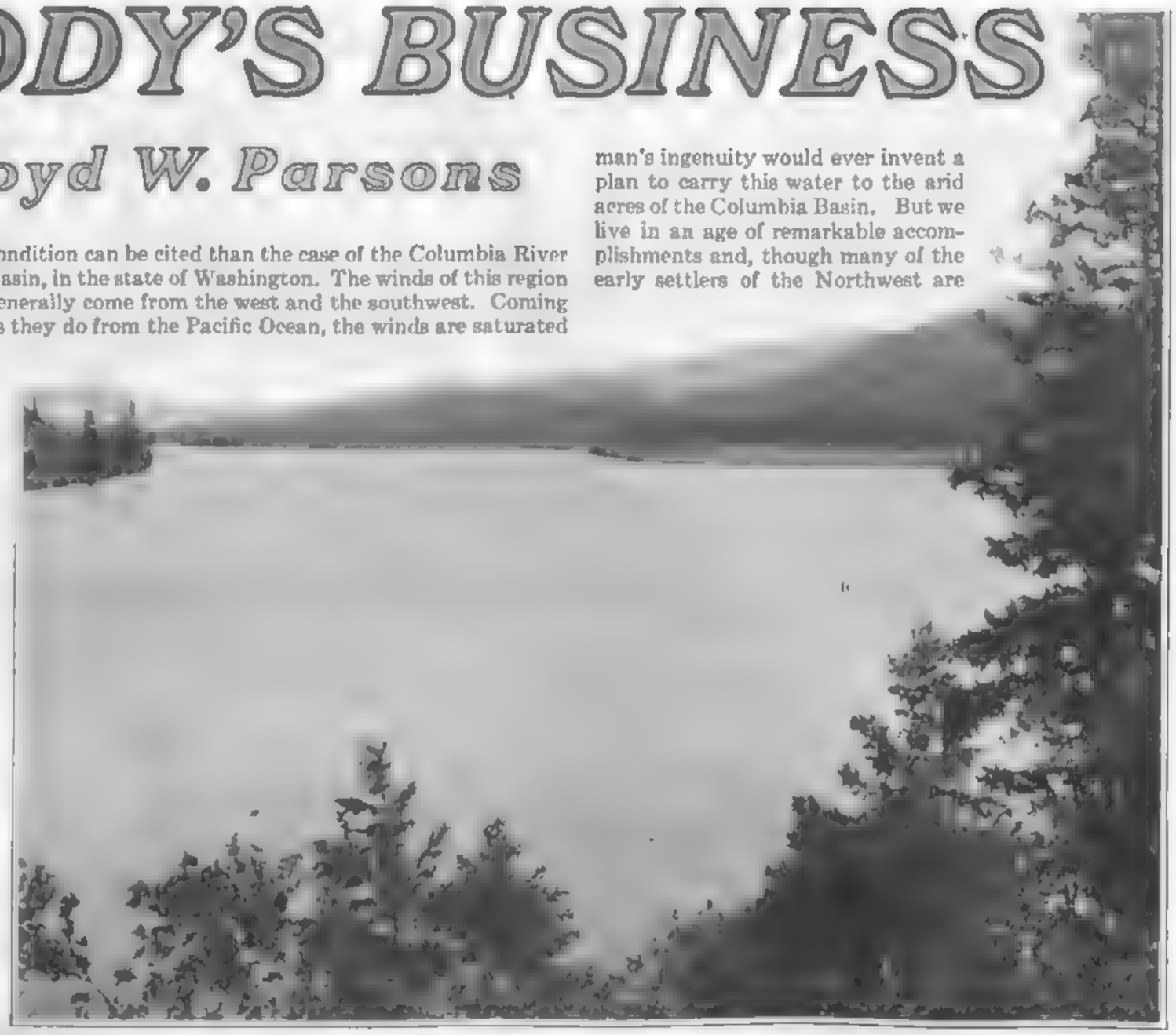
The basic forces utilized by man are not new, for the winds, tides, coal seams, waterfalls, metals and electricity were here before life began. The human race has used its intelligence to concentrate and apply the forces of Nature, but it has not created them. Man has devised methods rather than materials. The products of civilization have been constructed wholly out of existing substances.

Viewed in the light of our own ignorance, Nature is the champion of all wasters. All about us are unharnessed forces. Even to-day, with all our enlightenment in engineering, the tides of the ocean roll freely in and out, dissipating millions of horse power of energy, while mere men of science stand by, mocked and helpless in the face of such a seemingly useless squandering of precious power.

But the farther we advance in knowledge the more we appreciate the stability of Nature's forces and the better we realize how great was the wisdom that made things as they are. If it were otherwise the human race would long ago have been discouraged with the futility of its efforts to establish a permanent progress. A definite change in the courses of the earth's warm ocean currents would convert great prosperous states and nations into bleak lands of snow and ice. It is well that Nature permits things to endure and that man can only utilize and not control the physical forces that lie about him.

When the early settlers climbed to the tops of our high Western mountains and found among these mountains deep lakes, while out beyond were great tracts of parched land, rich in soil and in every way suitable for development into a fertile garden land except for the lack of water, it is likely they concluded that Providence had left humans out of consideration when water was placed in the mountains instead of on the deserts below. To-day we realize that the arrangement is not so bad. The lakes in the regions of high elevation constitute natural reservoirs from which water can be diverted to reclaim the arid plains lower down. It is also known now that with a properly constructed system of irrigation the land will produce twice as much as can be grown on it when the watering is accomplished through the agency of natural rainfall. In the latter case much of the watering of the land occurs during the winter months, when no crops are growing. We cannot control rainfall, but we can control the flow of water from reservoirs through a system of canals and ditches.

Practically all our great American deserts have been created by the natural action of our high mountain ranges on prevailing winds and clouds. No better example of this condition can be cited than the case of the Columbia River Basin, in the state of Washington. The winds of this region generally come from the west and the southwest. Coming as they do from the Pacific Ocean, the winds are saturated with moisture, but on their way east the air currents and clouds reach the western slopes of the Cascade Mountains, and in ascending these high elevations the winds are cooled and lose the greater part of their moisture. After passing the summits the winds descend the eastern slopes of the mountains, and in doing so are warmed and their relative humidity decreased. As a result of this action the Columbia River Basin, which lies just beyond the mountains, gets an average annual precipitation of only six to ten inches of rainfall.



Pend d'Oreille River in Washington, Showing Volume of Water at Point of Diversion of the Columbia-Basin Project

In prehistoric times this arid region constituted the bottom of a great lake, but eventually the water broke through the Cascade Mountains and the lake slowly receded. During this era a deep rich soil was deposited on the floor of the lake. Later came a glacial period when the Columbia River was dammed by drift and forced from its original channel. Finally, when the ice and snow melted, a splendid drainage system for the whole basin was naturally developed, so that though Nature has seen fit to deprive the territory of a normal rainfall, it has given the region all the other requisites necessary to permit its development into an area of productive farms.

When the early pioneers first viewed this desert it is certain that they saw no possibilities for the reclamation of the land. Engineering, as we know it to-day, was still in its infancy. True, there were large bodies of water in the high mountains east of the desert, but no one dreamed that man's ingenuity would ever invent a plan to carry this water to the arid acres of the Columbia Basin. But we live in an age of remarkable accomplishments and, though many of the early settlers of the Northwest are still alive, the advancement of the Pacific Coast has been so rapid that the tillable lands are gradually being gobbled up, and the work of reclaiming this greatest of all Northwestern deserts will very likely soon be under way.

The scheme afoot is so big and so important it is a matter that must interest every citizen of the United States. Whether the project is completed under government supervision or by state or private enterprise, the outcome of the development will be a matter of concern and benefit to all of us, irrespective of the state in which we live.

As now planned, the reclamation of the Columbia River Basin will mean the addition to our producing lands of an area larger than the state of Delaware, as large as Porto Rico and more than twice the size of the state of Rhode Island. When the development is completed we shall have converted upward of 2,000,000 acres of sagebrush plains into a region of fertile farms. The work will cost approximately $300,000,000, and as an engineering project is surpassed only by the construction of the Panama Canal. Assuming that the region will be as productive as adjacent irrigated districts, it is estimated that the developed territory will yield an annual harvest so great that in three years the reclaimed land will pay the cost of the entire improvement. In addition, the work of reclamation will make possible the rapid development of nearly 1,000,000 hydroelectric horse power of energy.

(Continued on Page 32)

Sagebrush Lands in Washington That Will be Irrigated Under the Columbia-Basin Plan

Guess work and uncertainty about arriving are gone from motoring, insofar as the Cadillac is concerned.

One characteristic that charms its owners is the train-like regularity with which it can be depended upon to keep up with a pre-arranged schedule, on short or long distance tours.

Arrival at destination, at a specified time, is almost entirely and exclusively a matter of the speed at which the Cadillac owner cares to drive.

It will reel off the miles with clock-like certainty—with the same never-varying, smooth steadiness—at any rate he chooses, from the lowest to the highest.

It will keep on doing this, not merely hour after hour, but day after day, and, if need be, week after week.

It will do it without balking or flinching—arriving at its destination the same cool, quiet, unflustered, and unflurried Cadillac as when it started.

And, better still, the passengers arrive, not harassed, but rested—not worn with weariness, but freshened and exhilarated by the buoyant, floating quality of Cadillac travel.

These things are not our testimony.

They are the every-day commonplaces of Cadillac experience.

They are the things that make the Cadillac stand out distinct and luminous among a multitude of motor cars.

They are the things that impel people to ask if any other car could possibly be so depended upon—and invariably inspire the answer: "No—This is a joy peculiar to the Cadillac."

They are the natural, logical result of a thoroughness that is not satisfied with ordinary criterions, but makes its own standards and constantly raises them higher and higher.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

CADILLAC

CADILLAC STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 30)

To-day the great Columbia Basin, though rich in soil, is practically an uninhabited stretch of volcanic ash. In order to reclaim this land the engineers propose to utilize Lake Pend d'Oreille, in Idaho, and Flathead Lake, in Montana, two of the largest inland lakes in the United States. The water in these lakes is the drainage from an area of approximately 25,000 square miles in the Rocky Mountains. The plans of development call for the construction of fifty-six miles of concrete-lined main canal and thirty-four miles of tunnels, the longest of which will be nearly sixteen miles and the shortest one mile. Forty miles of natural and artificial lake will be used along the main canal system. Altogether it is probable that the work will necessitate the construction of at least 10,000 miles of concrete-lined laterals. The main canal will be able to carry 20,000 cubic feet of water a second. The project will cost about $172 an acre, and the minimum yield from the land is figured at sixty dollars an acre each year. In one adjacent district the irrigated land last year produced a gross revenue of $167 an acre. If the Columbia River Basin could do as well, it is evident that one year of maximum yield would produce a total of wealth nearly equal to the estimated cost of the entire scheme.

The states of Montana and Idaho are unable to utilize the waters of the lakes mentioned. Both of these states have arid regions, but they are so located that the sources of water supply proposed for Washington cannot be made available for use on their own lands. The elevation of the lakes with respect to the Columbia Basin region is such that the larger part of the water can be taken to the Washington desert by gravity flow.

The full importance of national irrigation is not realized by the majority of people who live in arable states. Since 1902 the United States Reclamation Service has reclaimed 1,780,000 acres of land on which 40,000 families now lead a prosperous and independent life. Assuming that private and state irrigation enterprises are equally well developed, it is evident that the total irrigation work so far accomplished in this country has provided homes and farms for upward of 400,000 families, or from one and a half to two million people. The first government ditch began turning its waters upon the land in 1905, and since that time the lands reclaimed by government projects have produced crops worth $250,000,000. At the present time the yearly crop returns from these Federal developments total more than $70,000,000.

When Uncle Sam first took up irrigation, the average value of the desert lands so far developed did not exceed ten dollars an acre. This means that the total value of the acres now included in government projects was less than $20,000,000. Government irrigation has added $200 an acre to the value of these lands, or a total increase of $400,000,000. Another hundred million dollars has been added to the value of land in the cities, towns and villages lying within the projects.

The Federal reclamation work is carried on in very much the same way as is a private business. The irrigation or reclamation fund is properly secured by constructed projects. In recent years very little has been added to the fund from original sources, and it follows, therefore, that the capital invested in irrigation must be used over and over again as fast as completed projects are able to repay the Government the initial cost.

In many reclamation projects the construction work is carried on by finishing one unit at a time. In this plan, while development is proceeding on uncompleted units repayments are being made on completed ones. Since no project need pay for its cost in less than twenty years, the rate of turnover of the capital invested is very low, and as a consequence the development of new units is now progressing slowly. Arthur P. Davis, director of the United States Reclamation Service, estimates that of all the money devoted to the development of irrigation projects in the United States by the Government, only about $6,000,000 is likely to remain outstanding and not be returned to the Federal Treasury. This is only about five per cent of the amount invested in reclamation work and represents an exceedingly small deficit for work of such large scope and wide benefit.

Recently I visited a town in the Northwest that is one of the most prosperous little cities in the United States. Only sixteen years ago there was no town on this site and the surrounding country was a barren plain producing nothing more valuable than sagebrush. Last year the freight, passenger and express receipts of the one railroad entering the town totaled more than $3,000,000. This entire growth came from the development of a 20,000-acre tract through irrigation. What an empire will be created and what wealth produced as a result of the reclamation of the great Columbia River Basin! I do not doubt that there are other splendid ways to construct new values through an outlay of capital and well-directed energy, but none of them appears to possess greater merit than this simple idea of gathering up unused water that is now wastefully flowing into the ocean and diverting it to purposeful work in making the deserts bloom.

A Motion-Picture Studio Arranged to Reproduce a Cabaret Scene

Motion-Picture Progress

PRACTICALLY all things young and new must pass through a growing stage, when height, breadth and experience are acquired. The time of youth is a period of experiment and investigation. It is an era of discoveries and invention. Rashness and error are characteristic of youth, because principles and precepts are the fruits of age.

Each new line of commerce or enterprise must pass through years of adjustment and upheaval. It was so in the automobile industry, which had to feel its way without the benefit of established precedents. The most recent and most interesting of American industries is the motion-picture business. The building of this great enterprise, which now covers the earth, is a story of costly mistakes. Has the industry profited by its errors? Has it benefited by its experiences and established a definite line of procedure? These are questions I have tried to clear up.

Except for the theatrical business—which in reality is a separate field—the movie people had no copy to pattern after. Different motion-picture companies worked out their own methods. Some succeeded, others failed. Only the successes, however, have been remembered and have been used to shape the future of the industry. But that's getting ahead of my story.

The whole moving-picture business is purely an accident. The first pictures were so bad that the managers of the variety houses giving a continuous performance hit upon the plan of using these early flickering films to drive the audience from the theater so as to make room for other patrons who were waiting for seats. But through the earnest efforts of the early manufacturers the pictures soon improved, and instead of routing the audience they provided an inducement to keep it from leaving the theater.

This unexpected result was noted and capitalized. The manufacturers commenced to make pictures intended for main attractions instead of tail-end chasers. The five and ten cent movie theaters sprang into being, and the industry entered its first important stage, which was that of the manufacturer. During this era the individual or company that made the pictures was the all-important factor. Real actors and the managers of so-called legitimate theaters still considered the motion-picture business a joke.

The manufacturers' era soon passed, and the business entered its second stage, which was that of the star. Everything bowed to the supremacy of the celebrated actors playing leads in the various pictures. So great was the belief that a famous star was necessary to a picture's success that fabulous salaries were paid to a few fortunate actors whose names became familiar to the movie patrons of all lands.

Next came the third and present era, which ushered in the age of the director. The advancement of the industry to this stage of its development has been largely brought about by the wonderful achievements of several great directors whose names now excel those of most of the actor stars as drawing cards. One director acts as his own author and attends to every detail of the production. One of his plans is to show his new film to a number of small-town audiences, presenting the picture under a temporary or fictitious title and having it appear without the prestige of his name attached as director. In this way he procures an unbiased criticism of the picture before it is presented to a big metropolitan audience.

The fourth and probably the last era of the moving-picture business is rapidly approaching. This new age will be a time when the author will be supreme. The play itself will be the thing. Only a short time ago the scenario writers were mostly literary hacks who received thirty or forty dollars a week and completed the manuscript for a picture play in a week or two at the most. Any literary failure was thought to be good enough to write scenarios. But now the situation is wholly different. The large producing companies employ the best talent available to write scenarios. A number of these writers now receive fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year, and instead of turning out a play a week they are doing a good job to finish four or five scenarios a year.

However, the future is largely speculative, so the things of interest are the lessons of the present. In the old days the producers of pictures had few landmarks to guide them. At first they followed the plan that is still adhered to by theatrical producers to-day; that is, they depended upon the tastes of New York's theater audiences to gauge the success of their pictures. In dozens of instances the picture went big in New York, and then fell flat when it reached the thousands of smaller theaters outside. This proved that the success of a picture cannot be forecast in the same way one can determine the popularity of a spoken play. (Concluded on Page 34)

PATHÉ IS SUPREME

The great virtue of the Christmas Pathé Phonograph is this: that no matter who gets it, all of the family can enjoy it all of the time. It's the one Christmas present that spreads the Christmas spirit over all the year till Christmas comes again.

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PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH CO.
EUGENE·A·WIDMANN, *President*
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

821

(Concluded from Page 32)

This resulted in a change of method. Now long tenuous fingers stretch out from the home offices in New York and keep a firm pressure on the pulse of the public. The officials in the velvet-carpeted sanctums in the big metropolis are now able to calculate with some accuracy what revenue to expect from the pictures they produce. Much of the gambling is being taken out of picture making, and here are some reasons why:

Experience has taught that a star who is known and loved on Broadway may fail entirely in attracting the movie goers in the West. Many great actors seldom leave New York, and their names are not familiar to the majority of picture patrons in distant small towns. If the film being produced is a star film the leading actor must be one of the popular celebrities. In such case his personality will count for seventy per cent, the directing photography and technical details will amount to twenty per cent, while the worth of the vehicle or play will have a value of only ten per cent in the probable success of the picture. The tendency is to produce fewer star pictures.

Many films now known as feature pictures are being made. In these there is no big star, and the story or theme is sixty per cent, the director thirty, and the cast ten per cent. In the case of a picture that is handled by any one of the three or four great artist directors in the business, the name of the famous director may easily count for fifty per cent in any estimate of the probable value of the production.

Producers are now obliged to give more careful thought to sectional prejudices. For example, the recent Lincoln cycle treating of the Civil War was popular in the North, but failed in the South. The producers knew that the spoken play had been a success on Broadway, but in order to dispel their doubts concerning its universal appeal they showed the picture to certain chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy and a number of Confederate veterans, who gave unstinted praise. But notwithstanding the fact that the picture was widely advertised and the people throughout the South were saying, "We must see it," it did not go.

One bit of knowledge, strange but true, is the fact that the public do not want to see pictures based on subjects in controversy—problems that are common topics of the day. Most of the pictures on war and prohibition have been flivvers. People have said, "We are too near these subjects."

In a few years, when the reaction has passed and sorrows and disappointments have been largely forgotten, there will come a desire to see pictures of the tabooed subjects. In the meantime the producers have decreed, hands off!

Religion is another forbidden subject, unless the theme is general. Pictures playing up any particular sect or creed rouse antagonisms and fail. The Miracle Man was an interesting play, and in the spoken drama was almost entirely religious, but when the picture was made the theme was changed very materially, and the film was advertised purely from a heart appeal. Critics maintain that this maneuver saved the picture from failure.

Very few psychological stories have as yet been successfully filmed. For instance, there was Ibsen's A Doll's House, and though the film version followed the play quite closely, was correct in detail and beautifully done, the picture was not a success. The long run in New York of a recent picture of the psychological type lends hope to the belief on the part of many that psychological subjects will eventually prove a profitable field for the motion-picture producers

There is a pronounced prejudice against so-called costume pictures. These are the ones in which the characters represent people of a past age, when clothes of an ancient type were worn. Even on the so-called legitimate stage costume plays seldom succeed. More and more it has become evident that the moving-picture patrons in the United States want Americans in real American pictures. Generally speaking, people want to see pictures not of their own lives but of possibilities for them. The little shopgirl does not want to see a story dealing only with her life at the store. But she does enjoy a picture showing a girl who may have started in a department store, but who finally attains wealth and success. The recipe of one famous director for a successful play is "Make them laugh a little, cry a little and think a little."

Producers cater largely to the women of the country. A picture so constructed as to be lacking in interest to women is doomed. Not long ago one of the world's greatest operatic stars was featured as the hero in a film play. The production failed, though an unlimited amount of money was spent in the making and advertising of the picture. The cause of the failure was the star's lack of physical attraction. The women's verdict was "He isn't handsome enough." Unfortunately his golden voice could not come to the rescue.

There is a marked similarity in the methods of choosing stories for the screen to that employed in selecting stories for magazines. It has been proved beyond doubt that stories which have circulated in national magazines are almost universally popular if they can be adapted to the screen. This is because the magazine editors must meet the same national taste that the film producers meet. Stories that would be only locally popular would make pictures which would be only partially successful. But the magazine editor never is able to check up the results of his choosing so promptly as the screen editor. The latter can read the public's verdict on his choice almost immediately in the reports from exhibitors all over the country. The box-office receipts constitute a speedy and infallible indicator of a picture's popularity.

The chief elements which interest and influence the scenario editor in choosing a certain story to film are, first, its pictorial or photographic possibilities; and second, its love interest. If the action of the story can be visualized through the eye of the camera the tale has possibilities. The few pictures which have been successful without containing the element of love have only been the exceptions which have proved the rule that love interest is paramount. Treasure Island got along right well without love scenes, and Huckleberry Finn did a fair business, but most of the famous plays and stories, like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, were radically changed and the love interest put into them before they were screened.

The methods employed in the selection of a story or play for picturization are far more searching than most people imagine. A small army of readers is employed by the motion-picture companies to prepare synopses of stories. Books, magazines and newspapers from all parts of the world are gone through. In addition, original scenarios are examined and the new plays in New York, London and Paris reviewed. When a synopsis is turned in by these preliminary readers it goes to the production department, and the star or director for whom the piece would seem to be most suitable is selected.

Many things may now happen to the author's brain child. The star may object to it, the director may disapprove or the production manager may find it impossible. If it passes these critics it is well on its way to success, though the finished film will not appear in the theaters for a year or eighteen months, so far ahead do the producers work. When the story is pronounced feasible it is turned over to the picture company's legal department, where it again goes through a grilling test. Countless tricks have been played on the film producers, and it now happens that many a promising scenario is nipped in the bud in the legal department.

If the lawyers stamp the story O. K. the production editor hands the copy to a staff writer who gives the tale what is known as continuity. This finished script is what the director uses for the making of the picture. It contains all the technical instructions and corresponds with the written play for the stage. The continuity writer of the present day is a highly paid individual who must not only know photography and be thoroughly informed in stagecraft, but, more important still, he must be able to catch the spirit of the author—the feel of the story—and know how to get it across to his audiences through the eye of the camera.

There is no better way to show how exacting is the task of preparing a modern scenario than to present a page from the script of a recent successful picture. The numbers indicate the scenes, and in common practice the director has a man hold up a sign with the corresponding number on it in front of the camera so it will be easily possible to place the scenes in consecutive order later when the film is cut and rearranged. The reason for this is that the scenes are often taken in inverted order or greatly mixed to avoid the rebuilding of sets or extra trips to locations.

The first scene is a semi-close-up, which means neither a long-distance picture nor one of the enlarged facial close-up shots—something halfway between. The long shot of the Bosporus, fading into a close-up of the oarsmen in the kayak, is a beautifully artistic idea, and could have been done only by an expert who had thoroughly studied the screen. The script follows:

133
BALCONY—LORING'S ROOMS
SEMI-CLOSE-UP: Marshall and Loring on balcony overlooking the Bosporus.

134
BOSPORUS—LONG SHOT
Moonlight on the Bosporus. Fade into.

135
BOSPORUS
CLOSE-UP kayak with oarsmen.

136
BALCONY—LORING'S ROOMS
SEMI-CLOSE-UP: Loring and Marshall who says:

97
SPOKEN TITLE: "You have a kayak at your service night and day, and the kayakjes would allow themselves to be cut to pieces rather than breathe a word of your secrets. You can trust them to take you anywhere."

Marshall continues talking; points to house across the Bosporus, says:

98
SPOKEN TITLE: "—— and on the opposite bank of the Bosporus you see the lights of the celebrated Sir Archibald Falkland's home blinking at you."

137
BALCONY—LORING'S ROOMS
CLOSE-UP: Loring starting back at name of Falkland; looks across the Bosporus at the Falkland mansion, then back at Marshall, says:

99
SPOKEN TITLE: "Funny, isn't it—the tricks fate plays on us? Who would have thought that out here I should be living opposite Archibald Falkland—his neighbor?"

138
BALCONY—LORING'S ROOMS
CLOSE-UP: Marshall, as he says:

100
SPOKEN TITLE: "Sir Archibald Falkland is a sad sort of a husband. I don't often salute unveiled women, who are not of my faith, but—I do salute Lady Falkland."

Scene 136 contains a spoken title which was written in by the author for the benefit of the star and the director, each of whom has his copy of the script. Usually the star memorizes these titles, and frequently the observer may catch the meaning from reading the actor's lips. The titles, also numbered, are photographed and inserted in their place in the film by a department maintained especially for that purpose. In some instances the subtitles are exquisitely got up -bas-reliefs in clay, and sometimes moving illustrations greatly enhancing their dramatic value. The most successful directors and authors, however, advocate using as few subtitles as possible.

In the future no aspiring scenario writers can hope to succeed unless they are possessed of technical knowledge concerning the manufacture of motion pictures. Famous authors will never create really great pictures until they know more about picture making. Celebrated writers frequently complain that their stories are spoiled in the filming. They should not expect anything else so long as they fail to recognize the difference between a stage play and a novel, upon which they often spend years of endeavor, and which reaches a few thousand people, and a picture which ultimately reaches millions, but whose technic is entirely different from anything they have known or dealt with. The possibilities of the motion pictures are unlimited, while the stage and even the printed word are hedged in with restrictions.

The various art directors of the motion-picture companies deserve a great deal of credit for the energy and perseverance they display in keeping abreast of the advances in the arts and the styles in clothes. A Frenchman builds a palatial home in Southern France—the art director must know about it and be able to reproduce it at a moment's notice for one of his pictures. Someone of note has a new motor car in Budapest—Mister Art Director is expected to be ready with a duplicate. An exotic fruit from South America appears—immediately he must have it. If the director's work is well done he becomes an important purveyor of propaganda for better homes and saner styles.

Much of the gambling and uncertainty has been banished from the motion-picture industry in recent times. The variations in box-office returns are causing the production managers of film companies to work by rule rather than guess. Historic precedents are being substituted for unfounded personal opinions. When analysis first showed that a picture was more successful because it had a special appeal to a certain group of people, in addition to being interesting to the rank and file of picture patrons, a valuable fact was uncovered, and those who capitalized this and similar apparently trifling discoveries benefited through increased earnings.

In the early days of the business the picture producers were sadly deficient in their knowledge of the art of advertising. They failed to take full advantage of the reputation and following of certain famous authors. Their practices exhibited as great folly as that of the department-store manager who tried to sell silverware in the basement—naturally no one looked there for it. To-day when the producer films a Mark Twain story he makes sure that the picture is properly advertised to the lovers of that celebrated author. The group or class appeal is properly valued.

Even the actor stars have had to swallow bitter lessons. Not long ago someone told a film celebrity that the public was tired of seeing him as a two-gun man, so he tried a film that featured him as a gentle, awkward lumberjack. It did not go, and he has gone back to his pinto and six-shooters as badness ultimate. Such incidents are not passing unnoticed by the producers, who are rapidly evolving such principles of business conduct from their experiences as the fickleness of the public will permit.

The next important evolution in the motion-picture industry will be a marked advance in the quality of the stories filmed. Scenario writing is the most experimental and undeveloped end of the business. The picture producers are aware that an art which is a copy of a copy is never as good as a copy of Nature. For this reason they are looking forward to the day when original scenarios will be the thing.

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MY MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 21)

fish scales." These were as completely nonexistent as were the fairy palaces and some family traditions of extraordinary variety, with which Cantacuzène was supposedly endowing me; and the long descriptions of family jewels were equally untrue. Such jewels, gowns and background as there really were, were neither spoken of nor photographed.

Another quite amusing phase was that of the anonymous letters I received—full of violent praise or blame, equally facile—sometimes calling me names for abandoning my country, disgracing my Americanism and my family by marrying for a title; or showing deep sympathy toward me for all I must go through in darkest Russia, living under European rule, giving myself and my fortune to an adventurer who sought nothing but the latter—as if I had any money! One of my correspondents even went so far as to offer to marry me himself if I would break off with this foreigner!

The summer passed, as Newport summers do; though I went to no balls and naturally saw less of my men friends than in other years. My chief occupation was the writing of the many notes necessary to thank people who sent me wedding gifts. These came in by every mail, and the express companies also were working overtime. Some of these things were beautiful, and a special room in my aunt's house was given over to them, that they might remain spread out to be admired, examined and packed at leisure.

The first days of September brought my fiancé, and after that a round of dinners began, given in our honor by kind friends. Our time was pleasantly spent, much in the open air, riding, driving or yachting, and a few last details were discussed and settled connected with the wedding ceremonies. There were to be two of these—the Russian Orthodox, and one in the tiny Episcopal chapel at Newport.

The Russian ceremony was to be performed first, and by special dispensation at home, the priests coming from New York and bringing all the necessary paraphernalia with them. It was a most beautiful marriage service; the icons and the tapers, the incense and the chanting made a charming effect in the quiet room. No one was invited save our ushers and our family party, with Bishop Potter and Doctor Nevin, who had come all the way from Rome.

Paternal Blessings

It was the first Russian church service at which I had ever assisted, and though I was one of the chief actors in the scene and necessarily anxious not to do anything wrong through inattention, I managed to watch the whole scene with interest, and I found in it an Old World quality of dignity and ancient traditions, beautiful and rare.

The chanted music without any instrumental accompaniment was especially lovely, and the kindly face of the old priest inspired respect; his deep intoning was rich with harmony and I loved it, though I had no notion of the words he used, which were in Slavonic. He and the bridegroom engineered us all through our parts, and everyone present was greatly delighted to have witnessed the service.

At the American chapel also the wedding was a very pretty one; as simply carried out as possible, according to our wish, for both Cantacuzène and I disliked extremely the idea of exaggeration or show. There were a few autumn flowers and leaves on the pews and a screen of feathery green about the altar. Bishop Potter, my parents' old friend, and Doctor Nevin, who had seen the birth and growth of our romance, divided the service between them. My cousins and uncles and a few of my best men friends were ushers.

My gown was the simplest that could be made, and the veil of tulle had no flower or jewel to attach it to my hair. The one note of magnificence in the whole proceedings was my husband's uniform. He wore his regimental white cloth with red and silver trimmings, high black boots, and a golden metal helmet, with the imperial eagle of Russia on top in silver, caught the light and added its glistening note. Everyone was very much excited about the groom's fine clothes; and his thoroughbred type, face, figure and manner came in for favorable comment from all our guests, who met him for the first time that day.

The little chapel was well filled with friends from the vicinity of Newport, and others who were interested enough to come from Washington, Chicago, New York and elsewhere. No one came to see a show. They knew there would be none. Some army officers, comrades of my father, were in their full-dress uniforms out of compliment to my husband, who was an army man, and I was given away by my handsome cadet brother in West Point uniform.

My father having been sent out to the Philippines in the early spring, I had not found him when I returned from abroad, and he had written us he expected to come back for our wedding. As the summer passed his work in Luzon and Samoa had become more arduous, however, and the constant troubles with native chiefs made him feel his duty was to stay there, not asking for the leave he had meant to take. Consequently he wrote and wired he did not want the marriage to be deferred, but wanted us to ask the President, if under the circumstances the latter would not give my brother permission to leave West Point and to replace him for the occasion. Mr. McKinley kindly granted this request.

During the week of my wedding my father was in four battles, but from the firing line out in the wilds a runner carried back a telegram and sent it from headquarters, so it was put into my hands as we returned from church; and my father's message of love, blessings and congratulations was the first to reach me.

A most amusing incident occurred as we left the chapel. Nearly all of Newport's village people had assembled in the street about the brougham which was waiting for us, and Cantacuzène with me on his arm was greatly and audibly approved when we appeared. Feeling we were rather conspicuous, and disliking that above everything else, he hurried a little and we climbed into the carriage. When the doors closed and while the footman was going round to his place on the box the crowd's curiosity got the better of their discretion and they pressed against the little carriage, looking in at the windows. In an instant my husband was dragging down the shades, indignant at this invasion of privacy, but the good-natured, interested crowd put their own construction on Cantacuzène's actions, and a voice shouted: "Sure, he's kissing the bride; three cheers for the prince!" Up went the curtains again, but this did not spoil the pleasure of the multitude, convinced of its own divining powers, and we finally got under way, a hearty ovation ringing in our ears. I do not think the American public ever gave a foreign bridegroom such a warm reception.

Afterward at the house, where my aunt had a delightful breakfast prepared for the wedding party, the same informality reigned and everyone seemed to have a lovely time. There was no crowding—in salons, on balconies and lawns were scattered cozy parties, family and friends comfortably seated gossiping, when they had eaten luncheon under a great marquee tent. The weather was warm and soft, and everyone congratulated me on the pleasant omen and on my luck that the equinoctial storms had held off so late, for it was September twenty-fifth, yet all the guests wore thin summery gowns.

There were a great many interesting people at the wedding who had gathered for love of my parents and interest in their child, but I have little memory of the individual faces. One couple was quite delightful, however, and everyone was watching them. My maternal grandfather had come from Chicago with his four sons and he was, at eighty, still well and strong, though cataracts were developing on both his eyes and he used a cane to prevent false steps. He and my Grandmother Grant had found each other in the company, and taking each other's arms they were wandering about talking, showing the gayest spirits. They traveled back in memory twenty-five years to the time of my parents' wedding, and all the company enjoyed their pleasure and their reminiscences. We had some anxiety for their safety, for grandmamma, too, was grown old and very heavy, and her eyesight was extremely bad. Our fears were misplaced, however, and they survived the heavy lunch and other pleasures of the day, and were photographed with our wedding party, standing together.

We left Newport that afternoon, on a yacht loaned us by Mr. Walters, the kindest of friends, and we sailed the next morning for France. A few days in Paris to gather up our various trousseau trunks, and then we took the north express bound for Russia.

On the frontier of my new home I was keyed to the highest pitch of interest and curiosity to see what it was that made everyone say I would find the place and life so different from the West, and would feel so far away.

At first I heard an unknown tongue, in which long sentences seemed to be spoken as if they were a single word. I saw quiet, square-built figures with broad solid faces, standing about. They said almost nothing, made no gestures, and answered agitated questions with patient quiet voices. They were muzhiki, wearing quaint costumes and white aprons, with caps of a strange shape. They carried our baggage adroitly and seemed very strong. Officials in various uniforms, fine-looking, heavy-built men, who wore their clothes well, were very busy talking as they examined both passports and baggage. The travelers who were Russians had a lot to say, and seemed excited over their explanations. Those who were foreigners stood petrified by the difficulty of the tongue, but they were cared for by the railroad people perfectly.

Over the Steppes to Bouromka

On the outskirts of this and every station were little groups of people standing, sitting or stretched out asleep among their bundles. These were the peasants and the Jews, each in the dress of his caste. The first were silent, the last were almost always talking. Neither wore new clothes, but the black hair in long curls and the greasy look of face and hands of the Jews gave the impression that they were less clean than the peasants were.

"Bouromka," 1890

We were met at the frontier by a clever-looking old man who had been with my husband's grandfather and father for years, and had become the major-domo since the death of my father-in-law. He took our tickets, baggage receipts and passports, also all our responsibility, and telling us to go and eat the dinner he had ordered for us in the restaurant he marched off to care for everything.

After our meal we walked about among the varied groups, before old Auguste came to tell us our special car had been hooked to the train going south, and we must get into it. After twenty-four hours we arrived at a tiny station which was then the nearest to the old château of Bouromka, and there my husband's brother met us. He was fourteen, a charming round-faced boy with a cheerful smile, and with a keen sense of humor lurking in his handsome eyes. He had brought me a large bunch of early violets, and while we chatted the contents of a big lunch basket had been unpacked and laid out for our benefit. We ate with hearty appetites, for since the frontier was crossed we had had only such food as Auguste could prepare in our car. This was delicious homemade food, some of the dishes unknown to my western palate, but which I thought I should like more and more with time. It seemed a funny way to travel, though, to have to take so many things and people along to be comfortable. Auguste had bed linen and everything with him for our trip. I learned that this was necessary as soon as one left the lines where big express trains ran.

My brother-in-law had arranged to perfection our trip to Bouromka. Over the undulating steppes three relays of dapple-gray trotters, each set harnessed four abreast, dragged us in a huge and luxurious landau. Another followed with Auguste and the bags, and a third equipage carried our trunks. At the frontier of Bouromka estate a gala equipage, called traditionally

(Continued on Page 39)

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TRADE MARK REG.

(Continued from Page 36)

the golden carriage, which was used for all ceremonious family occasions, awaited us. So high from the ground that a ladder of four steps was used to climb in, this carriage had a platform out behind, where between the big springs two footmen in Cossack dress stood, looking very handsome in their blue, scarlet and fur, with the family eagles fastened on their breasts. Cantacuzène and I sat on the main seat, and my brother-in-law on a small seat at our feet, with his back to the high box which the coachman occupied in full-dress livery.

All the men wished us health, happiness and welcome to Bouromka, and the superintendents of the estate met us with bread and salt on silver dishes, covered with towels which were embroidered by the women on the estate. They kissed my hands, while my husband embraced each of the servitors heartily, for all had seen him grow up.

We were established in our grand turnout and the six horses were launched full tilt. They were harnessed four in a row with two ahead, and even with our heavy equipage made excellent time. The white horses were decorated with gay ribbons, as were the men and the carriage itself. I felt myself to be unworthy of all this grandeur; I ought to have had on something fancier than a dark-blue tailored suit, for as we passed through each village the peasants looked at me with much curiosity in their smiling faces. We pulled up in the midst of crowds who offered us always the traditional bread and salt, and whose health Cantacuzène drank as he thanked that particular village for its welcome.

Some had made arches of straw and flowers, tied with bunting, for us to pass under. All the people seemed to me most sympathetic. The villages were as picturesque as were the costumes, and I felt I was going to like Russian life and all it seemed to mean of tradition, good feeling and interesting duties.

The loaves of bread, the lumps of salt and the platters and towels were piled up under my brother-in-law's care in the bottom of the carriage. It grew dark and we were joined by two more men in Cossack dress, who were on horseback and carried flaming torches to light us on our way. Soon after this we swung into the park, and taking the main drive at a gallop, we reached the house entrance through a crowd of brilliant figures in peasant national dress. As we pulled up a brass band began to play on the lawn, the great doors were both thrown open, and a mass of people met my eyes—all apparently retainers in one capacity or another—with Cantacuzène's mother, in a light gown, and the village priest standing together as central figures.

The Home-Coming Service

We were fairly carried out of the carriage, and our outer coats removed, I scarcely know how. Then we found ourselves drawn toward the princess. When our greetings were over we moved into the ballroom, which looked enormous, at least forty by eighty feet. It ran two stories high and there was room in it for all the crowd. Here a welcoming thanksgiving service was celebrated by the village priest, or *popus*, and during that I had time to get my breath and look round. The service in Slavonic I could not understand at all, of course, but I knew it was in the nature of a Te Deum in honor of my husband's return to the old home with his bride, and I was aware that while they listened, as should respectful devotees, to the words of the priest, most of the retainers kept their eyes fixed on me, from curiosity doubtless as to what the new member of the château family would represent in their lives. I was, on my side, deeply interested in their kindly faces, many of which wore intelligent expressions. Their background also attracted me.

Its proportions were really imposing, and seemed the vaster because of the softly shaded lamplight and the rather scattered furniture. The room, which had been a ballroom, was now used as a general living room evidently, with big soft chairs stretching out their arms to one invitingly, and many books, periodicals and games scattered about to tempt occupants to cozy recreation. A billiard table, a grand piano, a phonograph—all offered themselves in different parts of the room, and screens of plants shut off corners where one might sit for conversation. There were large glass cases with family souvenirs and relics, marble statues, attractive-looking paintings, and there was a great chimneypiece of carved wood like the paneled ceiling.

Most of all I was struck by the floor, in the great open space between us and the priest. It was inlaid in the most complicated designs: oak foundation with white maple, red mahogany and bits of mother-of-pearl, its surface was brilliant with polish, rich with many coatings of old and pure beeswax. It was a work of art such as I had never seen in any other country. Afterward I learned this floor was hand made, hand laid and hand polished by patient people who showed by such care of detail their love of beauty and their instinct for good taste. In its way it was as splendid as the high paneled ceiling or the chanting or intoning of the choir boys who carried on their share of our thanksgiving.

On a table stood a collection of icons which were to be ours and with which we were to be blessed. Some of them were ancient, offered by the family's members or by friends; others in modern enamel or beaten bronze were donated by the house servants, the superintendents, and so on, of the estates. Incense burned, the voices rose in beautiful strains, and all the scene was most impressive, with a charm different from any I had ever experienced. It was a far cry from Newport, New York and Paris to this new life just opening, and somehow in spite of its strangeness it all attracted me more than I could express. It appealed to me deeply and I began at that first moment to feel sympathy with the nation which created such beauty and lived it, felt it.

Our Russian Estate

The princess, my mother-in-law, was a Frenchwoman, and her looks, gestures, attitudes and ways were different from those of the others present. She was very handsome, and dressed in the latest fashion of Paris. She moved more quickly than did the Russians, and she wept from excitement then and always; also her eyes roved about, alert to catch and correct any imperfection. She made an effective central figure and stood out in contrast on the background of Bouromka.

The service over, we remained where we were, I standing between my mother-in-law and my husband, and all the people from the old priest down to the youngest servant maid went by, to be presented to me and to kiss my hand. Many of these faithful people were very old in the family's service. Two tottering old chaps had known Speransky, who died in 1829. Many dated back to serfdom times, and practically all were born and brought up on the place. My husband's old nurse waddled by, rolling in fat, with a new gold brooch on her ample breast, and when she kissed my hand, after hugging and kissing Cantacuzène, I thought her so motherly I kissed her with enthusiasm on both her ruddy cheeks. She gave me a delightful hug and a smile, and from then on I had in Grandmother Ann-Wladimir, as she called herself, a staunch ally.

Soon all the old servants and I were extremely friendly, and through almost twenty years I felt and saw only their good will and their understanding devotion. It was the quality of these simple, lowly country folks which first made me fond of my new home. Afterward, as I grew to know them and their compatriots better, it made me admire all classes of our people for their utterly simple dignity, their patience and their courage, and so many other qualities as rare and fine.

After the reception followed a long dinner with all the bigwigs of the place. It seemed dull, since I could not communicate with my neighbors, though I was fairly simmering with questions. I was very much pleased with all my new impressions, but I was glad nevertheless when bedtime came, the guests withdrew and left me to my rest and to make the acquaintance of my new maid.

It took me a little while to get used to the size of the old house and its complicated plan, and I was always asking my way about and getting lost. There was much I liked and much that was amusing, which would have driven the average American housekeeper quite mad from the inconvenience of arrangements. The pumping by hand of all the water for that enormous establishment—the fetching and carrying necessary—the mere fact that two men spent their entire days cleaning, filling and lighting lamps—that we all lived with every door and window unbolted and even open—French windows standing wide on the terraces through summer nights—that all one's treasures lay about in complete safety for years, generations even, seemed amazing! Yet it was true that we and our possessions lived thus always in old days in Russia. Confidence begot honesty and loyalty, and the atmosphere was such as makes one feel the world worth while.

Outside, the country was beautiful, and I never could decide whether I loved the flat steppe land best, with its splendor of harvest waving or its chocolate-colored furrowed fields so full of promise, or whether the woods and meadow stretches were the more admirable in their green peacefulness, where cattle fed and streams supplied us fish. The number of our animals and the variety of work were as absorbing as the beauty of the estate, and it seemed to my American ideas interesting and amusing how self-sufficient we were, seventy versts away—about forty-six miles—from post, telegraph, railroad and electricity. The life was entirely civilized and comfortable, and everything went as if by machinery.

After two or three days the princess departed to St. Petersburg to conduct my young brother-in-law to school, and we remained on for two weeks or so through the golden magnificence of the early autumn. My husband took me over the whole of the estate, and during that first stay in the country I grew to know much about the Russian way of running such a place with its wheels within wheels. Originally it had consisted of thirty thousand dessiatines—about two and two-thirds acres to a dessiatine. With the abolition of serfs nearly half the land had been given to the liberated peasants by the Emperor, and the government had paid proprietors in a small way for the necessary confiscation. Later other reasons had led to the sacrifice of part of Bouromka's land, but thirteen or fourteen thousand dessiatines were still ours. Interweaving with the peasant commune lands it made a fair sight, and gave one the feeling that one was lord of a small kingdom with all its rights and responsibilities.

The village outside our gates was picturesque to a degree, but it gave me a heartache to see the wretchedness that reigned there and the fragile looks of many of the people. Its situation on the green sloping banks of a tiny lake was ideal and well chosen, with deep-rooted instinct both for the practical and the beautiful. Cattle and people both drank and bathed in the crystal water. Their homes, smothered in trees and gay flowers, were most charming in general effect at a distance. Close by it was different, for the pretty thatched roofs all needed mending and were blown about and let in rain and snow. The house itself had usually crooked walls, with tiny windows fixed in the adobe plastering. One had the feeling of poverty and misery, filth and shiftlessness, overcrowding and discomfort. To me it was deeply distressing to think the people who, when serving in the house or on the estate where conditions were better, showed us sunny faces and sang over their work, which they carried out with quick intelligence, in their natural state and their own village homes lived in such a sad unhealthful way.

The Patient Peasantry

Alcoholism and the village usurer undermined our peasantry physically and morally, and they seemed too dulled to realize the situation or to help themselves.

My husband's father had been dead a long time and his heirs were in their minority. My mother-in-law, in the hands of her superintendents, was exploited by these men almost as much as were the peasants, and besides she had been away from the country place a great deal. She had done much to make the château and the buildings on the estates better, but she was facing large deficits caused by expenditures. That was as far as she had gone in her administration. The people were not considered part of her responsibility. I do not know if the situation was the same all over Russia—but I was told Bouromka was a model of prosperity and the Little Russian peasants gayer and cleverer than those of the north.

For a long time it seemed difficult to understand why our people should suffer so much more than the inhabitants of other lands. By degrees I learned the influences which had been at work for centuries, and these Russians then made an even greater

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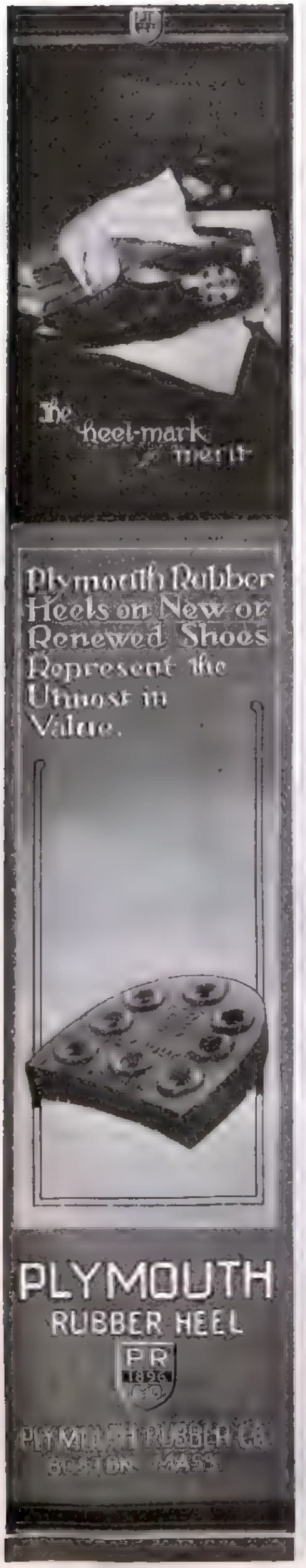


appeal, especially as through the years between 1900 and 1914 I was amazed to notice how they developed.

Soon I dug down into their history, which seemed the explanation of many traits I found in them. They had originally drifted backward and forward over the great steppe lands, in prehistoric days—essentially nomads, tending their flocks, living in tribes. Strains of Oriental blood influenced these early Slavs' habits and minds. Then civilization in two forms reached them. A military viking group had come in from Scandinavia, while from the south merchants and travelers brought Byzantium's influence to bear. The nomads grouped themselves, founded settlements and towns, and learned what government was. A period of civilization extending over several centuries followed for these various principalities—Kieff specially taking its place among the brilliant courts of the times—and the Russians fought against Bulgarians, Hungarians, Poles, and so on, making a reputation, and carrying their conquests to Byzantium itself.

From out the east then appeared the hordes of Genghis Khan, and passing over our steppes they swept all European armies before them, capturing cities, sacking, burning, stealing Russia's rich possessions. The domination of the Tartars was long and cruel, since they exacted tribute money which it was difficult to produce, which meant almost slavery to earn. During the conquerors' stay, Russian peasants learned to toil as never before they had, and it developed the silent patience which is still so marked a national trait.

Under the Muscovite Czars

Some of the nobility lingered about the Khan's court, while the rest on the contrary stood off and plotted against the foreign tyrants.

Thus a warlike spirit came to be born, and little by little the nobles gathered round the strongest of their number. Several efforts were ineffective, but finally Russia won out and emerged from her domination by the Tartar, the stronger and the wiser for the yoke carried so long.

Several things had Russians learned—first, above all, the strength there was in fighting together in an organized whole; second, the advantage of centralization for constructive work.

After the enemy without was disposed of, the Czars of Moscow seized the reins of government, keeping all power to themselves. In the midst of this autocracy there were, however, quaint traditional paradoxes which made for more democracy than anything Western Europe knew at that same epoch, and which neutralized much that was severe in the régime.

The Great White Czar chose his wife from among his subjects for her beauty, virtue and intelligence, for instance, and he called on his nobles for advice, so Moscow's court was national and patriotic, and the council of boyars thus divided responsibility with their ruler. Further, at various times when the succession gave rise to discussion, a general open election was held on the palace place, where a new and generally a big man was chosen to reign. The nobles had much power and intrigued among themselves, as was the habit of that day at every court in Europe or in Asia, but they also did most of the fighting and all that was done to civilize the country.

The peasants had been forgotten through centuries of history. Since they had first attached themselves to the land they had remained on it, plowing and harvesting, turn and turn about. Outside of this they prayed according to ancient ritual, and their only culture was the music and poetry in their souls, which broke out into legend and tale and song, never written down by them, but which were religiously passed on from generation to generation. Now and again some genius emerged from their midst and made his way in art or science, religion or statesmanship, and in spite of monarchy in Russia the highborn aristocrat always readily made way for the humbly born man who through self-made success took his place in their midst. Strange these contrasts, symbolic of all that is Russian!

With Peter the Great the period of Muscovite Czarism, national reserve and Oriental coloring ended, and a new era was inaugurated. Feeling that his people were a century or two behind Western monarchies in their development, he decided by sheer force to push them forward and make them take their place in an international sense. Everyone knows the history of his colossal effort, how with infinite imagination, talent and enthusiasm he created a new Russia. His capital was moved to a new site and built with magnificent conception on European lines. His courtiers were taken from their gorgeous costumes of the Middle Ages and made to wear Versailles styles. Education and art, a fleet and an army, industry and commerce, were all built up in one man's reign on plans brought from abroad; and a new machine for government, created to avoid the powers of the aristocrat and to get men better trained, the bureaucracy, was established.

It was the middle of November when we went up to the capital from Bouromka, and one felt a great change in the climate. In the government of Poltava the autumn was far advanced and heavy rains had set in, which made our plowed fields fertile and turned our roads to quagmires. Six horses harnessed to the great berlin could scarcely drag it through the heavy mud, and twice we were stuck, with the mud oozing over our hubs, and our spending the winter in that special spot was apparently among the possibilities.

The long trip in old-fashioned trains with no conveniences, to me was a delightful adventure, for we had space and provisions and plenty of servants along, with bed linen from Bouromka to make up our berths. All this changed after some years, but still I remember with interest those funny arrangements, the tons of hand baggage and the ready helpful people, who through atavistic traits doubtless knew how to make us travel comfortably. I am sure our party resembled a modernized edition of the nomad prehistoric Russians I liked to read of.

It was easy to get used to the methods of my new life, since there was room and time for everything. As always in old Russia everyone kept in excellent humor—so I remember the two days of those old trips as one would a novel kind of picnic, full of the unexpected.

We were to go to the home of my mother-in-law on arriving in the capital, and she had offered us a part of her large apartments for all winter, or till such time as we found one in which to settle ourselves. She was to send her carriage to meet us at the station and we were to have the feeling of a home-coming, she had said with much enthusiasm.

It was a drizzling morning with dirty snow on the streets, scarcely light as yet, and very raw, an icy wind sweeping the drops into one's face. The carriage, through mistake or neglect, was not there, so perforce we drove across the city in a quaint vehicle called a droshky, with the queerest of drivers conducting a horse which had a night's work already in his weary legs, I'm sure.

That drive was my only bad impression of the magnificent city which I was to love so dearly as my home through many years, but it was horrid, going through back streets in the gray light, with a sky lead-colored and the sleet blowing in one's face, and it was miles from the Warsaw station to the Fontanka, where the princess lived.

Meeting New Relatives

When at last we were safely landed at her front door and made our way up the great staircase into her well-heated rooms our spirits thawed out. A most exciting day followed. The princess received us with much excitement as in Bouromka, but with less ceremony, and I was at once introduced to my husband's sister and to her husband. The former had extraordinary charm and distinction; she was small and fragile, with the quintessence of fine breeding, with gentle hands, quiet voice, and eyes of great beauty. Her rare intelligence, wit and sweetness were all her own. Shy as a rule and not demonstrative, she was of those of whom the French genius spoke when he said the most attractive women "never draw attention but always hold it."

She was very simple and winning and we at once adopted each other as sisters. During twenty long years we have been that, and faithful friends besides.

Her husband, big, warm-hearted, very charming, made himself my kindly comrade immediately, and I found him also most sympathetic.

We very much liked our rooms, which the princess had had arranged with the furniture my husband had brought from Rome. Soon our American wedding gifts arrived, and with a little living in them our rooms became cozy in spite of their cathedral-like proportions.

By degrees I caught glimpses of the city's beauty, which thrilled me, and I even had a taste of its gay society life almost at once.

Taken all in all I had a bad time at first, though, for arriving in November, before Christmas I had already spent three weeks in bed with acute inflammation of the intestines, while at the end of January I went to bed again, only to rise at Easter after a grave case of typhoid. Then a slight relapse kept me ill or convalescent until the end of May.

When my brain was not more or less vague I felt deeply depressed from so much illness, but my young husband was the kindest of nurses, and he and his brother and sister were so ready to amuse me and cheer me through the slow hours that I could not complain.

In June we moved into our own apartment on the quay, and though it was very much smaller than that of the princess we were enchanted to establish ourselves and feel at home. The great river was a constant interest and joy.

My mother had come over during my illness in the winter and again in the summer she returned for six weeks, taking the fatiguing trip with much patience.

Life at the Capital

In July our first child was born, a splendid fat baby boy with Cantacuzène eyes of deep brown. He was lusty and healthy, and we were immensely proud of this new member of the family. As soon as he was old enough to travel we took the son and heir down to old Bouromka, that he should meet the members of his family from his grandmother down to his young cousin who had preceded him into the world by a very few months.

Again a long southern autumn we spent at the family country place. This time going back to our establishment in town, already an old married couple with a son, I felt St. Petersburg was really home and that great interest and happiness lay before me in the new life, where there was so much to tempt my enthusiasm and curiosity.

My husband had a sailor brother but a year his junior, and the latter returned from the Orient about the time young Mike was born. Boris at once adopted me and the baby, whom he greatly approved, and after meeting this brother I felt I truly had every reason to congratulate myself on the lovable family my husband had given me by our marriage.

With a pretty home to look after, full of things of which we were fond, with a fine son and an excellent husband, I felt I was taking a new start in Russian life. I felt well, after all the care connected with my various illnesses, and I looked forward very much to seeing something of St. Petersburg's court society, and to meeting the various people of world interest whom I knew to compose it. It would be nice to take part in the court functions, too, for the Russian Emperor was considered at that time to be the most brilliantly surrounded sovereign in all Europe.

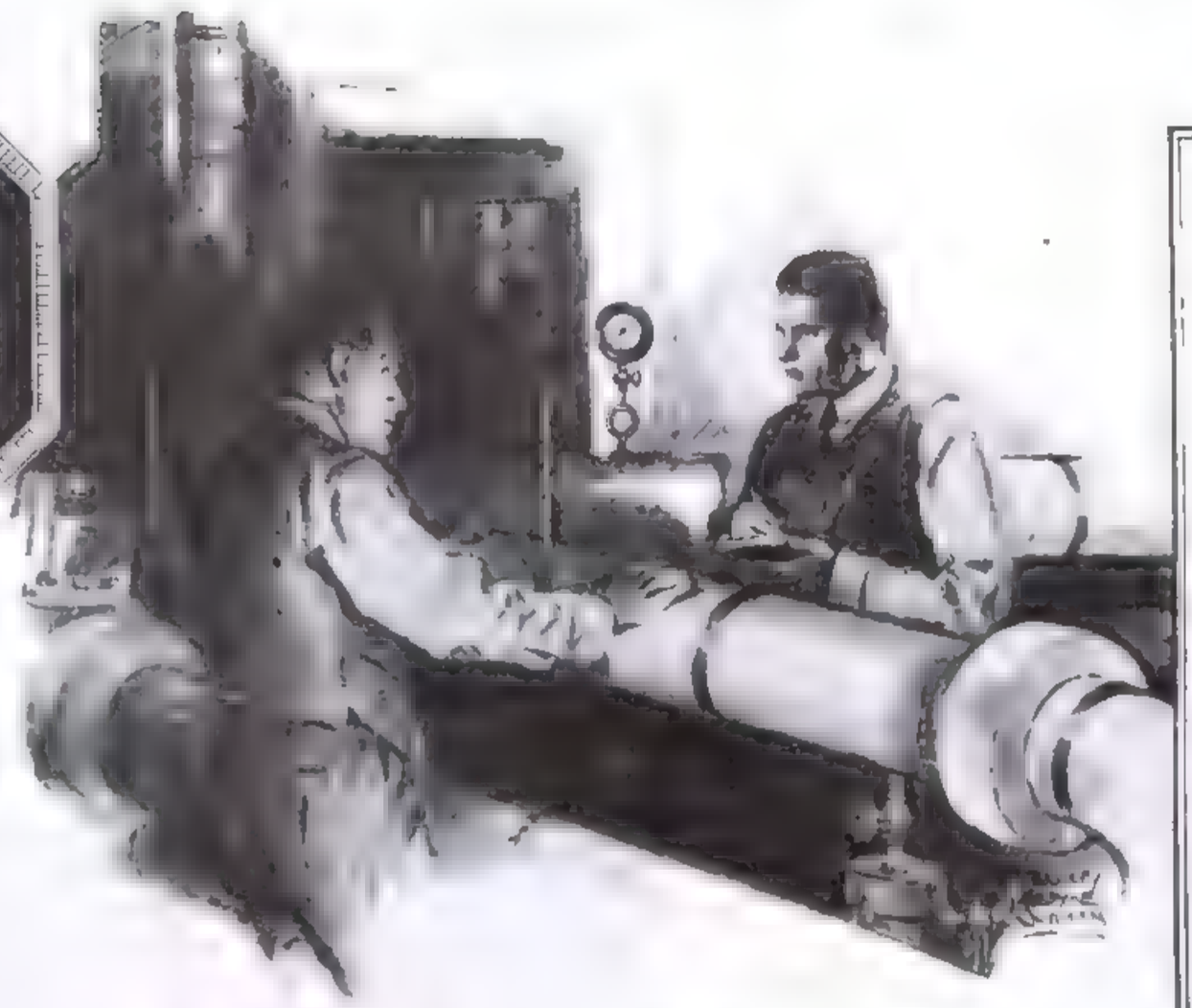
I had grown to love the city with its magnificent buildings and broad streets, where proportions seemed finer to me than in any other capital in Europe, where the rows of palaces and the great cathedrals and the old fortress along the banks of the Neva made architecturally a sight at which foreigners marveled. Especially was it all beautiful under the heavy snow of midwinter, with the dull red northern sun and during the white nights of midsummer when the capital was clothed in the tints of mother-of-pearl. At such times the sunlight or the moonlight on the river, the buildings silhouetted dark against the sky, left one with an impression of splendor never to be effaced.

Already I had had time to hear the bells of St. Isaac's at Easter, and to see the crowds of humble citizens moving toward that center in reverent groups. Necessarily won by such beauty as this city offered to one's home, the latter promised much for the pleasure of future life in it, for interest and for happiness.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue.

Asbesto-Sponge Felted Insulation

The most efficient commercial insulation known. Built up in ply form and therefore not easily damaged by vibration, handling or whandling — hence its greater economy because of its longer life in service.



Efficiencies of

JOHNS-MANVILLE ASBESTO-SPONGE FELTED INSULATION ON 5" PIPE

Thickness in Inches	*Temperature Difference Degrees Fahrenheit*				
	100°	*200°*	*300°*	*400°*	*500°*
1"	83.8%	86.2%	88%	89.8%	91.2%
2"	88.6	90.3	91.6	92.8	94.1
3"	91.1	92.3	93.3	94.3	95.4

What Insulation Efficiency Means

90 per cent efficiency,—for instance,—means that the insulation of that efficiency saves 90 per cent of the heat that would be lost if the insulation were not applied.

Example:

One hundred feet of uncovered 5" pipe conveying steam at 150 pounds pressure through a room whose temperature is 70° F. *loses* 1,222,000,000 B. t. u. (units of heat) per year. An insulation 90 per cent efficient *saves* 90 per cent of this loss, or 1,099,800,000 B. t. u. (units of heat).

The equivalents of this *loss* and *saving* in pounds of coal are: LOSS—122,200 lbs., or 61.1 tons coal; SAVING by Insulation—109,980 lbs., or 55 tons coal.

The figures on pounds of coal lost due to uninsulated pipe and saved by use of insulation are based on continuous operation, 24 hours per day, 365 days per year and 10,000 B. t. u. available per pound of coal.

Low pulse and high fever cost fuel users millions

How much is lost heat from steam lines costing me?

Not long ago fuel users might ask in vain for the answer. Today everyone can know and save fuel through proper insulation correctly applied. Instruments for determining pressures and temperatures, charts and extended calculations are the tools that Johns-Manville Insulation Service is using to answer this very practical business question.

Whether you burn fuel in the house, the factory or the power plant, read what the science of insulation has accomplished.

* * * * * *

Two symptoms always signal heat loss from a steam-pipe. One is lowered pressure in the pipe, the other is high temperature of the air surrounding the bare or poorly insulated pipe.

Now this falling of the pulse and external fever means that fuel in the form of heat is being lost.

It is Insulation's job to minimize this. And so well is this being done by the Johns-Manville Insulation Service that the materials applied are paying for themselves by the heat they save.

This kind of Heat Conservation has become a science

In past years little was known of the real truths of heat loss. Materials were recommended after inadequate tests; in fact, today if many of the steam pipes covered sometime ago with materials of unknown value were checked up, their covering would be replaced by insulation of known value, and new records for economy set up.

Rising fuel prices make heat losses doubly serious and economy in heat transmission has been realized to be a real factor in cutting heating, power and manufacturing costs.

Changing the physical design of Insulation

An insulation to be of maximum value must have more than the property of preventing heat loss. It must also have physical durability, for a short-life material means early replacement, so that if insulation values are equal, the most durable insulation is the most economical.

If it is desirable to reduce a loss, it is surely advisable to reduce the loss to a minimum. Believing this, Johns-Manville developed physically strong felted insulations—and with obvious advantages to the fuel user. For these felted insulations are built up in ply form, physically strong and not easily damaged by vibration, handling or rehandling. These improved materials have not only overcome the physical shortcomings of most insulations, but made higher heat efficiencies possible. In fact, on test, one of these insulations has repeatedly been shown to be the most efficient commercial material in existence.

To show the great flexibility of felted insulation, so vital to long life. Nothing to break, crack or powder off as in molded materials

Insulation for every service

No one material should or will serve all practical needs. Steam service where high pressures are used demands different treatment than cold water or brine service. Johns-Manville, in realization of this, offer materials suitable for use indoors and out, overhead and underground and for every type of system, and not only does this service include the furnishing of the materials but their application as well.

The application of an insulation is vital to its performance in service, hence the necessity of controlling this factor if economical results are to be obtained.

Johns-Manville Insulations

Asbesto-Sponge Felted, 85% Magnesia, Asbestocel, Zero, Anti-Sweat and Ammonia Insulation, Underground Conduit Insulation and Insulating Cements.

JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY
Madison Ave. at 41st St., New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 64 Large Cities
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CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd.
Toronto

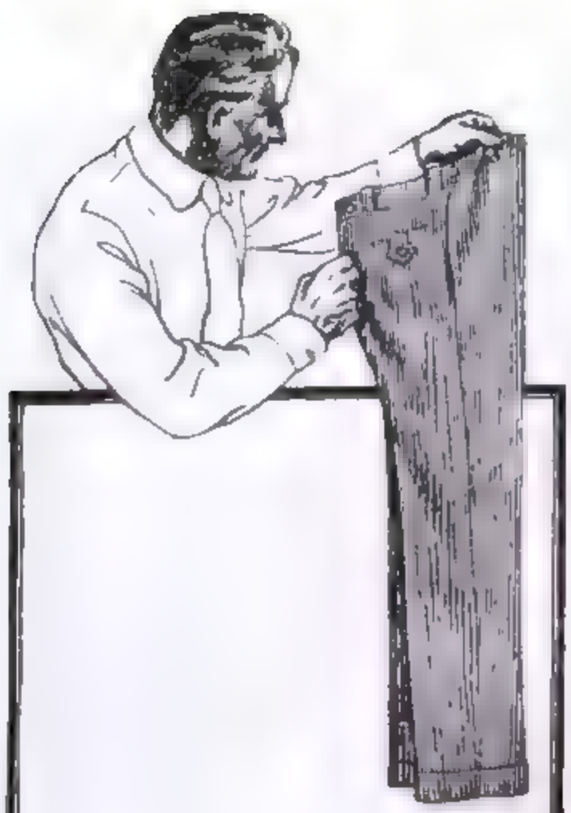
JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation



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CORDUROY

Resists Water

Trousers made of this material are always strong and durable—soft and comfortable.

CROMPTON *"All-weather"* CORDUROY will not stiffen, shrink or lose its color even if you get it wet.

Send for free test sample of this new kind of Corduroy. Sprinkle it and watch the water roll off just like quicksilver.

CROMPTON
"All-Weather"
CORDUROY

Look for this trade-mark in the next pair of trousers you buy. Sold by all leading Retail Stores

CROMPTON-RICHMOND CO. Inc.
31 East 31st Street New York

OLDEST MANUFACTURERS OF CORDUROYS IN THE U. S. A.

FOR SERVICE INSTEAD OF PROFIT

(Continued from Page 13)

only gain seekers "the world would perish miserably after a vigorous campaign of mutual skinning."

Thus far all must agree, the blackest-hearted reactionary as well as the silliest crack-brained radical. But those who have undertaken the colossal task of substituting service for profits go a step farther. They say that gain seeking must not only be replaced as the supreme motive but relegated to a minor place. Here, then, is the nub of the whole dispute, and it is about the hardest, biggest question in the world to-day.

"The gift for getting," says H. G. Wells, "is the supreme gift; all others must bow before it. The idea has run wild and has become a choking, universal weed. There are people who would have us believe this life of anxiety, of parsimony and speculation, of mercenary considerations . . . is the complete and final expression of the social possibilities of the human soul. They are content to live in an economic system that raises every man who subordinates these wholesome desires and prides—desire to do well—to watchful, incessant getting over the heads of every other type of character; that in effect gives all the power and influence to successful getters; that subordinates art, wisdom and labor to these inferior, narrow men, these men who clutch and keep."

But this is not the whole indictment. Not only has the gain spirit been magnified beyond all reason, but it is a poor sort of instrument at its best for its purpose, so we hear. This purpose, of course, is to produce the goods and service which men need. Now the trouble with the gain spirit is that it works by indirection—that is, men go into business not primarily to produce goods but to produce profits for themselves. Their first idea is to acquire wealth rather than to produce it, we are told.

Captains of Idleness

Society's goods are provided for it as a mere by-product of individual self-seeking, runs the accusation. Obviously it should be the other way round. Self-seeking and pecuniary gain should be mere by-products of producing the goods.

The whole scheme of profits, financial gain, wages, and the like, has been evolved, say its critics, not primarily for the purpose of bringing forth goods but to produce rewards for individuals. It is generally expected, of course, that incidentally the goods will be produced, that production will be in proportion to the reward offered. But at best the business man furthers production at the second removed. The whole scheme works by indirection. Why not discover, runs the challenge, whether interest in the community at large, together with the instincts of workmanship and creation, could not furnish just as much, perhaps more, stimulus to release the energies which are required in production than the baser motive of mere gain?

But the indictment does not stop even here. Thus far it has consisted largely of words and phrases. Now it gets down to concrete cases that all will understand. We are about to run out of the fog.

It is assumed in the present system that the motive of profit will bring production; that production is not merely incidental to the reward of profits, but coincidental. But if that is true, how is it that night riders burn cotton and tobacco to keep up prices, though there are plenty of people in the country who haven't enough tobacco to satisfy their wants?

Manufacturers of woolen cloth or leather shoes may at times make greater profits by not producing cloth and shoes than by producing them, even though children go ragged and barefoot. Sugar planters may grow rich by restricting acreage, no matter how loudly consumers cry for sugar. A thousand cases come to mind, all tending to show that often the way to acquire wealth is not to produce it. In other words, we have captains of idleness instead of captains of industry. That is one reason, says the critic, why industry should be run for public service rather than for private profits.

But even yet we are not at the end of the indictment. Profits, and large ones at that, are often made by selling rubbish for money, such as injurious patent medicines, by the debasement of journalism; by deceptive advertising; by the manipulation of securities and prices; by stock watering; by shaking out small investors; and other methods which are well known but which do not make for public service. Industry may thus be profitable to its owners but injurious to the community.

Profits may be the reward for adding to the world's supply of useful goods and services or they may come merely from taking clever advantage of price changes and supposed changes in the values of property. The chances of gain or loss from the mere relationships of business, from the inevitable lack of coördination among so many complex processes, from the conjunctures of business, from the concatenation of processes—in short and in plain English, the opportunities to profit from fluctuations in prices due to the terrific complexity of our industrial system are so great that many business men profit without really being efficient in a technical industrial sense or without being of real service in a social sense.

It is often easier to grow rich by mere speculation, manipulation, strategy, knowing when to sell, and the like, than from adding to the supply of useful goods and attributes. If one is lucky it is a lot easier to get rich by selling silk stockings on a higher stage of a rising market than one's competitor, than it is to profit from making actually better silk stockings than one's competitor year in and year out.

Of course this sort of thing—mere shrewdness, speculation, manipulation and strategy—has its risks as well as its profits. There are losses in plenty. Falling prices and deflation tell a different story from the opposing process. But the fact remains that many fortunes have been made in these ways. To the common run of humanity all profits probably seem alike. The manufacturer who profits from his productive and technical efficiency is blackened with the same tar as the lucky chap whose only contribution has been to speculate on a rising market. People unfortunately do not distinguish much as between profits. All gains look alike.

The late Henry L. Gantt, an engineer with views regarded as rather advanced, was constantly emphasizing before his death a few years ago the necessity for the business system to assume a definite social responsibility or else go through a period of the most disastrous experiment upon the part of the workers to force such a sense into the system.

"Unfortunately for the world at large," said Mr. Gantt, "these workers as a rule have no clearer conception of their social responsibility than those already in control. Moreover, having had no experience in operating grand-scale industry and business, it is more than likely that their attempt to do so will result disastrously to the community."

Altered Ambitions

The writer of these words lived to see the beginnings of the even then calamitous Russian experiment, but he did not live to witness its further rake's progress or the start of the Italian experiment. Now it is true that the causes which led to the changes in Italy are not the same as those which produced Bolshevism in Russia. The growth of the radical labor movement in England may be laid to still different reasons, and finally the Non-Partisan League movement in this country is to be explained no doubt on peculiar local grounds of its own.

But it would be idle to deny that running all through these various movements is the common element of protest against the conduct of industry for private profit. The protest may be without good and sufficient reason. It may be chimerical and idle. Certainly the cure thus far promises little if any improvement over the disease; obviously that is so in the case of Russia. But the challenge and protest are facts. They cannot be brushed aside by indifference or denial.

"To me the replacing of the present system with one of service means only the changing of the motive for which men live," said one of the country's leading socialists whose opinion I sought. "Friends of the capitalist system will say that human nature cannot be changed, and yet human nature does change. Men have different motives and different ideals for which they have worked at different times in the history of the world.

"There was a time when men thought that leadership should go to the strongest. They sought for strength in battle or for other deeds of valor which they could perform to impress their fellow men. This has been replaced by the money motive. There was even a time in our own South when a man was judged by his ability as a gentleman—that is, whether he could ride well, fight well, fight a duel, and the like.

"If the money motive has replaced that of valor in battle and duel, why is it so impossible for the service motive to push money off the field? Suppose a blue ribbon represented honor, preferment, distinction, achievement in the eyes of the community. Why not? It would not mean the abolition of all competition among men, merely the doing away with competition for money. There would still be plenty of competition for honor, leisure, authority, position, fame."

Work for Work's Sake

"Even to-day the driving force is in a sense the spirit of service rather than gain on the part not only of scientists, physicians, artists, writers, teachers, labor leaders, and the like, many of whom could earn three or four times as much working for corporations, but among the salaried employees of corporations themselves the bulk do not think of profits in every transaction. They are interested in their work.

"Where is there a class of men who work harder to-day than the college athletes training for the football team? Who will work closer together and try for the good of all more than they? And yet they are working for nothing more than a school letter. We have the finest example of work for service in the party that went to Cuba to discover whether the mosquito spread the yellow-fever germ. Many of these men gave up their lives in the experiment, but they did it for the state, for science, and not with any hope of financial reward.

"The past World War was an example of men striving for what they believed in as their ideals. Germans may have thought they were fighting for the Kultur of Germany, and the Allies may have believed they were striving to make the world safe for democracy. Both put forth every effort and made the greatest sacrifices possible for those ideals.

"If men could be set free from the demoralizing pursuit of personal pecuniary aggrandizement the best traits in their character would come out. They would be uplifted by the very fact that they were expected to serve the community rather than their own pocketbooks. For you know that men have a great way of doing what is expected of them."

Here, then, is the impeachment of the gain spirit in industry, as complete as can be made in a brief space and as fair and honest as the writer knows how. The arraignment is impressively beautiful in its logic; but let us dig into it a little deeper.

The war, it is said, shows that men could accomplish great things without pecuniary reward. Soldiers fought for ideals and thirty dollars a month. Here is a magnificent example of what men can do for service rather than for pay. True enough, but behold the terrific after reaction toward greed, profiteering—not all on the part of the capitalist either—and general world-wide selfishness. If the everyday business affairs of the world are to be conducted permanently on a basis of sudden spurts of patriotic fervor or possibly religious zeal, to be followed by a let-down to lower depths than prevailed before, may merciful heaven preserve us from any such state of society!

Of course men will achieve wonderful temporary results under the abnormal stimulus of patriotic fervor, religious zeal, fear, hate, anger and similar instincts or passions, but we have no evidence that these are the forces that keep the wheels of everyday life moving.

It is said that human ideals and motives have been different at different periods of history, that the medieval knight and even the Southern gentlemen of ante-bellum days were moved by chivalrous ideals rather than by money-making. These illustrations seem to me rather unfortunate for the socialist and not at all dangerous to anyone but the socialist.

(Continued on Page 45)

Some electric washers *lift* and *dip* the soiled fabrics in a tub of sudsy water—and it is a good method . . . . .

Other electric washers *rock* and *toss* the soiled fabrics to and fro in sudsy water—and it is a good method

The A B C Electric Laundress *does both.* Rapidly it alternates these good methods—and so it combines their advantages . . . . .

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Doubly Please Her the 25th

Give her, this Christmas, an electric washer that simply lifts and dips (**I**) the soiled things in a tub of sudsy water, and it will please her. Give her an electric washer that simply rocks and tosses (**—**) the soiled fabrics, and it will please her. But give her an A B C *Electric Laundress* that does both (**+**), that combines all the advantages of these two good washing methods, and manifestly you will *doubly* please her, at no extra cost.

Moreover, this thoughtful and considerate gift of yours can be a total surprise to her. You need not reveal your intent, to ascertain in advance which of these leading methods she might select, could she have only one. For in the A B C *Electric Laundress* you secure for her the two of them, twice clinching her full satisfaction, without bother or time spent to shop.

Enthusiastically she will praise the double washing process that everafter is to spare the clothes from hard scrubbing, boiling and injurious chemicals by gently though quickly loosening, squeezing and carefully flushing out *all* dirt.

An exclusive *springless* mechanism creates this dual agitating action, without jar, without racket, without lurching —so smoothly that your hand upon the tub cannot detect the frequent change of motion within—so quietly that only the churn of the cleansing suds is audible. To a man this rightly reveals a sturdy, simple construction, the pledge of long, faithful service.

Long endorsed by legions of users and Good Housekeeping Institute . . . guaranteed by large and successful makers, pioneers in this industry . . . recommended by experienced electrical appliance dealers noted for prompt and courteous service . . . this A B C *Electric Laundress* in truth is the gift of happier, shorter washdays.

Surprise and doubly please her Christmas morning; write at once for illustrated book, "The A B C of Washday," with location of a dealer who will gladly demonstrate, name convenient terms and deliver in ample time an A B C *Electric Laundress.*

ALTORFER BROS. COMPANY PEORIA, ILL. - NEW YORK - SAN FRANCISCO
Factories and Executive Offices - Peoria, Illinois
Pioneer and Leading Makers of Power Washers

A B C *Electric Laundress*

She Doesn't Like Dim Light

Women who say they will not tolerate glaring light in the home are absolutely right. Home lighting should be soft, harmonious, attractive. But that does not mean that the light should be *dim*. On the contrary, some of the most artistic effects are secured by using two or even three times the amount of light found in the average home—and then carefully *shading* it.

There are numberless ways the clever home decorator can find to use silk, cretonne, parchment or glass shades, not only to prevent glare but to produce pleasing decorative effects.

The new WHITE MAZDA lamp has helped solve many home lighting problems. It gives a great deal more light than the older types of home lamp, but being made of a dense white, china-like glass it spreads and diffuses the light in a most agreeable way. See the new WHITE MAZDA lamp—above all, see it *lighted*. It can be examined at any store where the familiar Blue Carton is on display.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of* General Electric Company
41 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

Each of these labels represents a Division of National Lamp Works equipped to give a complete lighting service

(Continued from Page 42)

In the Middle Ages and in the South before the war all the work of industry, nearly, was done by slaves. Naturally knights and gentlemen did not have to soil themselves with profit making; that was all done for them by slaves, and in practically every case the knightly ideals of jousts and duels were made possible because the knights and gentlemen had inherited property and didn't have to accumulate it. If there were some way of providing clothes, food, transportation and the like for the world's present population without any work or struggle, then we might all evolve back again to the knightly ideals and motives of the Middle Ages.

It is possible that human nature may develop to the plane of altruism in course of time, but as Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor said in his articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on Bolshevism, such a discussion is purely academic. "It is one thing," said Doctor Taylor, "to believe it possible, but it is a totally different thing to install communism suddenly in order to see if the Utopian stage of evolution has arrived."

The practical question, of course, and the only practical question, is whether we now have enough altruism to make industry go. The question is whether if the Kingdom of Socialism were opened to-morrow there would be enough citizens fitted to enter the pearly gates. For despite the fact that a few medieval knights may have been moved by other ideals than money-making, there seems little doubt that as far as the means of keeping alive on this planet are concerned the race has moved forward by egotism and acquisition rather than by public service. The world has been brought to its present position of production largely by the principle of selfishness "that has been the survival instinct of existence since life first crawled in the slime of a world in evolution."

But, says the socialist, how about the scientist who loses his life in studying tropical disease? Is he moved primarily by the desire for pecuniary gain?

Of course pecuniary gain is not the only motive which animates the scientist, or anyone else for that matter. That fact has been noted in detail already. The socialist, the communist fallacy lies in exaggerating the one motive of service beyond all reason, just as in the past no doubt many business men and economists exaggerated the self-seeking motive beyond reason.

The chairman of an important department of a great university was urging a body of alumni to contribute to the endowment fund. He dwelt at length upon the hardships of the professors at a time when prices were rising and salaries remaining stationary.

Unselfishness Imposed Upon

"You have heard the story of the Irishman," he said, "who tried to teach his horse to live without eating and had just succeeded when the horse died.

"The truth is that professors have been paid in two separate installments of salary. One has consisted of money, and the other of love of research, love of science and literature, pursuit of a hobby, desire for service and the like. The scheme worked so well and saved so much money that the public decided to push it to the limit. 'Why pay these teachers any more money if they will work for the love of the thing?' says the public. 'If they will work for service instead of gain, why not let them do it?'

"This is not the only case where the community experiments with the motive of service. It is always experimenting here and there, trying out first with this class and then with that, first with one man and then another, whether they or he will work for something besides money; and always the motive is overworked, pushed too far, pushed harder and further than any one motive should be. The devoted public official resigns to earn more with a private corporation. Professors of chemistry and physics leave university shades because they cannot clothe and educate their families on public service and the pure white light of learning. This good citizen finds he has no time to serve on another committee for the public welfare or on one more board of education.

"In every trade and occupation men are asked to do things without pay, to serve here and serve there. And always the community runs up against a dead wall. Men reach the limit of service, and resign or balk from further expenditure of time and energy without gain. In other words, just as the horse learns to live without eating he up and dies.

"In the last two years we have lost seven professors from our department to private industry. They are to-day earning thirty-five thousand dollars a year more in the aggregate than they earned with us. You see that the motive of service is not the only one which animates professors and scientists."

Not only do many scientists and professors go over to money-making because their altruistic motive has been overworked, but as a matter of fact many scientists, inventors, engineers, chemists and technicians of every description, writers, artists, musicians, actors, physicians and surgeons do make very large incomes and appear to enjoy them.

Another fact is that many of the men who do stay in these lines without earning much have private incomes or marry women of wealth, so that, like the knight of old, they do not have to be moved by money-making considerations. To others the certainty of a fixed if small income from a university or a government department gives far more mental satisfaction than would the prospect of a fortune one year and big losses the next, which is so often the lot of the profit-seeking business man.

Cloister or Market Place?

Nor is this all. It must be remembered that men who engage in scientific and literary pursuits are pretty much following hobbies. The socialist says that the instinct of workmanship ought to be enough to make men work without large pecuniary reward. That might be true if every man were permitted to work on his own hobbies as the scientists, artists, writers and their like are to a large extent permitted to do. But the world can hardly be fed and clothed on hobbies. Coal is not dug that way. If the only reward were this instinct of workmanship, what would stimulate the enterprising business man to explore for oil in the tropical jungle when oil was what the world needed? He might prefer to mend clocks or make furniture if only his workmanlike instincts were to be relied upon.

Because a few cloistered professors and scientists prefer to live in their studies and laboratories reading Plato or inspecting bacteria, not caring for the money scramble, it is a far, far cry to say that the millions of men who are compelled to do the hard work of the world are willing to take "abstract social gratitude for pay, like a Chinese god tricked with tissue-paper gold."

No one has a greater respect for the scientist, inventor, professor, artist and author than has the writer of this article. But the bald fact is that most men of the so-called artistic, professional and intellectual callings are not fitted temperamentally for the inflexible, unfeeling struggle of industry. Our work may be as hard and as important as any. We may be as high in the scale, perhaps higher than, the business man. That is not the question. Most of us shrink from business, if the truth be told. We are only too glad to make less money if only we are permitted to remain in the quiet of our studies and laboratories.

Therefore because a few of us prefer to read quietly instead of risking our lives or fortunes in wildcatting for oil in the jungle or trying to come out even in a falling market for raisins, how absurd, how ridiculous to argue that the gain spirit should be exorcised out of industry like an evil spirit from a witch!

"If anyone in the oil game had predicted a year ago that we could or would turn out 600,000,000 barrels of oil in 1920 for this country's needs he would have been called a nut," said one of the leading authorities in the petroleum industry recently in the course of a chat concerning oil and the motives of the men in the game.

"The maximum production in this country had been 370,000,000 barrels, and with all the imports available 420,000,000 barrels seemed the largest amount that this country could secure for 1920. The average increase in production a year for ten years had been only 20,000,000 barrels, the largest in any single year of the ten being 35,000,000. To make the matter worse, about a quarter of each year's domestic supply had come from new production—that is, from new wells. But the new production which we had counted most heavily upon for the 1920 supply was the Ranger field, which a year ago gave signs of becoming a flivver.

"Yet every indication showed that the country would need 600,000,000 barrels in 1920. The most careful study of automobile production, the changing of ships from coal to oil burning and every other demand showed that the country would want 600,000,000 barrels. To say that we could turn out that much proved the man who entertained such a belief to be a nut. For, mind you, it was not only a question of wells. The refining, pipe-line and tank-car capacity of the country obviously prevented such an increase in production. We didn't have the pipes, the casing, the tanks or the refineries.

"But judging from the August figures of this year we are going to have from 575,000,000 to 600,000,000 barrels after all. Why? Because of the enormous opportunities for profit. Because capital saw its opportunity and said: 'Here's a gorgeous feast. Let's go to it!' And capital has gone to it by the hundreds of millions of dollars. That's why we have accomplished the impossible.

"That's why I think the leaders in this business, like Walter Teagle and Ed Doheny, are workhorses for humanity. They don't kid themselves into thinking they are public servants, but they are, all the same.

"Suppose we had had an entirely different social system, some socialistic, syndicalist government. Instead of going out after the 600,000,000 barrels some fool would have tried to divide up the 420,000,000 barrels, and solved the problem that way. Also someone would have had to bear the blame for locating the Ranger field wrong; but who would be willing to take the blame under a socialistic system? Would we have had an election or a new government because the Ranger field was located a few miles out of the way? Just think of it!"

"But," I objected, "isn't this enterprising spirit of the oil wildcatters made possible only by the existence of great natural resources? Could the oil industry progress so fast if there were not the natural resources to draw upon?"

"That question of natural resources is a complicated one, of course," was the reply. "It has many sides. But I doubt if Doheny would have forced his way through the brambles of the Mexican jungle when no one else had the nerve to go there, under any let-George-do-it system of socialism. Do you think he would have gone for a laurel wreath? I wonder if the pioneers in commercial aviation would be willing to work solely for a medal?

"The difficulty with working for public service as I see it from my own industry's viewpoint is that Teagle, Doheny and all other workhorses would be laboring for nobody. The idea of service would be so vague that it would evaporate into nothing and nobody; and I don't believe these men or any others will work long and hard for nobody."

Zeal Spread Out Too Thin

Ah, there's the rub. Won't the zeal for humanity, the ideal of public service as the only or even the chief mainspring of work, spread out pretty thin, once the circle of a man's family and friends is passed? We are told that having goods produced because of the gain spirit is getting our production by indirection, that the business man is only secondarily interested in production for its own sake.

But if the business man or the workingman works chiefly and primarily to produce goods for humanity rather than for himself, are we not diffusing and spreading out too thin the energies of human nature? Self-interest, the gain spirit, dikes and concentrates the available human energies. It makes the connection between a man's activities and the material welfare of himself and his family very direct indeed. The larger the group one may be working for and the more remote the connection between the labor of each individual and the final output of all individuals, the less urge, the less strain and stimulus there are for effort.

This is not theory or abstraction. It is the plainest of everyday fact. A man hates to pay out, say, $800, as an income tax, but he joyfully spends far more than that for an automobile. But the protection, the services which Government affords him in return for his tax vastly exceeds any good the automobile does for him. Without the Government he would

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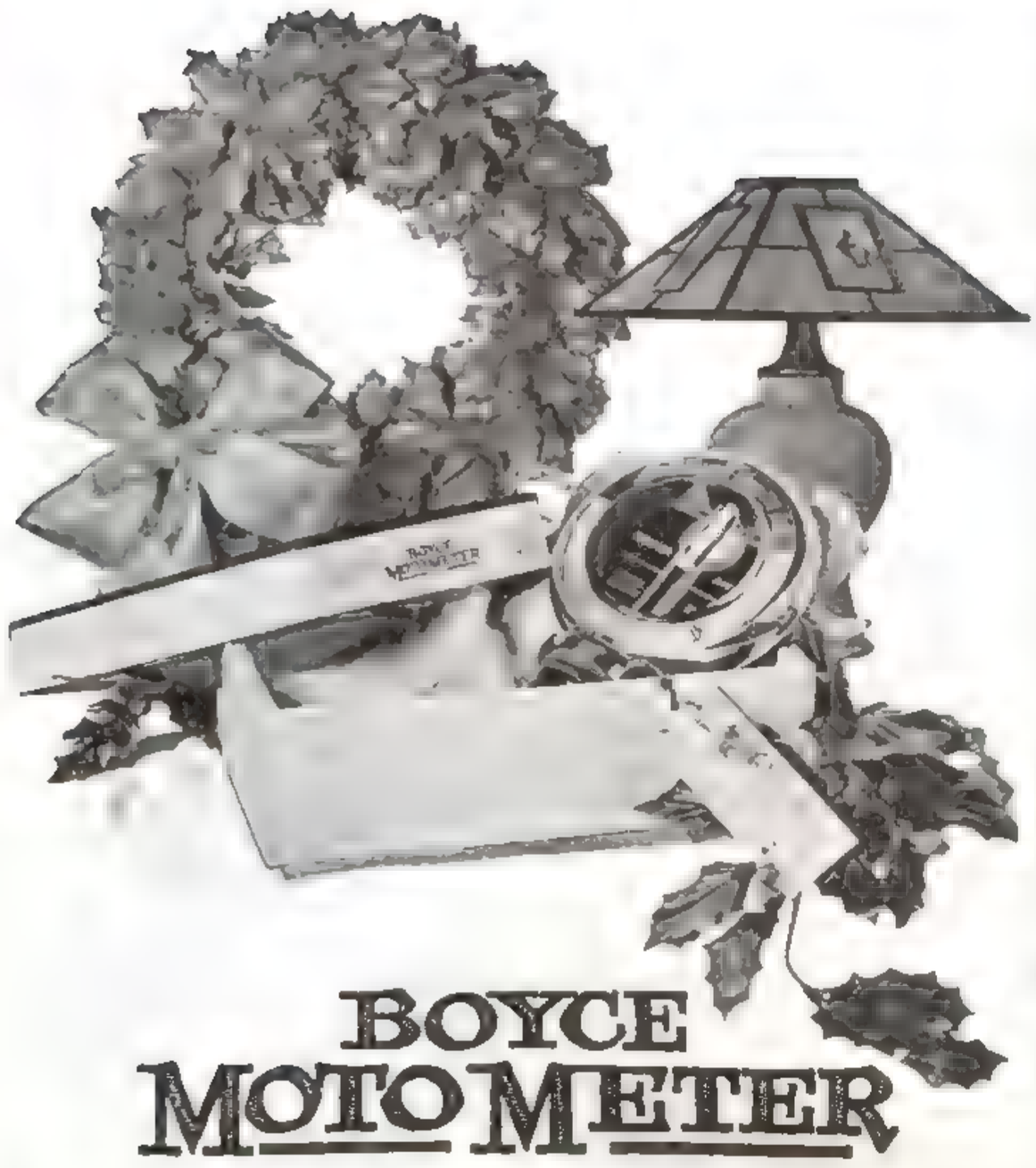

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at once be robbed of the automobile; his wife and children would be killed or outraged; and he would have to live like a beast in a jungle.

But the services of Government being freely supplied to all citizens, and the expenses being met by taxation, there is no precise, individual, easily seen return for one's money. There is no exact *quid pro quo*, no immediate and direct connection between the tax paid and the benefits received in return. Therefore all persons pay taxes grudgingly.

In the socialist or syndicalist state—the only one, obviously, where service could supplant the gain spirit as the mainspring of work—all men would naturally expect to be cared for. Therefore if a man were lazy and idle, what difference would it make to him? Certainly it must be conceded that men are naturally lazy. Is it not an enormous strain upon credulity to suppose that a man will get to work at eight o'clock in the morning if the community affords him the same pay for arriving at nine?

Suppose he were one out of fifty million workers. By being idle he would on the average lessen the total production by only one fifty-millionth part of the whole, an amount so infinitesimal as to make him shrug his shoulders and say, "I should worry." The amount of production lost to him by his own idleness would be so small that he would say: "What does it matter? They will feed and clothe me anyhow. There is plenty."

Is a man ever as careful of a hotel room or of a railroad car as he is of his own house? Indeed is a man ever as careful with the property of a club to which he belongs as he is with his own property? Yet a member of a club is one of its owners, and if the property is defaced or destroyed he has to pay larger dues to replace it. A man is always more slack and careless in such cases than with his own property. Usually he is one of only a few hundred owners, whereas under the ideal socialist or syndicalist state a coal miner would be one of several million owners of the coal mines. By what miracle is the individual coal miner to become eager and zealous in work?

"But," objects the socialist, "his fellow workmen would keep him from being idle because they would suffer from his neglect. With the profit-taking employer-capitalist removed the workers would be intensely interested in production, for it would all be theirs."

The Temptation to Loaf

But is not everybody's business quite likely to be nobody's business? No doubt the most flagrant cases of outright lying down on the job could and would be handled by fellow workers. But how about the more serious slacking and soldiering all along the line?

Let us suppose the glad day has come when the entire steel or oil or textile or any other great industry is owned and operated by the workers for their own benefit with capitalistic profits eliminated. There will be several million workers in each industry, of course. Suppose a few hundred men are together in one plant. They know perfectly well that the industry is run as a unit, as a whole, that wages are paid by the entire industry and that new capital for improvements, extensions, and the like, is appropriated from the business as a whole. What is to prevent these few hundred men from letting down just a little? They know the industry as a whole is so big that it will not suffer and that they will get theirs just the same. They know their own particular output is too small to ruin the results.

But what is to prevent the men in other plants from doing the same? Is each and every one of the two or three million workers to swing a lash over the shoulders of each and every other man and woman? A will be absolved by holding B and C at fault, and B by blaming A and C. In other words, responsibility will be borne at once by everybody and by nobody. The industry as a whole will shoulder all responsibility, but no specific individuals will do so. Talk about lifting oneself by one's boot straps!

Thus it is apparent that self-interest, the gain spirit, instead of being indirect and secondary, is the most direct and primary motive we have as far as a man's living is concerned. It does not act upon all men alike, of course. One it sets in action through a desire for fame, power and preeminence. "On another," says Dr. Oscar D. Skelton, "it compels activity through less vaulting hopes of fireside comforts and hobbies satisfied, on another who lacks full opportunity, capacity or ambition by its grip on bare existence."

I think it would be foolish to deny that many advantages would flow from a business system in which the spirit of service had displaced that of gain. But whatever the advantages, would not the sense of strain and struggle which is essential to any system be almost wholly lacking? It would all be very pretty, very beautiful indeed, but where would be the virility?

Thorstein Veblen, than whom there is no more severe and caustic American critic of the present order, in his most famous and scathing attack upon the leaders of modern business, pauses long enough to say: "The modern business system makes up for its wastefulness by the added strain which it imposes upon those engaged in productive work. Its pecuniary aims and ideals make men work so hard and unremittingly as probably to compensate for the wastes."

There are socialists who when faced with this line of argument say there would have to be special rewards for the industrious and penalties for the lazy under their system. But it seems to me that when they admit this they give their whole case away, or rather they throw it overboard.

Socialist Beliefs Modified

Not only is it ridiculous, it is far worse than that, it is hypocritical to say that men are moved by a spirit of service when you have to make them work by means of firing squads. All the wastes and evils of our present system of competition and gain seeking are but scratches on the rock compared with such a monstrous fraud as that. If you have to imprison and shoot men to make them work, as they seem to be doing in Russia, the idea of industry for service instead of profits is either a hoax or a lie.

Even before the hideous object lesson of Russia, socialists began to see where their ideas, if put into practice, would lead them, straight to the servile state. It was seen that though one complaint against the capitalist system is that capitalists have too much power, it is as nothing compared with the power of a state which has absorbed industry. It was seen that wage slavery, instead of being exceptional as now, would under socialism be the very essence of the system; so much so that all springs of energy would be destroyed.

One objection that had been raised to socialism was the difficulty under such a system of raising the capital needed for the maintenance and improvement of industry. But that difficulty has no doubt been exaggerated. Instead of individuals saving, the state would merely set aside a certain amount out of the total product. All very well. But when the state furnishes the capital it must control the use of it and choose the users. In other words, it would control the workers and would conscript labor.

It was seen that all flexibility, all love of variety, change and difference in taste might vanish. It was realized that the worker would be merely one single cog in an inconceivably vast and complex machine, with practically no choice of occupation, a serf in the truest sense of the word. All this was freely predicted long before the Russian experiment, and apparently it has worked out in practice almost exactly as predicted.

Socialism as the synonym of slavery has been written so large and clear for so many years now, even before Russia clinched it, that there has been at first a gradual and more recently a rapid shift away from old-fashioned socialist ideas except in the Russian experiment. Most men in England, Italy and this country who in earlier days would have been socialists are now syndicalists, guild socialists or something of that kind.

In essence they believe in leaving the political state much as it is, merely to look after the consumers or to carry on other functions not assumed by the great new industrial states which they propose to erect, made up of workers in their position of producers. Each industry, according to the essence of their plan, is to be self-governing, owned and operated by the workers and providing the necessary capital out of its own profits. The Italian workers who seized factories had this general idea in mind rather than the destruction or the changing over to state socialism of the old political state.

(Concluded on Page 48)

WHATEVER the difference may be—and in the store it may be scarcely distinguishable—between Nettletons and shoes of the next grade, it is certainly worth your consideration. For you are entitled to the benefit of it, whether it be a difference in character, in comfort or in endurance. We tell you it is all three, and many, many thousands of Nettleton wearers are cheerfully endorsing our say-so by the persistent repurchase of our footgear.

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To time a shave delivered by a GENCO Razor is to learn just how much time as well as money you save.

You may have noticed that all barbers, with whom any delay means a waiting list and lost customers, use regular razors only. You may have noticed that these professional shavers are careful to strop all razors before using them. Any blade requires stropping first in order to insure its having a perfect shaving edge.

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GENCO RAZORS

Reg U S Pat Off

(Concluded from Page 46)

The immediate crude objection, of course, is that the coal miners would try to put up the price of coal—that is, "get theirs," at the expense of the textile workers; and the textile workers in turn would shove up the price of clothing on the coal miners. This would mean war and chaos unless there were a central body with final power representing all the industries. Such a central council is what most of the syndicalist leaders propose, but the moment such a council begins to function it has all the powers of the government under state socialism.

Just how the worker would be spurred to labor harder under this system without the machine-gun squad than he would under old-fashioned state socialism, I utterly fail to see. That one ignorant coal miner, one of several million, should be any more altruistic under such a system than under state socialism passes the limits of belief.

None of these syndicalist, guild socialist schemes gets away any more than does state socialism from the fundamental objection that under such a system men would be working for nobody, for abstract social gratitude, for a diffused, spread-out, thin, let-George-do-it altruism, with no direct, individual responsibility in it anywhere. Either that or they would work as in Russia because a machine-gun squad told them to.

Moreover, all the energy, hard work and skill which the employer or employee now puts into making big profits and big wages would tend to run into politics.

Suppose under the ideal system of syndicalism, communism, national guilds or something of that sort you reward chemical manufacturers with thirty-seven different degrees of blue ribbons instead of as many different-sized fortunes as now. All right; there are good features perhaps about the scheme. We have already seen, it is true, that the chemical manufacturers and their employers won't work so hard. But suppose they do. Let us assume, for the moment, that they will. What then?

Have we any assurance that they will get the rewards they deserve? To quote Doctor Skelton again: Have we any assurance that the medal which may have been theoretically intended for the hard-working assistant head clerk of the Seventy-Third Statistical Bureau may not go because of public clamor to the momentary baseball hero, to the Babe Ruth of the day?

"To hell with chemicals!" shouts the mob. "Give the medal to Charlie Chaplin or Babe Ruth."

No matter how indifferent the mob may be at the present time, or how corrupt the business leaders and government officials, the manufacturer of chemicals usually gets his reward if chemicals are very much in need, for the simple reason that the price of his product and the profits in them go up.

Why assume a natural harmony of real social interests and popular tastes under socialism any more than now? Or why assume a natural harmony then between social interests and official wisdom any more than now? The country may need chemicals badly under socialism and there may be thirty-seven different medals for chemical manufacturers, but how do we know that some of the hangers-on of the Lenine of that day will not grab them off, just as friends of politicians sometimes grab off the good things now? That is, provided the rewards under such a system are worth having; and, of course, if they are not worth having they won't spur the chemical manufacturer on one little bit.

I cannot see why misdirection of public taste and judgment and human imperfections of officials would work any less disastrously in determining to whom honor should be paid than at present in determining to whom profits should be paid.

There are great wastes in the present system. Lawyers may get enormous fees to defeat just public claims. But these wastes, these misdirections of gain, are really to a large extent a tax imposed upon us all for our lack of ability, intelligence and honesty. Why assume that these qualities will all be developed to the highest pitch under socialism? Assume that and you might as well assume anything. It is useless because it begs the whole question. Of course it goes without saying that if men are perfect any old system will work.

But even if a system run for service rather than profit will not produce the goods there are souls who yearn for a change anyway. Socialism and syndicalism may not work. Perhaps they will admit it. "But then," they say, "neither does the present system work. Private profits do not produce the goods."

In another article it is proposed to look a little more closely into this charge, and also to see to what lengths it is practical and reasonable to push the service motive.

HE DRIFTED TO THE CITY

(Continued from Page 16)

No more clerking for him! He got a sales job in a food-specialty concern over in Brooklyn, and made good developing new territory. Restlessness led him to ask for a transfer to Chicago, where he established a branch. When this was going nicely, restlessness took him to Atlanta—another branch. Now he is in Denver, and drifting. If he drifts long enough he will establish national distribution for that concern.

The other class of travelers were middle-aged folks who had made money during the war, some on government work, others in production or trade. Comfortable for the first time in their lives, with money to spend on recreation, and never having been far from home, the logical thing seemed to be to go somewhere and see something. And that is what they are doing now, several hundred thousand of them.

While the Army was disbanding in New York at the rate of 5000 to 10,000 veterans daily, the following conversation was repeated thousands of times in the employment huts where soldiers applied for jobs:

"Where do you come from?"

"Providence, Rhode Island."

"What did you work at there?"

"I was a machinist."

"How much did you make?"

"Twenty-five a week."

"Don't you know that twenty-five dollars a week in Providence is better than forty dollars here in New York?"

"Sure, I know it; but I want to stay here—I like the town."

Stay they did, by regiments and divisions, until the excitement palled and the illusion wore off. They found that living conditions were not nearly so comfortable as at home, that New York wages would not buy the same values; and that far from being heroes they were at a disadvantage as job hunters.

This employment service is still maintained, but reports very few veterans from other sections of the country seeking work in New York. The country boy and the small-town wage earner have disappeared. Maybe they have gone home—certainly they have gone elsewhere. Jobs were not scarce until this fall. Some sort of white-collar position could always be found in New York and other cities, the only difficulty being city wages measured against city living costs. At that, wages for such work were higher than normal. Jobs for unskilled workers were even more plentiful, the fellow who could tackle construction or other rough work securing employment at wages which a few years ago would have been high for skilled mechanics.

But eager immigrants are pouring in from Europe at a rate that promises to break all records the next twelve months. 90,000 arrived in September. The shortage of unskilled labor is being made good. Readjustment in prices and the slackening of production incident thereto are cutting down factory and office organizations. Recently this employment service issued a warning to job seekers throughout the country, telling them to stay away from the cities; and by way of relieving unemployment in the cities has taken steps to find country and small-town jobs for the idle.

War work, too, set up an enormous drift. Thousands of unskilled workers from the small town and the country were taken into shipyards and munition plants, taught parts of trades, such as running a screw machine, and at forty to fifty dollars a week imagined themselves to be mechanics. The returning soldiers displaced them, being real mechanics. In office work thousands of inexperienced youngsters stepped into clerical positions vacated by soldiers. When the latter came back they wanted outdoor work. But many of these fellows are back indoors again, too, a brief experience of outdoor employment making them glad to have the old office job.

Would your folks like

Nut Pancakes?

Then try Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

Ground Puffed Rice is blended in the ideal pancake mixture. The puffed flour makes the pancakes fluffy, and the taste is much like nut-flour.

You never tasted pancakes so delicious.

Ask today for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

Three Bubble Grains

For morning, noon and night

Remember there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own delights.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat puffed to 8 times normal size.

Puffed Rice is rice grains puffed to bubbles.

Puffed Corn is broken corn hearts puffed.

All are steam-exploded—all shot from guns. Every food cell has been blasted for easy, complete digestion.

Puffed Rice and Puffed Corn are the supreme breakfast dainties. They taste like food confections.

Puffed Wheat in milk is the greatest dish for luncheons and for suppers. Serve it often, for it means whole wheat made wholly digestible. And 16 needed elements are in it.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Puffed Corn

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

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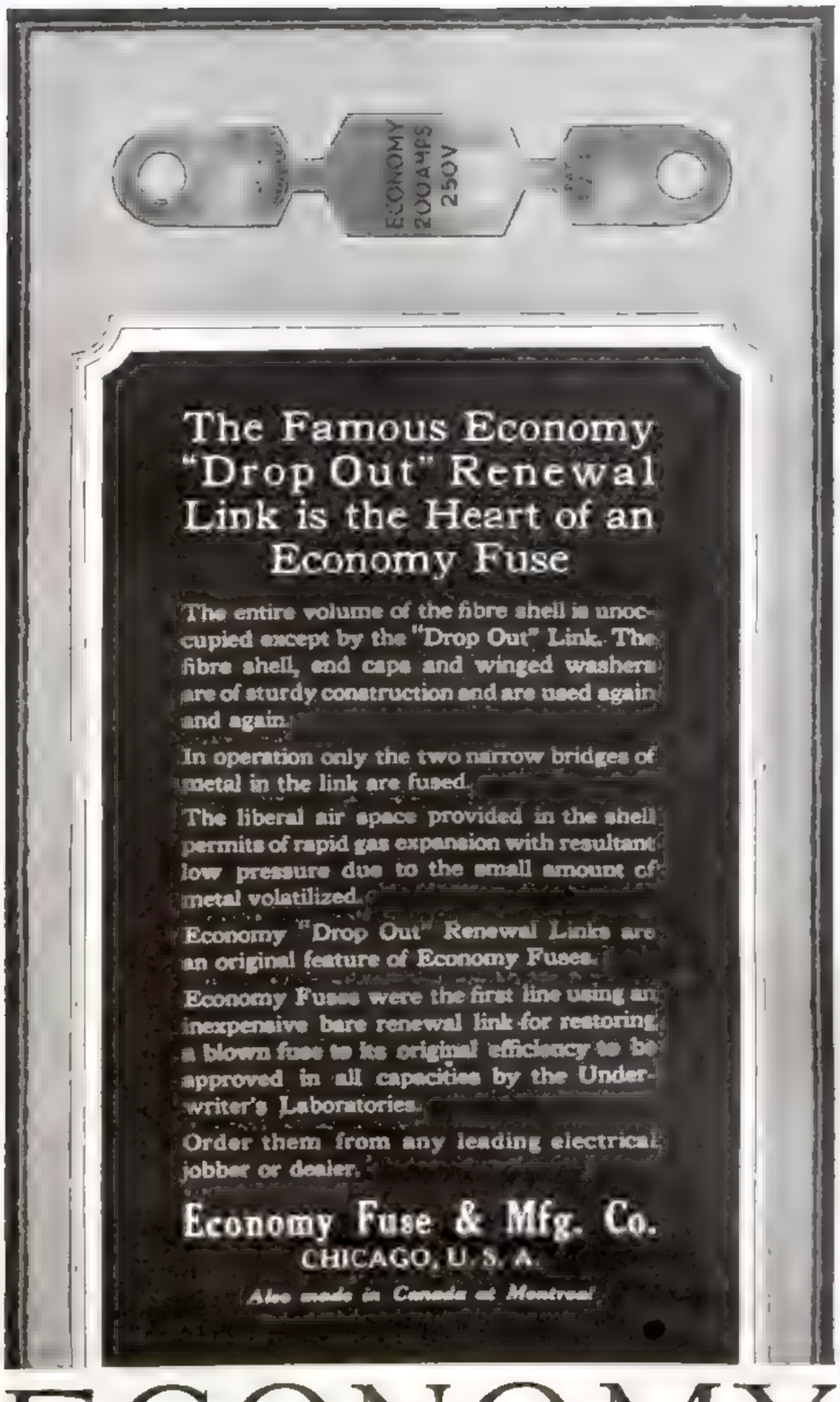
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The returning soldier did the unexpected, not only in this country but England. John Bull had great schemes for settling the soldier on the land—providing small farms at home and sending him out to farm in British colonies. Most of these schemes came to nothing, however, even where British colonial governments stood ready to give the soldier and his family free transportation to Canada, Australia and South Africa. The American soldier, drafted from a farm, often refused to return or have anything to do with farming again, even though he liked it, because his concept of farming had changed. He wanted a real farm, with running water, electric light, labor-saving machinery. A lot of thoroughly patriotic yarns were told the soldier during the war, from Army posters demonstrating how he could save his entire thirty dollars a month to stories about the sacrifices of the fellows who stayed home and made money out of it. The one basic fact about the soldier when he did come home was that he intended to have a good look round before he settled anywhere. To a very large extent he is still looking round.

But the war drifter is settling down, sometimes in the old job, sometimes in a new one. On the whole drifting has been beneficial to the drifters and to industry, breaking up rut and routine and encouraging experiment in this business of finding a congenial occupation and locality. A national game of puss in the corner, everybody is certain to find a corner in time, which means the end of drifting.

Then the high cost of drifting is bringing stability from another direction. Employers knew that it was expensive during the war, but were helpless. Now easing labor conditions make it possible to tackle that item—even in peacetimes the expense of replacing a worker is estimated at from twenty-five dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars.

Eliminating the Drifters

In one industry with cost-plus contracts during the war every question of wages, hours and working conditions was settled by a Government board. The employer had nothing to say. Uncle Sam fixed everything and paid the bill. As the end of their war contracts came in sight a group of these manufacturers went to Washington asking for more authority in dealing with employees. Washington told them to go back home and compile statistics on the subject, when it would consider the matter. They are still working on the statistics, at last reports. One executive took the bit in his teeth. He rather likes a fight. Concentrating on his remaining war orders he finished them up and announced a new scale of wages. That precipitated a strike. He fought the strike to a finish, and presently his employees were coming back one by one. He made his own selection, eliminating the drifters. Under the old rules capable workers had earned forty to fifty dollars a week, being limited in output. Under the new rules the lid was off production, and they earned seventy-five to a hundred dollars. His work force to-day is smaller, but the output is greater, and labor turnover is down to a normal minimum.

The real turning point arrived when the walking delegate of the labor organization which had been active in his plant came to ask for a job.

"Boss, I take off my hat to you," he said. "You certainly busted this situation wide open! Maybe you think I want to come back and begin organizing again, but I don't. I'm through—and I want work."

He got something better than a job. Recognizing his faculty for leadership the manufacturer has put him in training for a superintendent.

The war drift is over, leaving us the old permanent drift to worry about. Those who worry take for granted certain things which may not be so: That there should be no normal drift from country to city; that growing cities mean shrinking food production; that there is surplus labor in cities and shortage on the farms; that farms are being abandoned and food-crop acreage reduced; that people degenerate in cities; that the old-fashioned American virtues are becoming extinct, and so on.

But the expansion of an agricultural country into industries implies something of this kind. As an omelet cannot be made without breaking eggs, so factories cannot run without getting hands.

In the past thirty or forty years we have created, almost out of nothing, great industries in automobiles, electrical apparatus, farm implements, accounting machinery, chemicals, explosives, machine tools, banking, insurance, advertising, publishing, the moving picture—some of them have sprung into existence magically between census and census. From less than three million people engaged in factories in 1880 the number of wage and salary earners has grown to more than ten million, with the millions of other workers engaged in transportation and trade connected with factory products. Factory workers to-day nearly equal or may exceed farm workers.

But drift to the cities may easily mean increased food production in more and better tools for the farmer. Yesterday a man earning three dollars a day, with four horses worth two hundred and fifty dollars and a walking plow worth twenty-five dollars, could plow two acres a day if he hustled. To-day a man earning ten dollars a day with a tractor outfit representing from three thousand dollars upward can turn over twenty to thirty acres a day with an eight-bottom gang plow. During a fifteen-day plowing season the man with horses would cover thirty acres at a rough cost of eight dollars an acre, while the tractor plowman would turn at least seven hundred and fifty acres at a cost of about two dollars an acre. Such an increase in capacity comes entirely out of cities—the tractor, gang plow, fuel; the increased skill of the plowman and the inventive ideas behind his power equipment; the very capital that financed the investment and the educational work necessary to bring about change in method. If anybody thinks that this sort of progress can be secured without bringing the bright boys and girls from country to city and putting a premium on brains he should worry about the nation!

Increase of food output per man rises steadily in this country, though the exportable surplus is falling. But even in that, former crude foodstuffs are being replaced with more valuable soil products, like canned goods and powdered milk, representing teamwork between farmer and factory. Thousands of acres of Eastern farm lands are being abandoned. Formerly they grew grain and meat in small quantities, with vegetables and fruit in the teaming radius round cities. But the teaming radius is now suburb, and the American people are being fed out of freight cars, with grain, meat, vegetables and fruit grown on cheaper land at five hundred to three thousand miles distance by specialization and large-scale methods.

Increasing Production

The country boy drifting to the cities the past generation has given a good account of himself in food production. Some of the big staples like wheat and meat show a decrease per capita measured against the population of the country. But measured by the number of people working on farms there is an increase. In 1880 each person engaged in agriculture produced three hundred and fifty dollars' worth of farm stuff; in 1900, five hundred dollars' worth; in 1914, nine hundred dollars' worth. In 1919, with its abnormal prices, the average was two thousand dollars. There are innumerable trimmings to life nowadays, like canned goods, preserves, condensed milk, powdered milk, all-year-round fruit and vegetables and packing-house specialties that represent the city's teamwork as well as its increased purchasing power.

The hardy pioneer who settled the West may have had all the virtues and abounding health. But he did not have an automobile, telephone, bathroom, water system, electric light, gasoline engine or tractor. His successor in the Corn Belt often has them all, and they are the gift of the country boys who have gone to town. It is admitted that country people need more of them. Most of the suggestions for keeping young people on the farms involve the transplanting of city attractions to the country—movies, sports, social gatherings, educational facilities. When it comes to sanitation some of our worst slums to-day are in the country districts, and when it comes to the old-fashioned virtues one must remember that the city takes most of its dissipations publicly, while those of the rural community are often concealed.

A country boy wrote to a New York editor asking his advice about the prospects for an ambitious young fellow in the metropolis. The editor wrote the sort of letter that is written nine times in ten by

(Continued on Page 52)

For those who have appreciation for really fine motor cars we submit the following digest of LaFayette mechanisms

LAFAYETTE *Design and Construction*

THE *CHASSIS*

In reverse of common practice, the LAFAYETTE chassis is designed primarily to the demands of enclosed carriage service.

This fact is exemplified by a deeply channeled frame, unusually powerful brakes, extra staunch axles and running gear.

Hence LAFAYETTE enclosed cars enjoy a briskness of action in which the open models share even more conspicuously.

The eight cylinder engine, with its overlapping power impulses, develops more than 90 horsepower, yet the chassis weighs but 2574 pounds.

Such lightness is achieved through the reduction in number of parts and the employment of hollow shafts of alloy steel and aluminum alloys to replace solid shafts of no greater strength.

FACTORS OF *FLEXIBILITY*

The inherent flexibility of the eight cylinder engine is accentuated in LAFAYETTE by advanced design.

The engine develops maximum horsepower at 2750 r. p. m. and produces high power over an unusually wide range—from very low engine speeds up to 3600 r. p. m.

Among the many features contributing to this flexibility are:

1 Connecting rods are machined all over to ensure equal weight.

2 Pistons are cast in close-grained special alloy iron which is light and strong.

3 The forged steel flywheel is exactly balanced and its web is drilled for lightness.

4 Hollow steel shafts are used instead of solid shafts to ensure strength and lightness.

5 Power is carried back to rear wheels through a transmission system remarkable for its reduction of friction.

6 The unit power plant is set in the frame at an angle that transmits power in a straight line to the rear axle, requiring but one universal joint.

7 This universal joint is enclosed in an oil-tight torque ball casing on rear of transmission, with positive, automatic lubrication from transmission case.

8 A large tubular propeller shaft completely enclosed in the torque tube continues the power to the rear axle, while the rigid torque tube transmits the tractive effort of the rear wheels to the chassis.

FACTORS OF *SMOOTHNESS & QUIET*

A··Smoothness in the LAFAYETTE is not only a pleasing quality but is also indicative of strength, solidity and perfect mechanical action.

Notable among the factors contributing to this result is the five bearing crankshaft.

This shaft is a hollowed drop forging of large diameter, its rigidity so nearly absolute as virtually to eliminate vibration at all engine speeds.

The center line of the shaft is held permanently true by hand-fitted bearings lined with anti-friction metal of the highest quality, anchored in the webbed crankcase which rests firmly on the main frame at four points.

The cylinder heads are machined inside to equalize compression space in all combustion chambers, producing equal compression and explosion pressures as well as high thermal efficiency.

Like the crankshaft, the camshaft also is hollowed, with sixteen integral cams. It has five cast iron bearings to ensure alignment, rapidity, precision of valve action; another factor contributing to smoothness of operation.

B··PRECISE *VALVE ACTION*

As opposite valves are operated from separate cams, they open and close with identically the same velocity, producing mechanically perfect timing and uniform intake gas velocity.

Each valve tappet is actuated directly from the cam through a roller.

There are no rocker arms.

The LAFAYETTE fuel and cooling systems operate with highest efficiency at all temperatures. In coldest weather the engine will take a full throttle soon after starting.

C··SINGLE *WATER PUMP*

The LAFAYETTE cooling system is unique.

A single pump of dual action forces water to the center of both cylinder blocs by means of two inlets and two discharge outlets.

The pump is mounted directly in line with the crankshaft and driven by it, eliminating the need for driving gears.

The cellular radiator is fitted with vertical shutters, thermostatically controlled.

The fan is driven directly from the fan shaft without a belt. A series of compensating springs in the fan drive absorb the shocks due to sudden changes of speed.

D··POSITIVE *LUBRICATION*

Designed especially for high-speed engine requirements, the full-pressure lubricating system is distinguished by a number of features exclusively LAFAYETTE.

Oil is forced through a manifold pipe of large diameter from which ducts lead to all crankshaft and camshaft bearings.

The hollow crankshaft carries oil to all connecting rod bearings.

The revolutions of the shaft throw oil in a fine mist off the bearings, filling the interior of the crankcase and settling on the cylinder and piston walls, piston pins and valve mechanisms, and lubricating them.

The gear type oil pump is keyed to the crankshaft and driven by it.

On this simple pump is mounted a pressure relief valve, which regulates the oil pressure as shown by the dash indicator.

FACTORS OF *DURABILITY*

Outstanding among the features which ensure long life in LAFAYETTE are large bearing surfaces.

The positive lubrication of all engine bearings, the automatic lubrication of the universal joint from the transmission and the provisions for the simple and effective lubrication of all parts are all important factors of durability.

The close-grained metal of the cylinder blocs, the large spring shackle bolts, the large braking surface, the use of seventeen clutch plates, the double set of contact points, the extra-heavy plates in the storage battery and the adjustability of the front-end chain, the steering gear and front axle bearings and wheel bearings are other features which make for long and untroubled use.

FACTORS OF *EASY HANDLING*

Due to the skillful compounding of leverages all controls are operated without effort and the clutch and brake pedals may be depressed repeatedly without fatiguing the operator.

The required declutching pressure is but thirty pounds.

FACTORS OF *RIDING EASE*

LAFAYETTE will take corners and abrupt curves at high speed without pitch or roll due to its low center of gravity and balanced distribution of chassis weight.

The manner in which the wheels follow the undulations of a rough road without bouncing may be ascribed chiefly to the specially constructed rear axle, the method of driving through a torque tube and the scientific absorption of reflex torques.

Unusual resilience is achieved in the long, semi-elliptic springs by the use of a large number of long, broad leaves.

To these features add the advantages of long wheelbase, large tires, correct seating arrangement and the luxury of fine, deep upholstery and high-grade cushion springs.

As is indicated by the above examples, the LAFAYETTE chassis is surprisingly simple.

There is not a single bent rod nor like mechanical compromise in the entire car.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY
at Mars Hill, Indianapolis

LAFAYETTE

Granite DOUBLE END Men's COAT LININGS

Demand Stamina In Your COAT LINING

IT is not enough for a coat lining to look good. It must make good. This is the economy-logic of the day as applied to this essential detail of apparel.

Granite Double End is the American standard in coat linings—made in America by American labor to satisfy the tested American demand for quality that includes durability as well as looks.

With the heft of Serge and the finish of Alpaca, Granite Double End combines a handsome level construction which pleases the eye and eases the stress of friction, thus prolonging the beauty and entirety of the lining throughout the usefulness of the longest-wearing coat.

In selecting your suit or overcoat ask the dealer to show you various weaves, shades, styles and designs of Granite Double End linings. Fancy stripes and exclusive new check effects are among them. Two-Tone effects are to be had in an interesting range.

Look for this label as your assurance of lining stamina

THE GUARANTEE

This garment is lined with Granite Double End Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Lesher, Whitman & Co., Inc. guarantee that if the lining [illegible] during the life of the [illegible] such material for a new lining without charge

LESHER MOHAIRS

LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., INC
881 Broadway, New York

(Continued from Page 50)

the city man giving advice in such circumstances—that competition was keen in New York, only men of unusual ability succeeded, a dollar in the country was worth five in town, the hurry, worry and excitement of the city were a poor exchange for the health, independence and happiness of the country. The country boy came to New York anyway, and within five years owned the publishing concern that employed his adviser. That happened twenty-five years ago, so the drift is nothing new—it has been going on ever since the hillside farms of New England bred country boys, and there were cities to stimulate their imagination and ambition.

Most people picture the country boy leaving the old farm some morning, with Mother's blessing, and going straight to the great city, where he lands a job sweeping out a store and starts his career as a captain of industry—the regular Horatio Alger, Jr., stuff, so to speak.

People also picture the hungry city reaching out for the country boy, seeking his energy and brains. There is an impression that business concerns actively recruit in country districts through advertising, employment scouts and other means.

Winter Work for Farm Boys

But drifting to the city is an entirely different proposition nowadays. The farm and the factory have established contacts all over the nation. Farming is seasonal. When the crops are in, the country boy gets a factory job in the nearest town or works in a village store. Perhaps his mechanical bent enables him to set up as an automobile repair man or machinist right at home. The telephone system in his neighborhood is a one-man enterprise, owned by the general merchant or village squire. He puts in odd hours running down crosses on the line, trimming trees, replacing poles and insulators. Work of that kind appeals to him. He gets technical books about it, visits the telephone plant or garage or machine shop at the county seat, and presently lands a job where the opportunities to learn, the wages, regular hours and chances for advancement make farm life unattractive.

There has been a great increase of manufacturing in agricultural states the past ten years, every town in the Corn Belt having its factory, with a tendency toward producing implements and supplies needed by farmers. These towns draw more heavily upon the farms than the cities, and are also industrial way stations at which the country boy stops on his journey into greater centers like Chicago and New York. Many of these factories dovetail into farming, furnishing winter work for people still attached to farms or extra hands to help out on the farms in summer.

On the shores of Lake Michigan, for example, is a factory making bank supplies—filing equipment, accounting systems, blanks, loose-leaf records, and the like. Each spring many of its employees switch to farming, returning after harvest. That is a famous berry section. Quite a number of employees have small berry tracts of an acre or two, with a shack in which to live during the berry season, and are away a couple of months. Workers who leave during the summer are replaced by school boys and girls who work during vacation period. There is a shortage of labor in the factory from April fifteenth to June fifteenth, and from September fifteenth to November first—altogether, about three months. But the factory work is laid out to compensate for this shortage, and by concentrating production in winter more employment is provided.

The function of such a plant as a way station to the city can be shown from actual experiences.

A farmer with three sons had a large fruit farm requiring a good deal of work during spring and summer, with hardly anything to do in autumn or winter. Two of his sons got jobs in the factory one fall, and by spring were earning forty and forty-five dollars a week respectively, with the prospect of a raise to fifty dollars each in a few months. Dad asked them to come back to the farm, offering a share in the profits. The boys told him that they liked factory work, and asked what he would do in their place in choosing between regular wages with prospects of advancement as compared with the estimated profits they might make on the farm. Dad advised them to stay in the factory, and by investing in some new machinery was able to handle his work with the other son and boy and girl helpers during the picking season.

On another large fruit farm in that neighborhood there were four sons and four daughters, all well educated and happy at home. The place was too small for such a family, however. The oldest boy wanted his father to help him start a small stock-raising business, but the father lacked confidence in the venture. So that son went into the bank-supply factory, saved his money, and in a few years had a prosperous garage. The second son became a veterinary and set up practice in the neighborhood, the third son a physician who did likewise. The youngest son tried factory life, but did not like it at all. He loved the country, yet was not rugged enough for general farm work. Finally he went to an agricultural school and applied his training to the home farm, which is now a model in both agricultural and business methods. All four girls went into the factory, but returned to the farm each spring and summer. Every time they went home some new convenience was taken from town—now plumbing in the bathroom, then a pressure tank and gasoline pump, and so on. Eventually they married and left home.

This bank-supply company has two other factories, one in New England and the second on the Pacific Coast. Country boys who rise to executive positions as superintendents and managers may be transferred to the other plants. It has distributing branches for its products in half a dozen cities from coast to coast, and a couple of dozen sales branches scattered from Boston to Jacksonville, and Seattle to Dallas. Country boys who secure office jobs are frequently assigned to these branches. It has a sales force traveling over the country, demonstrating its products in banks, and if the youth from a berry farm develops the knack for selling he may be sent on the road and ultimately work out of New York, Atlanta or Denver.

The employment manager of this factory is a country boy himself, and out of his experience is now urging the state authorities toward the establishment of a bureau which will apply better business methods in farming. As the state improves agriculture by scientific methods, so he maintains that it should lead farmers in such matters as cost accounting, better marketing of their products, the arrangement of their work so that better wages can be paid for shorter hours, and so on.

Telephone Engineers

"What attracts country boys to industrial centers?" he said, repeating the question. "The eternal longing for variety, progress, companionship. There are just as many ambitious, progressive people born on the farms as in the cities. Work on the average farm round here is monotonous, hard for grown people, and far harder for young folks. We still have the old routine of grandfather's time—everybody up at sunrise and on the job until bedtime, with no method and little or no system. If the farmer's boys and girls leave for town jobs it is chiefly his own fault. If he ran his farm with some of the power devices available to-day his boys with mechanical ability would probably stay on the farm instead of seeking factory jobs in the nearest town. During the worst farm-labor shortage incident to the war help was most plentiful on the larger Western farms equipped with power, and scarcest on the old-fashioned, small, drudging farms in the East.

"The farmer complains of factory competition, and believes that he cannot pay factory wages. But he has the same opportunity as the manufacturer had years ago if he will systematize farm jobs to increase production and profits. The farmer was asleep during the war. He lost out by not offering better living conditions, shorter hours and more wages when the demand for his product was greatest. Long ago the manufacturers learned that long hours, unsafe and unsanitary working conditions and low wages do not pay in production or profit. So he provides sanitary workrooms, shorter hours, night schools, vocational training, athletics and sports, and even looks after the housing and nourishment of his employees. Give country boys the same opportunities, and by special training teach them that a farmer must be a manager, a salesman, a cost accountant, an advertiser, a technical expert and an all-round business man, and more of them will stay on the farms and make them pay."

Our farmer boy who spends his odd hours shooting trouble for the local telephone system offers an excellent illustration of the present-day drift to the cities. If he likes such work, and takes an electrical journal or buys a book on telephony and bones up on the art, sooner or later a better job is secured in some near-by town where the telephone plant is bigger, with greater opportunities to learn. If it is a job with the big national telephone corporation he has made a contact which may lead almost anywhere. Beginning as a lineman or installer, he can rise through the plant department in half a dozen different directions, perhaps supplementing interest and ability with a course in engineering. There is the operating department, the commercial department, the long-distance organization, and so on, each offering its special work, interest and opportunities. As fast as he can climb there are bigger jobs waiting; and the bigger they are, as a rule, the larger the city to which he is transferred.

One interesting point reported by telephone officials is that many employees secured in this way from the country and promoted from village to county-seat town and then to a small city and a larger center, and so on, halt before one of the greater cities is reached. In many cases they have real big-town capacity, but have attained a satisfactory balance between income and outgo, and married, established a home in a community that they like, and would no more think of being promoted into New York or Chicago than of going back to the farm.

City people waste a lot of sympathy upon a purely imaginary country boy whom they would like to see go back to or stay upon an even more imaginary farm.

The Old-Fashioned Peddler

The city-bred chap has a farm or estate to play with, or his experience of the country has been gained during summer visits to Uncle John's place Down East in haying time, where he sat on the porch, rode on a load of clover and picked fresh strawberries in the garden. To him the country means rest, the smell of new-mown hay, the taste of fresh strawberries. He knows nothing about the hard drudgery of farm work on the typical old homestead, with its small, irregular, stony, hilly fields, its thankless soil, temperamental climate and eternal round of milking cows. Repeated investigations of Eastern farming conditions show that in most cases the whole farm family is working for low and uncertain wages. By the year's labor of everybody, from parents to berry-picking children, sufficient money is earned to buy food not produced on the farm, clothing, equipment, recreation. This average wage is far below what one mechanic would earn in the city. The farm family has the advantage of not paying rent and producing most of its own food, thus dodging many distribution costs and profits. But with his idealistic picture of country life, the city fellow is always ready to advise young people to stay on the farm. If an employer or employment manager, he proudly explains that this is his counsel to every country boy seeking advice, and feels that his policy helps hold the nation together somehow.

But boys bred on this Eastern type of farm have been drifting to the cities since Revolutionary days. Mechanical and inventive by nature, farm work on the old homestead has been alternated with winter trades like blacksmithing, shoemaking, carpentering, metal working. The boy's first experience of industrial life has been gained either in the farm shop where work was done for neighbors or at some little manufacturing plant up-creek, run by a water wheel. New England's shoemaking industry was brought into the towns by country boys who improved processes when the volume of output was boosted. The Yankee tin peddler traded pots and pans produced by small up-creek shops, taking old pewter in exchange, which was worked over into new spoons and dishes, then embellished with silver plating, and finally developed as another characteristic Down East industry—that of silver-plated ware.

One of the largest munitions organizations during the war grew, years ago, out of a New York State farm boy's ingenuity. He wanted a rifle, but could not buy one. So he made a barrel himself at the farm

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Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

And—for *Her* Christmas—this two-pound orange-and-gold Wonder Box of Liggett's Chocolates! The gift that will make sweeter the Christmas of *any* sweetheart.

Delicious? *Meltingly* delicious—they're the "chocolates with the wonderful centers!" You know, we asked thousands of candy eaters what their favorite centers were. And then put just those favorites—all made of pure sugar, fresh butter, refined chocolate, fresh, luscious fruits, crisp, meaty nuts, etc.—into this simple though artistic box. No frills or ribbons—*all candy value.*

The price of this two-pound Wonder Box is $2.50. (In Canada slightly more.) Ask for it *only* at a Rexall Store. It is obtainable nowhere else.

The Rexall Stores

are an organization of 10,000 progressive retail drug stores throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. United for a world-wide service.

VANILLA FUDGE

Heavy cream fudge, fruits, vanilla

CREAM WALNUT

Mayette walnut in vanilla cream

FILBERT CLUSTER

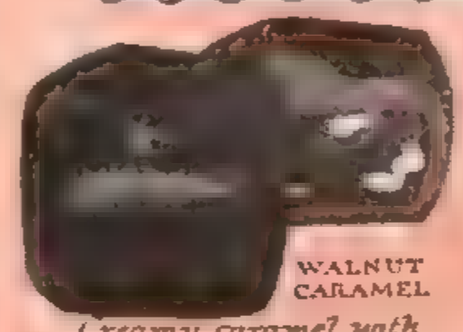
Levant filberts spun in chocolate

BUTTERCUP

Peanut butter in sugar coating, chocolate dipped

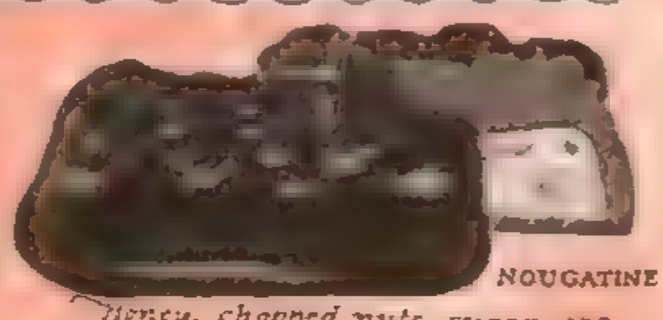
PIGNOLIA BRITTLE

Crisp Spanish pignolias in brittle sugar



WALNUT CARAMEL

Creamy caramel with Chabert walnuts



NOUGATINE

Honey, chopped nuts, sugar, egg

Graton & Knight

Standardized Series

Leather Belting

Tanned by us for belting use

Spartan Belts on Extractors — Seattle Empire Laundry Co., Seattle, Wash.

Where Clothes Are Cleaned —and Wrong Belts Ruined

A laundry is a bad place even for good belts.

Steam and hot water quickly sap the strength from leather belts that have not been made expressly for the job. High speed, quick turns over small pulleys, and varying loads combine with the steam and water to kill the belts.

But Neptune and Spartan belts are *right* for laundries. Our engineers, who developed the special processes of tanning and manufacturing these brands, figured against the belt-destroying elements in laundries, and Neptune or Spartan, each designed for its particular type of drive, successfully resists them all.

Neptune and Spartan brands are two of the Graton & Knight Standardized Series of belting. The belts in this Series permit you to choose the *right* belt for the job, for they have been made by engineers who have classified belting conditions and made special belts to fit any one or any combination. Write to us on all problems involving the transmission of power.

Send for a copy of booklet No. 101 A on the Standardization of Leather Belting.

THE GRATON & KNIGHT MFG. COMPANY
Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting and Leather Products

Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities

Exclusive Export Representatives: Belting and Leather Products Ass'n, Inc., New York City

1851 G&K TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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blacksmith shop, had it rifled by a gunsmith in town, and then made the lock and stock. Neighbors wanted rifles, too, and upon the demand round home he built up a little gun shop, and later a factory.

Yankee boys for a hundred years have been bringing ability to the towns in this way. Thus a state like Connecticut, where hillside farming is so hard that they say sheep's noses must be sharpened before they can get at the grass between the stones, is thirty-first in population but eleventh in manufacturing, and leads all other states in the number of patents taken out. And a state like Maine, with slender farming possibilities, losing its seafaring men with the decline of the American clipper ship, has long been a source of ability for cities all over the United States.

The same drift has been going on in the hard-scrabble farming sections of Canada. Our neighbor's national worry is slow growth of population. For years Canada has been trying to attain eight million people, conducting expensive immigration campaigns in the United States and abroad. Each new immigrant is acclaimed by the statisticians. But these gentlemen put the soft pedal upon emigration, because while about four hundred thousand immigrants arrived in Canada from all countries during the war, more than six hundred thousand Canadians came to the United States. This is largely drift from Canada's country sections to our cities.

And the same drift from rich farming sections of our own Corn Belt is now taking place. Land is rising in price, booted along by speculation. Families are large, the farm will not divide up comfortably among five or six children, the boys cannot finance the purchase of a quarter section. So they either drift to town or pull up stakes and go to Canada or migrate to Southern states where land is still reasonable in price.

A Corn-Belt boy was sent to an agricultural college for general education. Personal preference led him to specialize in scientific agriculture. To go back home and run the farm efficiently would have seemed the natural thing in his case. But the home place lacked natural possibilities. His taste ran to irrigated farming in California. He had no capital for land or machinery. So his college training was utilized in a Department of Agriculture job, where he spent several years; then into the flying force during the war; and after that into business, where his education and experience were immediately productive without capital, a typical illustration of what is happening right along among Corn-Belt boys nowadays.

The Desire to See Life

Why does the city attract the country boy, and is he really better off there than upon the farm?

There are at least half a dozen basic factors in the lure of the city. Money is usually placed first—opportunities to earn higher wages, and what is even more potent, all-year-round work as against the seasonal work of the farm. Excitement is another motive, including not merely the much-blamed movie, theater, dancing and like attractions, but the crowds and contacts and thrills of big communities where something is always going on. Then many farm boys are born city dwellers by ability and instinct, their tastes running toward technical, industrial and professional occupations, gifts that find no outlet on the farm. City opportunities for advancement, with their schools, libraries, museums and institutions generally, are another strong attraction. City comforts make their appeal by contrast with crude living conditions on many farms—compact apartments, baths, steam heat, electricity, trolleys, spick-and-span offices and workrooms, ever-present power appliances to save drudgery and time. Imagination, romance, adventure—when these no longer call the country boy to town there will be something wrong with him. The big-scale way of doing things in cities impresses the country boy, splitting up work into specialized jobs in contrast with the jack-of-all-trades method inseparable from farming, adequate capital and equipment for every purpose, the enormous extent of industrial and business organizations and plants.

Simmered down to money alone, city employers maintain that they have little advantage in competing with farmers when it comes to paying wages. Actual city wages may be higher, but so are city living costs. A year ago skilled wage earners drawing eight dollars, ten dollars and fifteen dollars a day, with more jobs than could be filled, were buying silk shirts and porterhouse steaks. To-day, with unemployment in many lines, there is a new factor looming up—the high cost of idleness. For the loss of every ten-dollar day to a city worker these times is a very different thing from the times when three dollars a day was considered good wages and living costs were in keeping. The public is plainly tired of war prices, and has manifested its displeasure in refusing to buy anything that can be dispensed with. But the ten-dollar-a-day city worker is even more disillusioned, and anxious for normal wages and prices.

With more opportunities to spend money and more expensive standards of living, clothes and entertainment, the country boy drifting to town is seldom better off when it comes to wages. He earns more money in a year, but also works more hours and at a more strenuous pace.

Very often the regular hours of factories or offices appeal to him, in contrast with the unorganized, changing work on the farm. He knows just what time he must be on the job in the morning, how long he has for lunch, when the whistle will blow to quit. His evenings, Sundays and holidays are his own, with no chores or emergencies to encroach upon them. Also, there is no if, but or and about the money in his pay envelope—it comes regularly, regardless of weather, damage to crops, fluctuations in market prices or the shifting of dad's mind.

Country Boys in Factories

If the country boy drifts to town simply to hold a job for wages, perhaps the same amount of industry and ability would yield as good returns on the farm. Maybe it is chiefly a change of working conditions. But then he may like city conditions. He might not be able to get as much out of a farm for personal reasons—dislike of farming itself, or lack of ability at it, contrasted with a city job that he likes and excels in. Like as not, he doesn't own a farm, and it would take years of work to capitalize one, whereas the city job is ready to step into.

The country boy with no particular ability marketable in cities by which he can lift himself from the straight wage basis very often drifts back to the farm, or to a small town, or would be glad to do so if he could. Frequently he is caught in the grip of circumstances—he married a city girl, there is a family to be taken care of, he tried to get into business for himself but failed, he has lost the edge for study and advancement.

The disappearance of the soldiers from New York within a year after they got home demonstrated on a large scale that drifting to the city is a slow process, requiring ability and adaptation. Because the soldiers tackled New York without any intermediate small-town experience, most of them failed to get a foothold. Thousands returning to small towns have undoubtedly begun a course of development that will land them in the metropolis five or ten years hence, in a good job at a good salary. When they drift to the city that way they will stay, because they belong.

"Are country boys better off in industrial life?" was asked of the employment manager of a big Buffalo concern.

"Some are better off, happier, live more useful lives," he replied, "while others would be better off on the farm. But I believe there are more on the farm who would be better off in the city. Very few among our own employees have gone back to the country. Our vice president and superintendent were country boys, and among a dozen highest paid executives of the company more than half were country boys."

"Back to the farm?" echoed a corporation executive, looking round a gathering of directors and department heads. "More than half of us would have to go back then, because we were country boys originally. It might be a good thing for others, but none of us want to go back. The most enthusiastic back-to-the-landers in this crowd, I guess, are the men who have never lived in the country and are therefore keen about it."

One well-known national organization has a system for keeping track of country boys bound for the city. The name, destination and plans of the boy who is leaving are sent ahead of him. Upon arriving in the city he is visited by a representative of this organization, helped find a boarding house, put in touch with friends, recreation, church connections and a job, if he hasn't landed one already. This organization reports the main drift from the Middle West, where boys get lonesome on the farms, and hungry to see a big-league game of baseball, and the big-league game of life as well. As one indication of this tendency they cite Navy figures, which show that Corn-Belt states were first to fill their Navy quota, and that our Navy today is largely a Corn-Belt institution from the standpoint of recruiting.

City jobs and city wages attract many boys, but this is not the main objective, in their opinion. Country boys feel the general unrest of the nation and the world. They want to be where something is going on. Perhaps only a small percentage are better off in the city, as far as money is concerned; yet they continue to go, and the chief influence upon them is the pal already in town who writes back about the glowing times he is having, the wages, hours, opportunities, social life and excitement. During the war-work boom which began in 1915 and lasted until the armistice country boys were recruited by the munitions plants, shipyards and supply factories through advertising, propaganda and other methods. To the natural lure of the city was added the incentive of helping win the war. Like the temporary congestion of returning soldiers in New York, however, this was transitory. The war drift to the cities is over, many workers have gone back to farms and small towns, and at the same time the steady drift of country boys cityward, one by one, on the endless-chain system of pal inspiring pal, goes on, and probably always will, because it is the normal drift to the cities.

"The normal drift is all right—don't worry about it," says a statistical expert who for years has been studying just such tendencies for a big corporation, and whose statistical conclusions shape its policies. "The war drift—yes, that was real trouble. It seems to be true of this country that with nine jobs for ten people all goes well, but when we have ten jobs for ten people everybody gets crazy. Ten jobs for ten people was the war situation, and the odd decimal drifting round raises most of the hell. With nine jobs for ten people the decimal loafs, and the country is a better place to loaf in than the city. This winter there will be a widespread return of the prodigal decimal to the farm. Meanwhile the drift to the cities is going right on."

The Yankee Way

"During the war I patriotically raised my own potatoes up in Westchester County. What that cost in time and money was something awful—not less than eight dollars or ten dollars a bushel. In normal times I can buy them for a dollar or two, and a limited number of potato growers, with the right machinery, soil and climate, can supply the nation. If the cities do their part in furnishing better machinery, a decreasing proportion of farmers can raise all the potatoes needed by the nation, and so with other food products. I suppose the drift to the cities never worried anybody in Russia or Turkey, but it is a normal thing in every industrial nation.

"Many of the food-producing regions, like the tropics and South America, lack industrial resources—coal, iron, oil and so on. Furthermore, it means that cities are the best place for industrial nations to tackle the problem of increased food production. And so we have the imaginative, inventive boy born in the country, who quickly sees the limitation in walking thirty miles a day down corn rows behind a cultivator, and wants to speed up life by going to town. He is the traditional Yankee who, instead of doing the man-with-the-hoe stuff, sits on the fence and whittles out a machine to do the job.

"Excitement, adventure, higher wages, the crowd—these attractions may draw him to town in the first place; one or the other, it doesn't greatly matter. If he can't measure up to the wages he won't last long. If he does measure up the wages and excitement will be good for him. He will find himself at home in the crowd, learn to play the big-league game of the cities, take advantage of city opportunities for self-improvement and advancement. If he drifts and sticks he will be better off, and so will the nation."

Less than before the War

I suppose most men would resent the idea that it is the low cost which attracts them to Mennen Shaving Cream.

They use it because it gives them great shaves—price has nothing to do with it.

Because a tube costs 50 cents, some men may actually look upon Mennen's as an indispensable luxury and enjoy the mistaken idea that they pay a little extra for wonderful results.

I want to explain once more about the economy of our big tube.

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We found that one big empty tube cost a lot less than two small tubes. It cost less to fill and package the big tube than the two small tubes. These economies made it possible to give you a lot more cream, in proportion to the price, than you formerly got in the old 35 cent size.

Probably at first some men cringed a little at paying 50 cents, even though the tube was larger. But I doubt if anyone quit for that reason, because our business has more than doubled in the last year.

Men don't give up anything that means so much to them as Mennen Shaving Cream just because of 15 cents, especially when they find that the fluctuation is in their favor.

Anyway, this lengthy explanation seems rather foolish when you consider that one magic mask of Mennen lather costs less than half a cent.

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Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY
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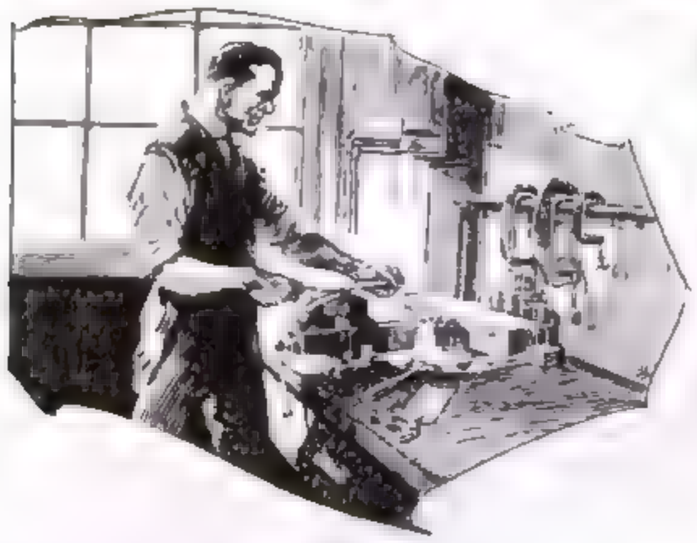

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MONEY'S WORTH

(Continued from Page 19)

He took the girl's arm in his. A gate let them through to the garden with its blaze of geraniums, and they followed their hostess up the steps and in at the door of the villa. "We'll go right through," she dropped over her shoulder to them as they entered, and led the way along a brief corridor to the room at its farther end. As she thrust open the door of it to enter, it was as though light and color, blended like tones in a chord, leaped out upon them. There was the wide blue water floor of the lake, the green and black and snow of the opposite mountains and sunlight tempered and purged of its heat through a filter of shadow.

"Now," said their hostess, standing with hand on the door, "if you'll make yourselves comfortable here"—she motioned with the gardening trowel toward the deep chairs that stood about the place—"I'll see what I can do about tea."

Warren Hall began a phrase of deprecatory thanks, but she nodded curtly and departed in the middle of it, letting the door swing to behind her.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he said amusedly

He turned to his daughter. She had already seated herself in one of the low chairs and now lay back in it facing the great calm glory of the lake. Before her the wide French windows were open to the broad veranda; shadow, grateful as water to a thirsty man, flooded the place. She looked up at him as he turned and he saw upon her face a repose as of utter content.

"Comfortable, honey?" he asked.

"Father!" she said. "Father, look at this room!"

"Why?" he said, not understanding. "What's the matter with it?"

"Isn't it—isn't it perfect!" He stared at her; it was a long and sad time since he had seen so much of interest and gladness in her. "Oh! It's lovely! I could get well here!"

"You could, eh?"

He stared about him. He was not readily sensitive to the impressions that moved her so easily and it was only gradually that he saw what had stirred her. The room was square and low ceilinged for its size; besides the view over the lake, a wide latticed window in its western wall looked away to the hill-throned castle and the steep red roofs of Thun. A wide hearth lined with glazed tiles was opposite the French windows; and the floor was bare, with bright rugs here and there. It contained nothing that was obviously costly or rare; and yet he perceived, as he gazed about him, while the girl watched him, smiling, that somehow beauty, the grace of sheer rightness of proportion and equipment, was instinct in the place.

"Yes," he admitted cautiously. "There's something about it; I don't just know what it is. And you think you could get well here, do you?"

"I'm getting better already," she smiled. "I never want to move from this chair. I can feel this room holding me in its arms and keeping me safe. After all those hotels and sanatorium places—it's heaven."

He was still standing, watching her under lowered brows. She was scarcely recognizable as the limp and feeble creature he had lifted from the car so short a while before or as the girl who had all but died in his arms upon the road. There was a glow in her, awakened life in her face, and her eyes were soft and bright.

"Well," he began, "if that's how you feel about it, Cecil, I guess ——"

He had to break off there, for the door behind him opened and their tall hostess reappeared. She had slipped off the soiled blue overall and laid aside the straw hat, the gauntlets and the trowel and revealed herself now in a workmanlike skirt of worn tweed and a white waist.

"Making yourselves at home? That's right," she said in her clear, assured voice. "There'll be tea in a minute. You'd like some tea, wouldn't you?"

The tea arrived, on her heels, as it were; and it was while they sat, balancing their cups, that Warren Hall began to move toward his purpose.

"This is a nice home you've got here, ma'am," he said. "You live here the year round, I suppose?"

The tall woman shook her head. "It isn't mine," she replied. "It's my brother's. He just lends it to me sometimes when he's away. To-morrow he comes back and then I'm off to England again."

"To-morrow, eh?" Hall considered. "We're staying in Thun—at the Keller Hotel. I hope I'll have a chance to meet your brother sometime. My name's Hall Warren Hall."

It was proper that to that she should reply: "Not the Warren Hall?" For if he was not Pierpont Morgan, he was—well—Warren Hall, and the difference was not vast. But she only nodded.

"You're American, aren't you?" she inquired.

"Yes," said Hall.

"I dare say y u'll meet my brother in Thun," she went on. "He walks in nearly every day. Carr's his name—Seymour Carr. He's a painter."

"A painter, eh?"

"That's what he calls himself," she smiled. "Really, I think it's just an excuse for doing nothing. But since he managed to get a picture into the Salon there's no arguing with him."

She continued to prattle and Hall to interpose appropriate replies. He managed, however, to elicit that the painter had built the house himself and owned the land on which it stood. Cecil, lying back in her chair, said nothing; Hall, glancing at her from time to time, saw that her face still preserved its tranquil gladness.

It had it yet when, the tire at last repaired, the big car bore them back to Thun.

"Well," said Hall, glancing down at her at his side, "feeling rested, honey?"

She smiled and nodded. "It was the heat, I think," she said. "All I needed was just to sit in that wonderful room and—and soak in it. I'm all right now."

"I see you are," said Hall. Then, after a pause: "Cecil, it was a pleasant room all right; I noticed that; but just what was it in the place that put you right like that? I haven't seen you so well and bright in years; and if we can find out what did it, I've got to get it for you. Was it anything that's got a name in any language I know?"

She smiled again; never before had she been so prodigal of smiles.

"I don't know it if it has," she said. "But—didn't you feel it at all, father? Just that quietness and coolness, and everything round so—so right?"

"H'm!" he said. "But quietness and coolness we can get any time, Cecil. The other thing, too, I guess! And if it comes to that, I can get you that very room. I can get you anything that'll put that rested and contented look in your face, dear."

She glanced up at him quickly. "Not that room, father," she said. "Places like that—no, one can't get them!"

"Can't one, though?" He sat up and squared his massive shoulders, looking down on her. He had never turned to Cecil the face with which he had fought his way to wealth and power; for her it had never failed to soften; but now, for an instant, the granite of it showed through his smile. "Can't one, hey? Well, now, just you watch me!"

But she did not smile again; instead she shook her head soberly, and into her bright face there crept again the forlornness and the languor.

Warren Hall watched her with eyes that narrowed and hardened.

It was two days later that he stood again in the room of healing and saw across the veranda the mighty calm presences of the lake and the mountains. He would have waited longer, made inquiries, reconnoitered his ground and prepared his attack to its last detail; but the day before Cecil had suffered another heart fit, and after it, limp and exhausted upon her bed, with the fat little Swiss doctor watching her with eyes full of foreboding, she had spoken weakly.

"I wish I were there now," she had murmured, and Hall had understood. From that moment he had delayed only to assure himself that the owner of the house had returned to it.

The young man who presently appeared carried in his hand the visiting card which Hall had handed to the maid who admitted him. Like his sister, he was tall and spare, and there was the same genial assurance and directness of address. With it went a touch of whimsicality; he smiled from the card to his visitor as though something in Hall's identity amused him.

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"Mr. Warren Hall?" he inquired. "But you aren't the Paris man, are you—the millionaire, I mean?"

Hall nodded. "I'm the man you mean," he answered. "Mr. Seymour Carr, isn't it?"

"That's me," said Carr, and laughed. "I say, did my sister let you in the other day? What a lark! Fancy entertaining Warren Hall unawares! You haven't come to buy pictures, I suppose?"

"I don't mind doing that too," answered Hall. "I'll buy pretty well anything you like as long as you'll sell me what I want as well."

As he spoke he was taking the measure of his man. Upon the face of it, it should be easy enough for him, who had bought and sold so many and such diverse things in his day, to have his way with a trifler of this type; but he was not yet assured. Strong wills he had bent to his uses; subtle brains he had outmaneuvered; but the man of whims, the man of light and odd preferences—him he approached with caution.

Seymour Carr laughed again. "Have a chair," he suggested, and took one himself. Warren Hall seated himself facing him. "I haven't any pictures here, you know. They're in my studio in Chelsea. I only got back from there yesterday. Did you see that thing of mine in the Salon?"

Hall shook his big head. "I didn't, but I will," he said. "But it wasn't pictures that I came about to-day, Mr. Carr. That'll be for another time."

"Not pictures?" Carr was lighting a cigarette. He glanced across, still smiling. "And me fancying I was going to skin a millionaire at last!"

"I shouldn't wonder if you did, after all," said Hall. "One thing I didn't come for: I didn't come to bargain. I came to pay your price."

"Sounds good enough," said the other lightly. "What is it you want to buy, by the way?"

"I want to buy this house," answered Hall.

The other stared at him through his drift of cigarette smoke. There were some seconds of silence.

"Sorry," said Carr at length. "But the house isn't for sale."

He flicked the ash from the tip of his cigarette, replaced it in his mouth and sat gazing tranquilly at the other. Warren Hall frowned as if in thought.

"I know it isn't an offer, Mr. Carr," he said, "and I want you to understand that I must have some pretty good reason for walking into a stranger's house and asking him to let me have it. Now whether you sell or don't sell ——"

Carr, still smoking calmly, interrupted. "I don't sell," he said. "I said so."

"A moment, Mr. Carr," urged Hall. "I want you to know how I come to do a thing like this. Your sister probably told you it was on account of a young lady that she invited me in here?"

Carr nodded. "Your daughter, wasn't it?"

"My daughter," confirmed Hall.

He gathered himself together for what he had to say. He was noted among his associates for his gift of effective statement. The other, watching him half amusedly, saw the large strong face take on a new seriousness; it was suddenly simple and reverent. Carefully, then, in plainest words he told his hearer of Cecil, his only living relative. He told of the search through inland spas and Riviera pleasure cities for the means of life and health, of the dreariness of the great specialized hotels and nursing homes, of the dwindling and rekindling of hope. It was a good story; he felt his way with it to his hearer's interest; and so came at last to the events of the day before last.

"I don't quite understand it myself," he said. "But if you'd seen her like I did—first half dying outside your fence and then sitting here, with all the weariness gone from her face—well, you'd understand that I wouldn't stop at much to get her what she needs."

Carr had not moved. As Warren Hall finished he tossed the butt of his cigarette to the veranda.

"It's a wonderful compliment to any room," he said, "and I appreciate it very highly. Just a fancy of hers, though, of course; invalids have these fancies, don't they?"

"They do," answered Warren Hall. "And they die of 'em."

"Oh, well, I'm sure your daughter won't," parried Carr. "You can afford to give her something much more splendid than this."

He rose as he spoke and the elder man rose likewise.

"You're fond of the place?" asked the latter. "Built it yourself, didn't you?"

Carr nodded. "Oh, yes; I suppose I am rather fond of it," he answered. "I practically designed it, you see—had an idea I'd have a house to fit me instead of a hand-me-down one. And I think I've got it. It is rather a good room, isn't it?"

"I'm wondering what it cost you," said Hall.

The other turned a wary eye on him. "Oh, about forty thousand francs," he said. "And that includes the site. Not what you'd call expensive, Mr. Hall, is it?"

"No," said Hall, "it isn't. And if you wanted to sell it—which you don't!—I shouldn't call ten times that too much for my purpose."

The young man met his gaze coolly. "Four hundred thousand, eh? By Jove! What a chance I'm losing!"

"About that," said Hall. "Call it a level half million to save arithmetic."

"The bidding is lively," remarked Carr. "Are you sure you wouldn't go to a million?"

"No," said Warren Hall gravely. "I'm not sure of anything of the kind."

The other whistled. "Camels will soon be going through needles' eyes at this rate," he said. Then, with a touch of irritation: "But it's no use, Mr. Hall. I don't want your million and I do want my house. I'm sorry about your daughter—very sorry; but you yourself wouldn't admit a chance stranger's claim to buy your roof from over your head because his daughter wanted it, would you? So, I'm afraid ——"

Warren Hall held up his large white hand to still him.

"Listen!" he said. "We've not understood each other. I want this house—d'you get that? I want it! You've refused a million francs and I'm not blaming you, because you can get more. You know who I am and you've an idea that I can pay. You're right—I can! Well, I said I didn't come here to bargain. I agree to your price! I don't know what it is, but I agree to it! You can have the money in Paris on demand or here within twenty-four hours. Now will you talk business?"

The young man had flushed slightly under the other's insistence.

"Yes," he answered crisply, "I will; and I'll try to make you understand at last. I have all the money I want and the house is not for sale. And that's all I have to say."

For full half a minute they faced each other in silence. It was not Warren Hall's first experience of a situation in which money was valueless; things that are unbuyable at any price are common enough. But here was a thing withheld, as it seemed to him, in reasonless folly.

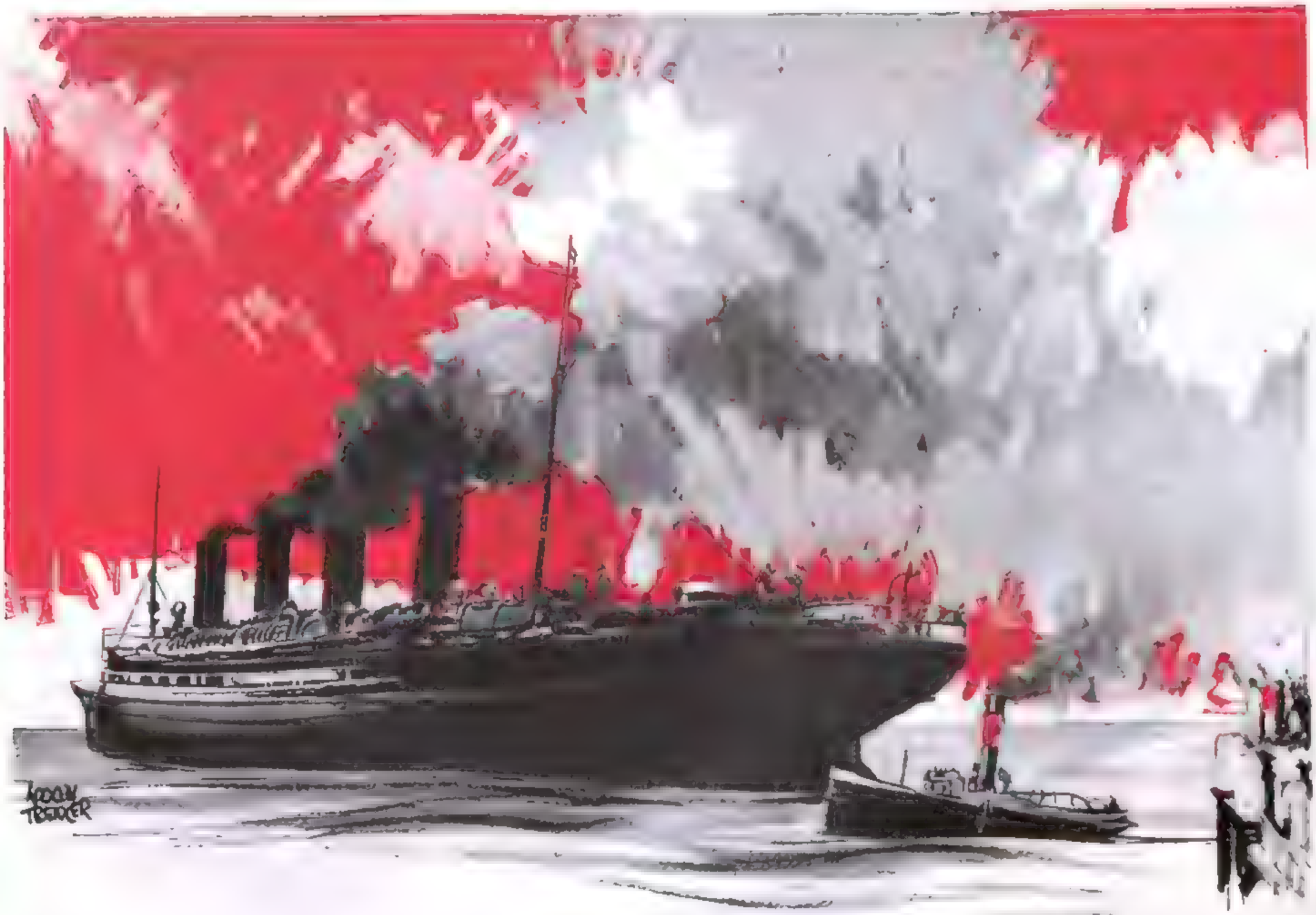
"Then ——" he began at last, but checked himself. "Well, I needn't bother you any more, Mr. Carr," he said in ordinary tones. "I'll just say good morning and be getting back to Thun."

If he was suffering under a sense of defeat it did not appear on him as he showed himself in Thun. At lunch he was cheery, with intervals of thought, and in the afternoon, after a couple of meditative cigars, he sent off a number of telegrams to his Paris offices. Later, as the fruit of further meditation, he announced to his daughter that law business would require him in Bern for some days and that he would leave next morning. And the following day, cheery yet, with that subdued but tenacious good humor which men knew for his fighting manner, he departed by motor for the capital.

Of his activities in Bern, of the secretaries who came from Paris to meet him, of the lawyers and conveyancers whom he bought to his discreet service, little was said at the time and less is now remembered, for Warren Hall was always a master of the art of the attack from cover. The some days for which he was to have been absent, however, prolonged itself to close upon three weeks. It was a Sunday afternoon when the big car, pitching like a ship in a seaway over the cobblestones of Thun, brought him back to the Hotel Keller.

The young lady—mademoiselle—Fräulein—according respectively to her maid, to the highly expert nurse and to the hotel manager—was well, was better than she had ever been. She was at the moment walking with a friend in the little woods at the back of the hotel garden; she had said she would be in to tea.

(Concluded on Page 61)



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(Concluded from Page 58)

"Right!" said Warren Hall. "I'll just stroll along and meet her!"

He passed sedately enough across the parched lawns to where the little forest of saplings bounded the garden. But once within their shelter he cast off his leisurely dignity and hastened with long strides along the little tortuous path. It was not only that he longed with all his being for his daughter; he came to her in triumph. The mole work in Bern had unearthed the hoped-for treasure. His cohort of searchers and experts had nosed out through records of past transfers and conveyances that flaw in the title to young Carr's land which may occur so easily in a kindly and trustful community, and he had bought up the rights of everyone who might conceivably enforce a claim to the place. The house was his for the snatching and his hands were avid for the clutch. He was bringing it to Cecil for a gift.

He peered to either side of him through the slender trunks as he went, eager to discover her. And suddenly he came upon her.

There was a stream, an irrigation ditch by trade, but in effect a swift brook of deep clear water, that traversed the wood; the path, rounding a clump of larger trees, joined it at a sharp angle and crossed it by a little bridge. Upon the handrail of this leaned the girl, and beside her—yes, it was young Carr.

Warren Hall halted at the turn by the trees. They had not heard his tread upon the soft black earth of the path. They were speaking together—and the rush and tinkle of the swift waters covered their words from him. He stood staring; even yet he had not understood. But presently they stood up from the rail; young Carr's back was to him, but Cecil's face was in full view. At sight of it he caught his breath. No languors now; no deadness of weary pallor; no blank flag of life's tired surrender. The face she raised to the other was alight with soft fires, vivid, tender and glorious. Young Carr put out an arm; she swayed to it like a wind-blown stalk and he bent his lips to hers.

Warren Hall turned and, moving on tiptoe, hastened back along the path. His fighter's face was set in a sheer amaze; he hurried like one that fears to be followed. It was not till he reached the sunburned lawns that he slackened speed and composed himself to outward calm.

"Gosh!" The words of his youth returned to him. "Cecil—and him! That darned house is going to cost me more than I reckoned!"

ALVARO OBREGÓN: AS MILITARY ORGANIZER

(Continued from Page 12)

of figuring side by side with the prominent commanders of recent times.

I have been over many of the battlefields, enjoyed the privilege of having General Obregón for my guide, and have heard vivid descriptions of many encounters from himself, his friends and his former enemies, and I have no hesitation in mentioning, after himself, Generals Eugenio Martinez and Angel Flores as the most gifted military commanders in the republic.

A striking example of the persistence of the legend alluded to above occurred recently in one of the London press organs which long enjoyed a well-deserved reputation for correct information about foreign countries and peoples. An account appeared in the month of September of the alleged experience of a British officer during the recent revolution, in which the martial qualities of the Mexican troops are described as below zero. They fled almost from shadows, and were the laughingstock of trained soldiers.

Now nothing could be at greater variance with fact than this caricature. The Mexican soldiers generally, and particularly the troops commanded by Obregón, are, for endurance, dash and intrepidity, equal to the best in Europe. What they undoubtedly lack, as do the Rumanian and Turkish forces, is intelligent initiative. The transformation of a large section of the fighting forces of the republic, their moralization—if one may employ this term—was the task which Obregón seriously attempted and went far toward solving. When he first took up arms he was confronted with chaotic conditions from which it seemed impossible to evolve order. The fatality of the situation lay in the absence of cohesion, the lack of a strong leader, the falling away of all restraint, the ease with which criminal audacity and recklessness, embodied in a peon, a cowboy, a hodman, could rise overnight from the deeps of wretchedness to the summit of power, material well-being and notoriety. Civil war and its inevitable accompaniments—the destruction of property, the standstill of trade and industry, the disruption of the politico-social fabric and the demoralization of the people—were becoming the main characteristics of the situation with which the rising reformer had to cope.

Obregón, with his practical turn of mind, his thorough familiarity with men and his quickness of intuition, discerned the elements of the problem and the only efficacious solution. This lay in focusing the physical strength of the nation, concentrating and directing it against the lawless *condottieri*, who were the scourges of the people. But he also perceived the futility of restoring material order without creating at the same time a moral mainstay. And that he thus visualized the task and set to work to accomplish it is one of his strongest claims to a high place among the world's latter-day reformers. He was fired with enthusiasm for a group of politico-social ideals which he somewhat arbitrarily united under the vague term "morality," and which, without ceasing to be that, resolve themselves into a veritable passion for justice and truth and a fierce love for order and progress. The sympathy or admiration which his personal presence almost always inspired he sought—not unsuccessfully—to turn toward his praiseworthy purposes. In this way he contrived to remold the habits of thinking and acting of many and to form that new type of citizen—soldiership being but a stepping-stone to that—upon which he relied for coöperation in his coming work of reconstruction. And of the existence of that new type the foreigner has as yet hardly any conception.

The inner significance of Obregón's work could not be gauged aright by the outsider, nor indeed by the majority of his own countrymen, during a war which was the negation of morality.

"Do you assert," I once asked him, "that you differed from your adversaries by conducting hostilities on moral lines?"

"Certainly not," he answered. "War can never be thus carried on, because it is essentially immoral. It involves a temporary lapse into savagery. And that is why I am opposed to all war on principle. We were certainly much more humane than our enemies, as the records prove; but we were waging war; and though the object was laudable, the methods were not, could not be, humane."

But even after hostilities had been concluded the new movement was ignored, belittled or misunderstood, for Obregón soon retired into private life, to emerge again as a branded rebel and candidate for outlawry. In this way it came to pass that the new doctrines and precepts which he preached and practiced—owing to their almost imperceptible manifestations crept into the country by stealth, being recognized for what they were only by a few and being set down even by these as partial and evanescent phenomena.

For a long time Obregón was labeled a rabid democrat—a Mexican Bolshevist in the making—by people who read as they run. The genesis of this error is plain. He knew full well that morality as the mainstay of a new politico-social ordering could not be set up without the hearty support of the multitude, and this he resolved to obtain. Hence the insistence with which he called for effective suffrage. One may pertinently ask, especially when writing of the bulk of illiterate Mexicans, what Condorcet asked of the multitude generally:

"What operation capable of effecting durable good can be comprehended by the people?"

And to put this question is to answer it. But on the other hand, the most capable leader cannot, without their confidence and backing, lift his country from the Slough of Despond to a high level of ethical culture

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and material prosperity. These considerations received their due weight from Obregón.

One day shortly after his competitor for the presidency, Señor Bonillas, had arrived in the republic a meeting was arranged between them. Obregón always entertained a high degree of esteem for the integrity and good intentions of his rival, whose intellectual caliber, however, he rated exactly at its just value. In the course of the conversation that took place between them Bonillas exclaimed: "Well, general, say what you will, you must confess that the decent people in the republic want me for president, whereas you are the candidate of the remainder."

"Assuming that to be so," retorted Obregón, "what you term the remainder are the great majority of the population, and that is why I am contented to be their candidate."

Obregón, when he first entered upon his military career, was an utter novice. He had never studied the theory of war any more than had the Emperor Julian or Oliver Cromwell. In this, as in other walks of life, he was a self-made man. He and his faithful comrade in arms, Eugenio Martinez, often laugh at the uncouth attempts made by the first three hundred men to play the part which they had hurriedly taken over. Most of them, including Obregón himself, did not know how to handle a rifle. Happily, Martinez, who was then a quiet, progressive man of business, had had twelve years' experience in the army under General Diaz, and as Obregón's intimate friend he undertook to teach the volunteers the elements of drill and tactics. And within two months they were transformed into a serviceable organism, responsive to discipline and animated by a single purpose.

Learning by Experience

When this work had been accomplished Obregón, addressing his friend, said: "Now, Eugenio, you have set us on our feet, and deserve our undying gratitude. We cannot allow you to sacrifice your business any longer. You can now return to your home."

But Martinez refused, saying that he would go with Obregón whithersoever duty might call him, and from that day to this the two men have been working hand in hand.

So complete is the confidence which Obregón reposes in Martinez that he has never once given him instructions what to do or how to do it. He would merely send him to an army or a town in distress and leave him to deal with the situation according to his own judgment. And he never once found that this confidence was misplaced.

President Carranza, aware of the deficiency in Obregón's military training, regarded it as a misfortune and a danger. Indeed he never quite knew to what that general's marvelous success should be ascribed. Hence his desire during the war to complete the military education of the leader on whose success or failure depended the fate of the revolution and his own, and he went about this educational experiment in his peculiar way. One day at a critical stage of the civil war he sent for the commander of the northeastern forces and said:

"General Obregón, your natural military talents are considerable, and nobody admires them more than I do. But they are capable of being greatly improved by study. You are now about to take upon yourself an arduous task, and I am very keen to assist you. Do you see those books there?" And he pointed to a great pile of bound volumes. 'They are the lives of various great warriors who influenced the course of history by their brilliant victories. Julius Cæsar, Scipio, Frederick the Great, Napoleon and others, and they contain analyses of their campaigns. Now, I want you to read them very carefully and at once with a view to obtaining an insight into the art of war. You are sure to profit greatly by such a study of the world's decisive battles as only you with your experience are capable of making. Please accept then this little present."

Obregón replied that he was greatly beholden to the First Chief for his kind thought and the form in which he had expressed it. It was perfectly true, he continued, that he had never read anything about strategy, tactics or other purely military subjects, but he believed that experience had made good this deficiency. But even were it otherwise, he could not derive much profit by the study of operations which were conducted under conditions and with weapons so different from those of the twentieth century and in countries which had little in common with Mexico. For these reasons he feared he could not avail himself of the well-meant offer, but later on when peace and order were restored, if he should then have the requisite leisure, he might perhaps read over one or more of the volumes. Carranza frowned, and the matter dropped.

In truth, Obregón displayed a rare capacity for extracting the utmost from lessons of experience and deducing from them many of the principles and formulas which were taught in the military academies of Europe. In this process of deduction his initiative powers and his practical knowledge of men stood him in good stead. It was this knowledge, coupled with his own peculiar charm, which won for him the sympathies of those who came within his reach and enabled him to communicate to them his own steady confidence and his hope standing on a high level when he first took up arms. Not only the rank and file but also a large percentage of the officers were wont to fight for everything except principles and to obey every prompting but that of duty; hence they would change sides on the slightest provocation and in response to a transient temptation, and, as the Irishman put it, turn their backs upon themselves in a twinkling.

Obregón's first meeting with Carranza, the man whom he raised to the presidency in the name of certain principles and then overthrew in virtue of the same principles, offers a striking instance of the rapidity and acumen with which he discovered the weak points of men. They came together one evening at a place called Fuerte in Sinaloa. Carranza, Obregón and Adolfo de la Huerta, the present provisional president of the republic, sat and talked matters over for a couple of hours. When Carranza had taken leave, De la Huerta inquired of Obregón what he thought of their First Chief.

"I have seen too little of him," he replied, "to have a judgment. But I can give you my impressions about his qualities as a commander. He is a great man for little things and a small one for great matters. The individual trees would hinder him from seeing the forest as a whole. And he is persistent and dogmatic to boot."

"That is an interesting estimate," remarked De la Huerta, "but I am curious to know on what you base it."

Sizing Up Carranza

"It is partly intuitive and partly founded on a number of mere trifles, which, like straws that show the direction of the wind, give me an indication of the man's specific quality. I will give you one instance: During our conversation with him this evening he stopped short twice or thrice, rose and went outside to see whether his horse had been properly fed and looked after. Now he has a man to see to his horse, and if that man were worth his salt there was no need of the chief looking after him. This is but one case. There were others, and they seem to indicate that he has a bent for details, and that his mind is irresistibly attracted to particular circumstances in lieu of taking in a situation as a whole."

I once spoke to Obregón about the cares of the chief of a great organization, whether it be an army or a state, and the difficulty of apportioning one's time. His remark was instructive.

"Such a man," he said, "cannot allow himself to be entangled in the coils of departmental details or red tape of any kind. He should, of course, have sufficient grasp of detail to oversee the whole, but his own special function is to choose the right men, in whose judgment and rectitude he has good grounds for confidence; and having given them general instructions, to allow them to grapple with the details. They on their part must choose their subordinates by the same criteria. If the results are unsatisfactory the responsible individual must go. Only in this way can you get an organic whole whose brain is the directing but not intermeddling chief."

I had heard long before something very similar to this from the head of the general staff of a certain Central European state. He said:

"I depend for the success of my plans very largely upon the judgment, resource and conscientiousness of my subordinates. I issue a command in terms which

(Continued on Page 65)

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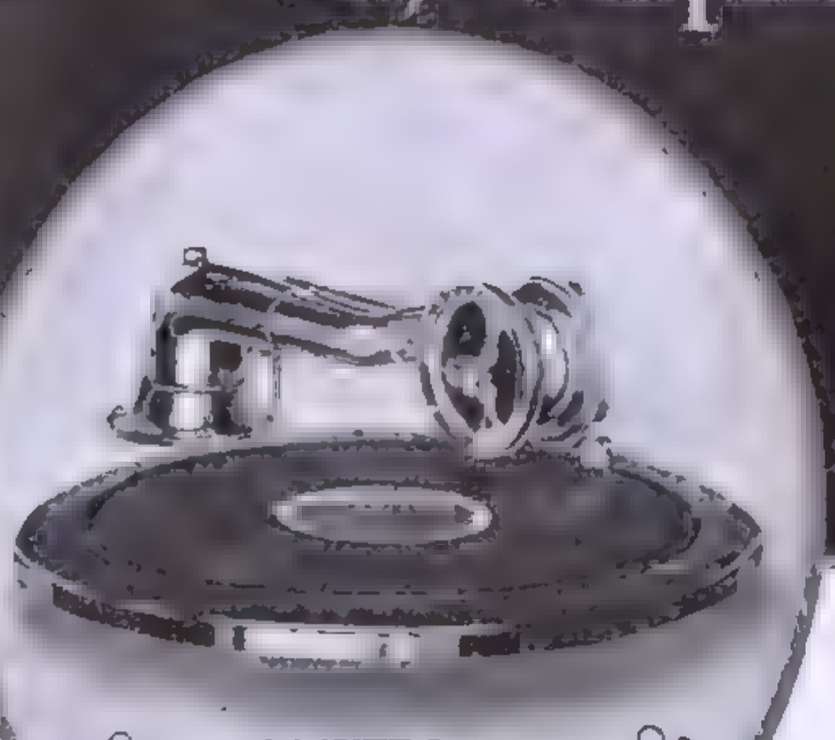

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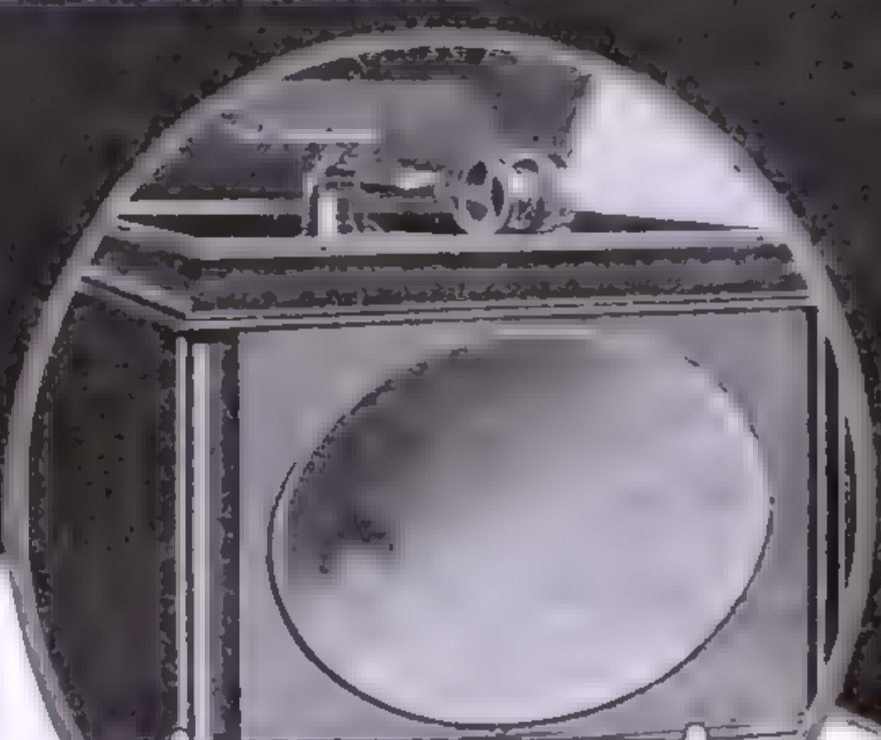

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(Continued from Page 62)

are more or less general. The officer who takes it visualizes the ground, considers the obstacles, the way to surmount them, the time required and the time available. Then he frames his scheme for executing certain parts of the work, but delegates other details to subalterns, and so the division of labor goes on until the noncommissioned officer is reached. And he, as the link between the brains and the arms that obey them, plays an important part in the army scheme. In no other way can a large army be manipulated."

Another remarkable instance of Obregón's intuition was displayed after his first interview with the accomplished soldier Felipe Angeles, who won laurels in Europe and whose technical proficiency had no match in the republic.

"What do you think of Angeles, now that you have talked with him?" asked Carranza.

"I consider his military accomplishment very great, but his judgment unbalanced," was the answer. "That man's attachment to the revolution and to you as its head is purely intellectual. One day you will have him for an enemy."

"I think your estimate of General Angeles is unjust," replied Carranza.

"I sincerely wish it were," was the answer. Six years later General Angeles was shot by order of the president.

Some Obregón Maxims

I remarked to General Obregón one day that a corollary of his method is that the selection of governmental organs should be made on lines that have nothing in common with politics. He at once assented, adding that one of the curses of the country is the infusion of politics into all branches of the public service.

"I," he said, "am for employing the best talent of the nation, irrespective of political considerations. A cabinet minister who is preparing the ground, say, for his election to the presidency is sorely—irresistibly—tempted to subordinate his duties to considerations tending toward the goal of his aspirations, and that is the bane of all government. You see the same thing in legislative assemblies. A deputy rises and delivers a sensible speech or brings in a useful bill, whereupon another rushes to the tribune and goes further in quest of applause from the gallery. Then a third denounces them both as reactionaries and surpasses them in radicalism. Unless you have a group of reasonable and courageous legislators, strong enough to withstand those demagogues, the laws run the risk of becoming either dissolvents or else a dead letter."

Among the many maxims which Obregón forged for his own use in operating with his forces in the field a few are worth glancing at as indications of the workings of his mind, which are neither complex nor Hamletesque. It should not, however, be forgotten that as they refer to Mexican psychology they lay no claim to universality. The first was of a purely military order and contains nothing new:

"Make no definite plans without having first become acquainted with all the elements of the problem you are seeking to solve."

And it was easier for him than for any other commander to carry this out, owing to his rare capacity of noticing every peculiarity in the conformation of the country which he had once traversed and also to his amazingly retentive memory. I have known him to describe a hilly country over which he had once passed several years before, and every item in the picture had its counterpart in the hills, valleys, glens and lakes. The maxim, however, is but a specific application of the principle which he holds with tenacity, that *a-priori* solutions, whether in the shape of legislative reforms or general policies, should be banished from the program of a statesman.

"Only when an issue is ripe for settlement would I take it up, and then before dealing with it practically I would ascertain its cause, so that my remedy might go to the root."

Again: "Only when I am sure that the course I am about to take is the right one do I act; but then I throw my heart and soul into it and do it at once. I never undertake a thing half-heartedly. It is much better not to begin at all. Vacillation spells failure."

"In war, and doubtless in most of life's struggles, it is audacity that carries victory in its train; but, as I intimated, audacity born of previous deliberation. The most audacious enemy I have ever yet encountered was Villa. He sometimes undertook the seemingly impossible, and achieved it, too, as when he crossed the Sierra Madre Mountains in the depth of winter, taking his artillery with him. No such feat has been accomplished in this country, and I make bold to say in any other."

As he ventured upon this assertion my memory took me back to Hannibal's march over the Alps, to Napoleon's exploits in the same line, and I regretted that Obregón had refused Carranza's present of the lives and military history of those and other captains of ancient and modern times. I also called to mind Obregón's own march across the same Sierras over which Villa had passed, the only difference between the two being that Obregón traversed the mountains in the rainy season, with fewer men and without artillery.

On another occasion he said:

"Never do what your enemy's movements are calculated to force you to do. Surprise him by a wholly different maneuver, which he could not have counted on."

This maxim once helped him out of a position the critical character of which was not realized at the time and has never been made public. Having occupied Mexico City with his usual audacity and insufficient forces, he was confronted by powerful enemies within and without, his munitions running short, the enemy gradually closing round him, having dislodged him from Xochimilco, a village on the outskirts. He saw no way out of the situation but to evacuate the capital. But this appeared to be almost as desperate a device as to remain besieged. For the enemy could certainly harass his forces and capture a considerable number if he got wind of Obregón's intention. The opinion of the generals was that all preparations for the withdrawal be made in secret. But Obregón, turning the matter over in his mind, argued that the secret must necessarily leak out, were it only because the requisite orders could not be executed without the enemy becoming aware of their object. This then is what he did: He openly announced his intention and had it published in the newspapers, together with his own commands bearing upon its execution. The enemy accordingly had all the data in his hands, but he foolishly concluded that he was in the presence of a maneuver devised for the purpose of throwing him off his guard. When day broke and the withdrawal began the hostile commanders were wholly unprepared, and the city was evacuated with relative ease and slight loss.

A Straightforward Writer

The reference to this stratagem, as well as to another success—the capture of Nogales—made by Obregón himself in his book, reveals not perhaps so much his modesty as his generous consideration of his fellow workers. He states respecting the latter:

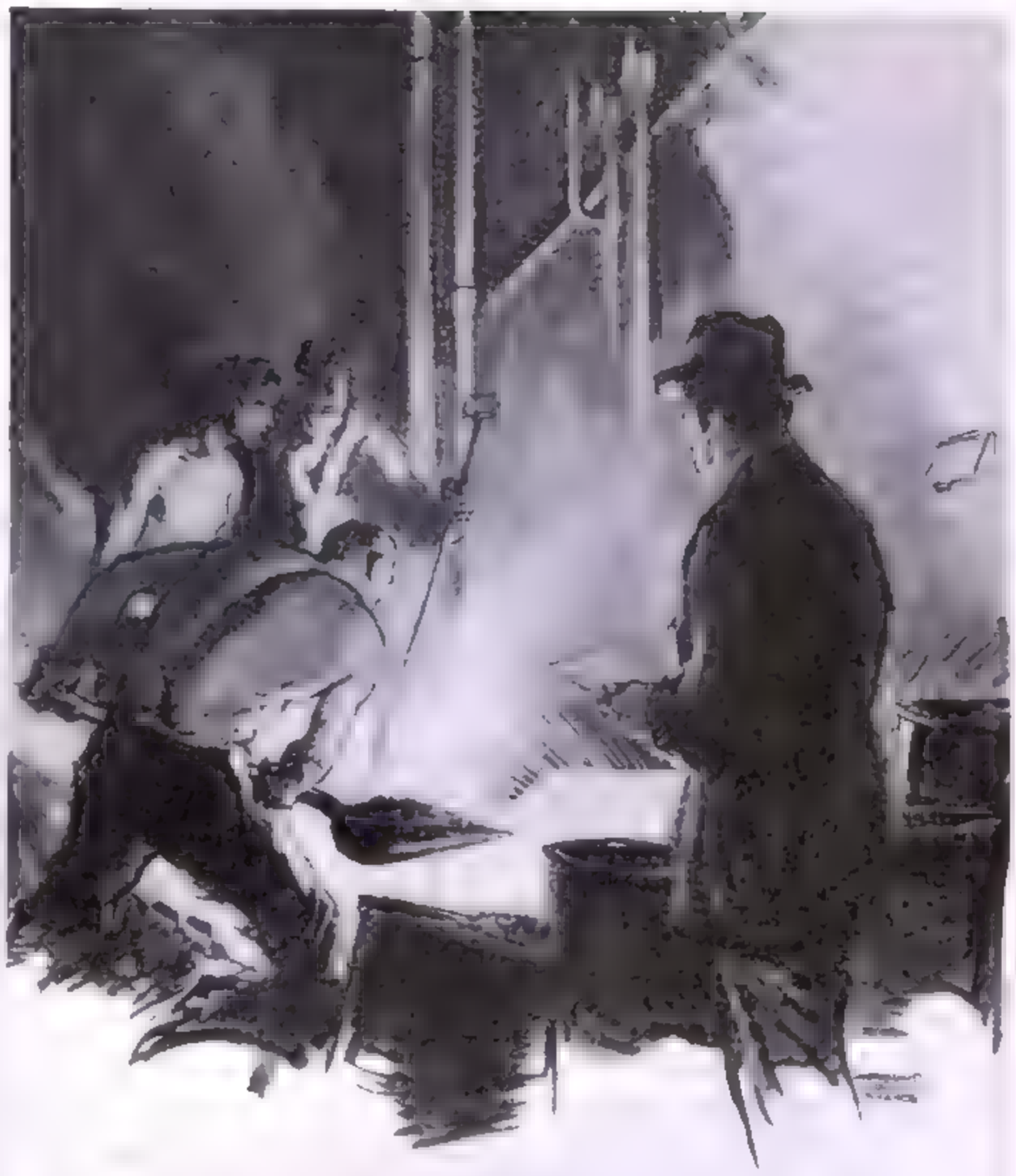
"I have always held the view that the capture of Nogales was attributable to the listlessness—*torpeza*—of the enemy, not to any ability on our part." And then he goes on to prove this with concrete facts which show that the adversary underrated the importance of their advance and neglected to take efficacious measures to check it. And explaining his evacuation of Mexico City without any losses, he writes:

"It was due mainly to the sluggishness of the enemy, and secondly to the energy with which all the chiefs executed the orders transmitted by general headquarters."

Obregón does not recognize as a virtue that conventional and apparent suppression or distortion of truth which commonly goes by the name of modesty. He states facts as they were, even when they redound to his credit or to that of another person, and pays no heed to the ensuing charge of self-praise or flattery. It is, however, fair to say that in his own published description of his campaigns there is nowhere to be found a sentence or a word which lends color to either accusation. Certainly he made many mistakes in the course of his military career, was aware of some of them and used these as stepping-stones to keep him immune from them in the future.

Obregón was once asked by a man who evinced an intelligent interest in his military operations to what he ascribed his many successes. This was his answer:

"To the fortunate circumstance that I committed fewer errors than my antagonist,



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Sta-so is under granular test we have [illegible] to [illegible] of [illegible] heat treatment

and profited more by his than he did by mine."

More than once he publicly confessed his blunders with the same frankness with which he testified to the ability of his opponent. In his book, for example, he writes of a battle at the close of which a splendid opportunity offered for profiting by the rout of a cruel enemy. Obregón writes of himself:

"I hold that it was a mistake on my part not to have thrown a body of my troops against Guaymas in order to fructify the panic which seized the garrison there when they received the news of Ojeda's disaster."

Obregón once persuaded Carranza to allow a conference of generals convened for the purpose of coming to terms with the rebel Villa, to be held in a part of the country where Villa was practically the all-powerful ruler. The outcome was a complete failure, as Carranza had predicted. Touching upon this gathering in his book, he writes:

"It behooves me to confess that that convention was a failure, inasmuch as far from attaining our object, which was to detach as many followers as possible from Villa, we made it superlatively difficult for them to abandon him. The fact is, we left him invested with the appearance of legality, and this determined the decision of many of the leaders who, had there been no convention, would have remained loyal to the First Chief, to separate themselves from him and join Villa. I therefore am the first to accept the responsibility, which should of right fall upon me, for the political error; and I can but plead that my exertions were inspired by the persistent desire to save the country from war."

A Hater of Display

These expressions are characteristic of the tone of Obregón's book, and of the rare *franchise* and detachment with which he judges himself. I doubt whether even now he has taken the just measure of himself as compared with his environment.

Bombast and flattery are both alien to his nature. If he were endowed with poetic gifts he would certainly try his hand at an epic. It is impossible to read, without admiring the narrator as well as the military commander, his plain narrative of the successful passage of his troops over the western mountains of Sierra Madre Occidental during the torrential downpour of the rainy season.

In this connection it may be permissible to remark that he has constantly displayed an unconquerable aversion to outward show and theatrical display, so dear to the average military man. But then Obregón was never a militarist—only a courageous citizen, fighting for what he deemed a noble cause. Some years ago he, as secretary of war, was invited to appear in the national palace, where Carranza was to take the oath of fidelity to the constitution, and to put on his gala uniform. Now the Mexican general's uniform is spectacularly ornate, and must make its wearer feel himself to be either a worm or a demigod.

Obregón replied that he would appear if the president wished it, but would not don the gorgeous dress. In fact, he possessed none. The adjutant called a second time, and received the same answer. Finally he was dispensed from appearing in festive garb. Afterward Carranza gently rebuked him for his excessive modesty, and assured him that his military career had been creditable enough to warrant him dressing in the most ornate garb a Mexican tailor could turn out. Obregón's answer was characteristic:

"It was not modesty, true or false, that actuated my refusal. It was my rooted aversion to the histrionic elements in life. I love simplicity. As for modesty, I cannot recognize it as a virtue. It is but a conventional mask donned to do away with the appearance of superiority—a concession to mediocrity. My own qualities are well known to myself, as are such results as they have enabled me to achieve, and I frankly confess that I am as conscious of them as I am of the exploits and talents of my best officers. But I hate display."

In Obregon you never detect a posture of insincerity, and yet you hardly ever find him without the mask of conventional triviality.

I make bold to predict that as soon as General Obregón comes into power he will abolish the magnificence and costliness of military gala uniforms and substitute khaki or some other equally cheap garb. And I should not be surprised if the finery of the diplomatic representatives were also abolished by the same reforming hand. It is not that he discards all symbols or legitimate decoration, but that he hates excess.

I was once told that the uniforms of both high functionaries cost the nation five million pesos—two and a half million dollars—a year. It is on the cards therefore that in future Mexico's diplomats will have to content themselves with the ordinary dress of the society man.

There are certain historic occasions, however, when pomp and circumstance are admissible and even necessary as symbols which impress the multitude, and in favor of these Obregón would make important exceptions to the rule.

In time this pushing chief and organizer was regarded by his soldiers as invincible, and this epithet stood him in good stead throughout his military activity; and whatever one may say of the fanaticism that accepted the legend, the events of the civil war imparted color to the credence. He escaped from precarious positions into which the mistakes of others or his lack of information or his own audacity had placed him; he dislodged his adversary from strongholds that seemed impregnable; he routed superior forces, outwitted professional strategists, trained in European schools; and ended by definitely terminating the civil war. He believes and at the time was certain that he could have overthrown Huerta six months earlier, but he was not permitted. Carranza mistrusted men who stood high in the public esteem, especially if the individual were a military man, and he never understood Obregón, whose behavior seemed inexplicable to him because he was unable to appreciate its motives. Carranza set up Gen. Pablo Gonzales as a counterpart to Obregón, and the war dragged on unnecessarily.

Carranza, who was wholly incapable of directing a campaign or even a battle, occasionally intervened and issued orders suggested by one of his military friends or prompted by his personal policy of holding the balance even between two rising generals. Once he was on the point of sacrificing a fine opportunity, and together with it the success of the campaign, to these impulses. Obregón at the moment was with his troops in the capital, and he unexpectedly received Carranza's order to evacuate the city, reconcentrate his army at Ometusco and destroy the Central and National lines from Querétaro to the capital. Astonished and worried by this amazing plan, he answered that he would like to outline to the First Chief its consequences. It would be tantamount to a recognition of impotence, and it would leave the constitutional troops in the northeast and west to be cut up by Villa. Carranza, on this occasion, was shrewd enough to withdraw his orders and leave the plan to Obregón.

Duty His Uppermost Thought

On this, as in all critical contingencies, Obregón was wont, as was the great Russian statesman, Count Witte, to submit his ideas to the most competent members of his staff for their critical remarks; and, like Witte, he would give their opinion his careful attention, and follow his own when it differed from theirs and he felt sure of his ground. And it is my personal conviction that as president of the republic and reconstructor of Mexico—for this twofold capacity will now be his—he will pursue the same line of conduct; and if one may forecast a man's behavior in the future from his habits of thought and action in the past, he will prove as deaf to the mistaken counsels of his well-meaning friends as to the malevolent criticisms of dishonest enemies.

Wholly devoid of the devotional spirit and even of that spectacular turn of mind which enables many men to find a substitute for religious sentiment in the search after a solution of the fundamental problems which have exercised the noblest thinkers in all ages and countries, Obregon half consciously deifies the conception of duty, and obeys its promptings as implicitly, whole-heartedly and irrespective of consequences as if they emanated from an all-powerful deity, or as though he were a firm believer in the force of Kant's imperative.

It is interesting to watch, as I have often done, these streaks of unrecognized spirituality intertwined among the threads of

(Continued on Page 68)

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There should be several members who'd appreciate a box of *TRUE SHAPE* No. 564.

Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.

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TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 66)

a materialistic existence. He attributes this devotion to duty to the early teachings of his sisters, who, curiously enough, though they are believing Catholics—as are all his womenfolk—have never influenced his theory of life. In this respect he differs wholly from Count Witte, who was a fervent member of the Orthodox Church, and he resembles those French precursors of the Revolution who, like Turgot, managed to connect materialism by invisible threads through subterranean ways with the uttermost fringe of spirituality. If he had enjoyed the advantages of a systematic education he might have played a leading part in one or the other of the great constructive movements of thought now going on in the world, and possibly given it a fresh impulse.

Like most men who have played a noteworthy rôle in the history of their country, Obregón is a believer in that mysterious force which makes and mars so many enterprises and their authors and is variously known as circumstance, fate, luck and providence. But he somehow feels that it, too, can be courted, caught and drawn within the circle of calculation. He certainly has been exceptionally fortunate in escaping dangers and accidents which proved fatal to others, and traps set with a degree of ingenuity which apparently left little to chance.

I say nothing of the hairbreadth escapes which he had in the field where fate seems absolutely blind, as on the Isla de Pedra on the Pacific, where a shell burst in the midst of a group of persons with whom he was holding intercourse, for almost every survivor of a long war can match them with experiences equally marvelous. A much more extraordinary instance of what the soldiers used to term his charmed life is found in the story of his walking into the Chihuahua trap set by Villa, with his eyes open. Displaying his usual audacity, he ventured into Villa's country with only a few friends, whereas the notorious bandit had thousands of devoted soldiers at his beck and call. On his way to the north Obregón received telegram after telegram from his well-wishers imploring him to desist from his intention and return home, as otherwise he would be assassinated. How Villa suddenly arrested him, condemned him to be summarily shot, sent for the firing squad and then yielded to one of those mysterious impulses which characterized his hysterical temperament, burst into tears, forgave him and invited him to supper has already been told.

Obregón a Prisoner

The sequel is more thrilling still. Obregón, a prisoner, fearing that telegraphic instructions would be forged under his signature, sent Major Madero to apprise General Hill of what was happening, and to warn him not to heed any orders transmitted in Obregón's name. At the same time he transmitted twenty thousand pesos to be distributed among the families of the members of his staff if they should be assassinated together with himself by Villa. On receiving forged instructions, Hill accordingly sent a telegram of that tenor to Villa, whose wrath transformed him into a veritable madman. The consul of the United States of America next called to say that he had induced Villa to set Obregón free and send him to Ciudad Juarez and thence to the United States. Obregón replied thanking the consul for his friendly efforts and Villa for his permission, but refusing to seek safety under a foreign flag.

"If I am a highwayman or a traitor, it is meet that I should be executed here in Chihuahua; but if I am neither, I should be released and allowed to return to Mexico City to render an account of the mission intrusted to me by the First Chief."

To that suggestion Villa agreed, and sent him to the capital accompanied by two Villist generals who had a fair amount of common sense, were devoid of fanaticism and were therefore able to gauge aright the character of their chief, of whom they both stood in awe. After a journey of some four hundred kilometers they entered Obregón's drawing-room and with doleful looks said, "Please read the telegraphic message that has just been handed to us."

Obregón took the paper and read: "Please return immediately, taking General Obregón with you."

As the general remarked: "Without being a prophet, it was obvious what my fate was now going to be."

The two Villist generals sat down opposite their prisoner—for the telegram had made him that—and the silence that ensued was unbroken for a few minutes.

Then one of them said: "Let us know how we can be of service to you and we are at your orders. You can rely on us."

Obregón, more solicitous of their situation than his own, answered simply: "I appreciate your offer, which I accept with gratitude. All that I ask is your word of honor that you will save me from insult and outrage, and that if Villa orders me to be shot on my arrival in Chihuahua, as I believe he will, you will see that I am not insulted or outraged, and that you will see that my execution is not accompanied by humiliating details."

The two generals, rising to their feet, swore that they would not allow any outrage or insult to be put upon him at his execution. Thereupon the train started back to what seemed certain to be Obregón's last station on earth.

The two generals were sincerely sorry for their prisoner. They assured him that if he were doomed to die at Chihuahua they would themselves attack Villa's forces in Torreon. When approaching their destination Obregón handed a valise with thirty thousand pesos to an American journalist, asking him to deliver it to the commercial agent of the United States Government, as it was money belonging to the nation. They reached Chihuahua at night, and the next morning at seven Villa's motor drove up to convey them to his house. Obregón's feelings may well be imagined. His behavior cannot but be admired. Actuated by a sense of personal dignity, civic courage and loyalty, it manifested itself in transparent sincerity, fine tact and indifference to the consequences of duty fulfilled.

Villa's Plot

Acting from motives which it is now impossible to ascertain and would be futile to conjecture, Carranza had the impudence to break with Villa at this conjuncture, knowing as he did that the rebel would wreak his vengeance upon Obregón. Villa replied to the First Chief in a message emphatically repudiating his authority. It was therefore in a distraught state of mind that Villa received his unwilling guests. He had just had the telegraphic conversation with Carranza which ended in his refusal to recognize the authority of that hated man, and his excitement consequent on this fateful resolve deprived him of all self-control. He could hardly speak. He would raise his voice to the pitch of a shrill scream, and then lower it to a scarcely audible whisper. He told Obregón scores of times during the day that he and his companions must and would be shot forthwith, and it is probable that he would have carried out this intention had he not been moved by the suasion and opposition of the majority of his own generals. But two of these who exerted a certain influence over Villa left no stone unturned to induce him to put to death the one man who represented a real and formidable obstacle to the development of his plans.

"Now is your chance," they told him. "It may never return. Utilize it."

The two Villist generals who had accompanied Obregón in the train behaved well. They besought their chief to allow the captive to return with them, but he curtly refused, and lest they should importune him further sent them to Torreon. On receiving this command they both sought him out and stated that they would obey it on condition that he would not take Obregón's life, and they departed as soon as he had expressly accepted the proviso.

During this period of suspense Villa and Obregón took their meals together. After supper the former, turning to the latter, said: "This very night I am going to send you back to Carranza. I am only waiting for Almanza's train to go ahead first."

Obregón, who has an extraordinarily clear insight into motives and occasionally a wonderful presentiment, which borders on prescience of events, felt that a plot was being hatched in which Almanza's train was to play a part, a plot which would enable Villa to keep the letter of his promise to his two generals—not to condemn Obregón to death—and yet to put him out of the way. Accordingly, before starting, Obregón contrived to have a talk with the brother of one of those protectors. This man told him that he was about to abandon Villa definitively, and stated further that Villa's

(Continued on Page 71)

ACROSS THE VALLEY IN THE DUSK

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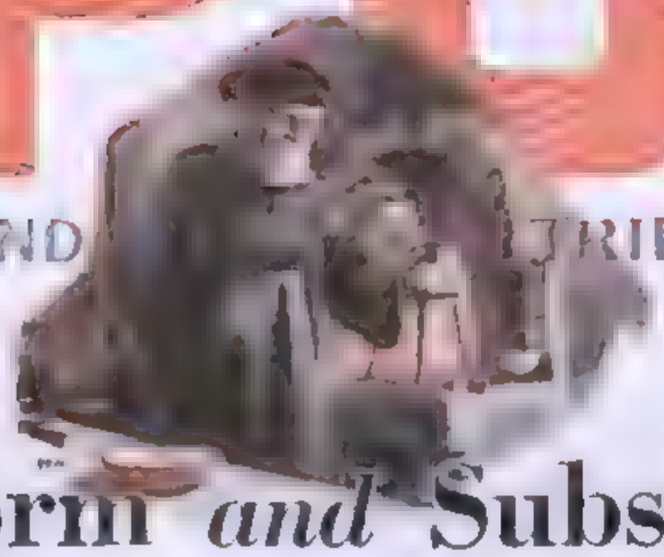

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For 17 years this Goulds Triplex has pumped frost-tight brine for Hercules Powder Company.

GOULDS

(Continued from Page 68)

ambitions had been roused and sustained by Felipe Angeles. Obregón remembered his warning to Carranza.

Villa had a devoted servant, an *âme damnée*, in the person of a certain Col. Rodolfo L. Fierros, whom he deputed to arrange all the details of the train journey. This detail confirmed Obregón's suspicion that he was falling from the gridiron into the fire, escaping formal execution by Villa's open sentence and about to be assassinated by Villa's agent on the way.

"Everything is ready now for your departure," exclaimed Villa at ten o'clock at night. Whereupon Obregón took his leave and departed, together with Col. R. G. Garza, one of the Villist generals who had steadily opposed his execution.

The danger to the life of the general and his associates now appeared to be conjured, and yet he himself, knowing the kind of man Villa was, had his misgivings. If he had only known the truth, his chances of coming out of the ordeal alive were as one to nine hundred and ninety-nine. For Villa's plan to have him and his comrades murdered on the way was so thoroughly well conceived that practically nothing was left to chance. For he had not allowed the group of Obregónists to quit Chihuahua until he had first dispatched ahead of them a military train under General Almanza's command. Almanza's instructions were to await Obregón and his officers, who were due on the following morning, and put them all to death. Looked at, therefore, from the point of view of probabilities, Obregón's chance of escape was nil, for all Chihuahua, and Durango as well, was ruled by Villa with a rod of iron. His will was law to those states.

A Narrow Escape

But the best laid plans are often frustrated by unforeseen trifles, and that is what happened in this case. Almanza's train had to halt on the way in order to arrange the engine. While this was being done Almanza went to bed. Meanwhile Obregón's train caught up to his, and passed it without exciting comment, for Almanza had initiated none of his companions into his secret. When day broke Almanza ordered his train to be brought to a standstill without informing anyone of his intentions. But after having waited in vain for the arrival of Obregón's train, he ordered a railway official to inquire into the cause of the delay. The answer was that it had already passed by in the early hours of the morning. This was a stunning blow to Villa's executioner, who forthwith telegraphed to his chief asking him to order Obregón's train to return so that he might carry out his secret instructions. This order was duly issued, and it reached the station Corralitos, where a number of persons, some of whom were opposed to the contemplated murders, had cognizance of it, and also took such steps as were feasible to balk the project. Two of them telegraphed to Villa, entreating him not to perpetrate the crime. Villa tranquilized them all.

"Have no fear," he answered. "Obregón's train will be allowed to continue its journey and all will be well."

And he once more telegraphed that it might move on to Torreon. But at the same time he dispatched the following secret message to the military commander of Gomez Palacio:

"As soon as General Obregón's special train passes, have him arrested, together with all the persons who accompany him, and have them shot without delay. Having accomplished this, you shall report to general headquarters here on the event."

Fortunately these murderous plans came to the knowledge of Generals Robles and A. Benavides, who, indignant at the flagrant violation of Villa's solemn promise to spare Obregón's life, took the unusual and perilous step of dispatching a special train to meet Obregón at Gomez Palacio and convey him to Torreon.

Meanwhile Obregón was undergoing the most cruel suspense, expecting death at any moment, and more solicitous about the fate of his companions and his own good name than about his life, which was not worth one hour's purchase. The first part of his journey was uneventful enough. On reaching Corralitos, however, things changed in a twinkling. This little station, situated in a parched desert of Chihuahua, contained but one railway official, who also attended to the telegraphic work. This employee communicated Villa's message already alluded to, that the train must return to Chihuahua. As soon as the train started on the return journey Obregón leaped from his car to the ground.

Colonel Garza, in whose charge he was, followed his example and asked him: "What are you going to do, general?"

"Die fighting," was the response.

Thereupon the train was stopped, and down leaped Captain Robinson, the officer in command of Obregón's fifteen men, who said: "We will all share the same fate, general. I am going to bring out our escort."

Now Obregón was aware that General Almanza's train was fast drawing near, and that he had strict orders not to allow any of the party to get away with his life. Consequently there was no time to be lost. Colonel Garza, to whom Villa had confided Obregón's party, was utterly disgusted with his chief's behavior. Still he considered that it would be best for Obregón to resign himself to the order and return to Chihuahua. But Obregón's companions were standing on the ground ready to execute the commands of Captain Robinson.

Obregón, however, had made up his mind, and turning to Robinson said: "Join your escort and do your utmost to save my officers. As for myself, you shall leave me here, accompanied only by my adjutant, Valdes." And addressing Valdes he said, "Bring me my carbine and take your own."

But Robinson and his men protested. They were bent, they said, on sharing the fate of their beloved chief, and they refused to leave him in the hands of his enemies. But Obregón was not to be moved. He said:

"I want you to go to the bottom of this matter. The essence of it is this: We must avoid everything that would afford a pretext to the enemy for assassinating us. If we offer armed resistance, as you desire, we shall certainly do considerable execution to the enemy's ranks; but then they will be able to expose the bodies of their dead in Chihuahua and to calumniate us by alleging that we attacked their train and that they acted merely in legitimate self-defense. On the other hand, Valdes and I, without you, stand a better chance of saving our lives, because it is much harder to capture two men than a group. And if they catch and murder me, they will have no justification—not even a pretext."

Obregón then ordered them to cut the telegraph-wires and to arrest the telegraphist. Now if this plan had been carried out—and it was on the very point of being executed—Obregón and his companions were doomed. For flight through a desert of Chihuahua would have been almost tantamount to death by thirst, hunger and fatigue, and if they managed to reach a town or village the enemy's soldiers would not fail to apprehend them.

Another Bit of Luck

But once more Obregón's luck extricated him from the net in which he was seemingly caught. Just as the escort entered the telegraph office to arrest the telegraphist he was taking a message from Villa ordering Obregón's train to proceed to Torreon. Thereupon the whole party reëntered their respective cars, not indeed with any feeling of security, but with a painful curiosity to learn or divine what new scheme of murder Villa had woven. But they were all in the dark as to details, including Colonel Garza, who was acting for Villa.

As the reader already knows, the plan was that the military governor of Gomez Palacio should arrest Obregon there and have him and his companions shot at once.

As the train drawing near was within an hour of Gomez Palacio one of the officers informed Obregon that a train was advancing toward them in the distance. Once more the nerves of the little band were on edge, and the all-important question became pressing, What attitude should they take? Suddenly both trains slowed down and halted at a distance of some hundred yards from each other, and it became known at once that the train in front had been sent from Torreon by Generals Benavides and Robles, and that two officers on board carried a safe-conduct for the party. Obregón had won the sympathy of his enemy's officers so completely that they abandoned Villa and risked their lives to save him.

Such was the end of this thrilling adventure, which had brought Obregón and his

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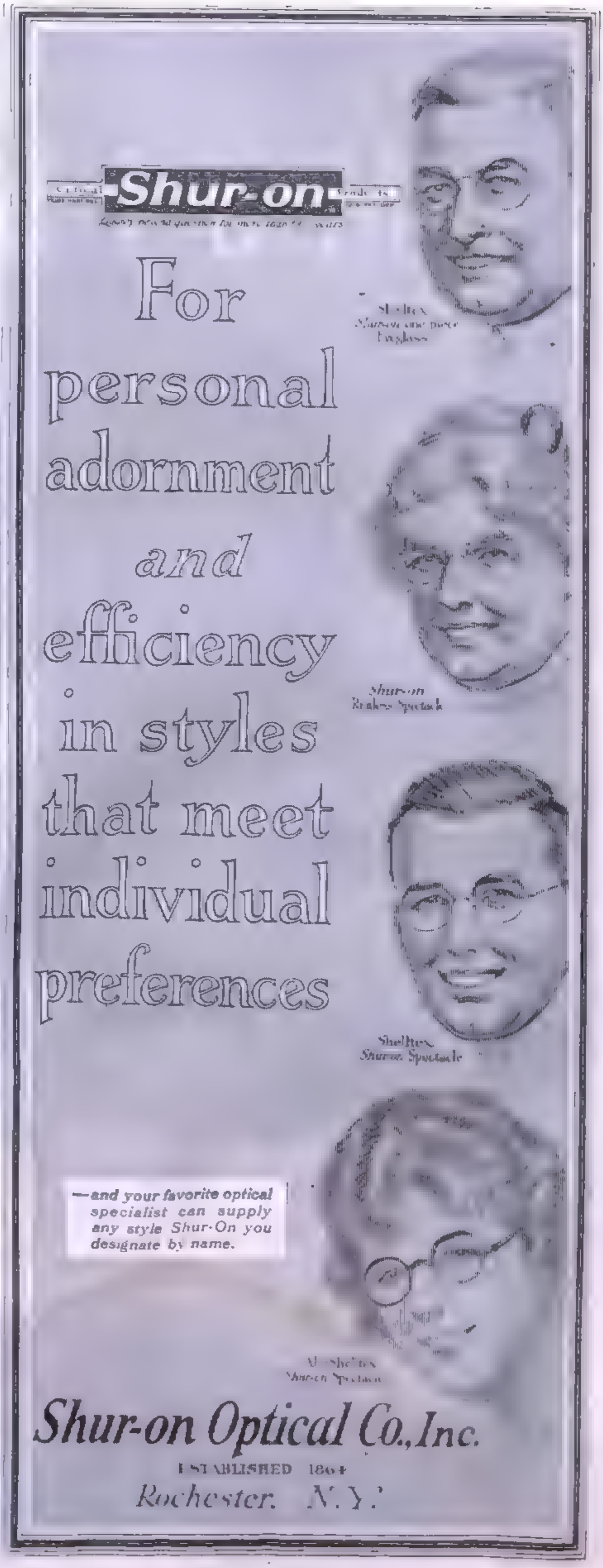
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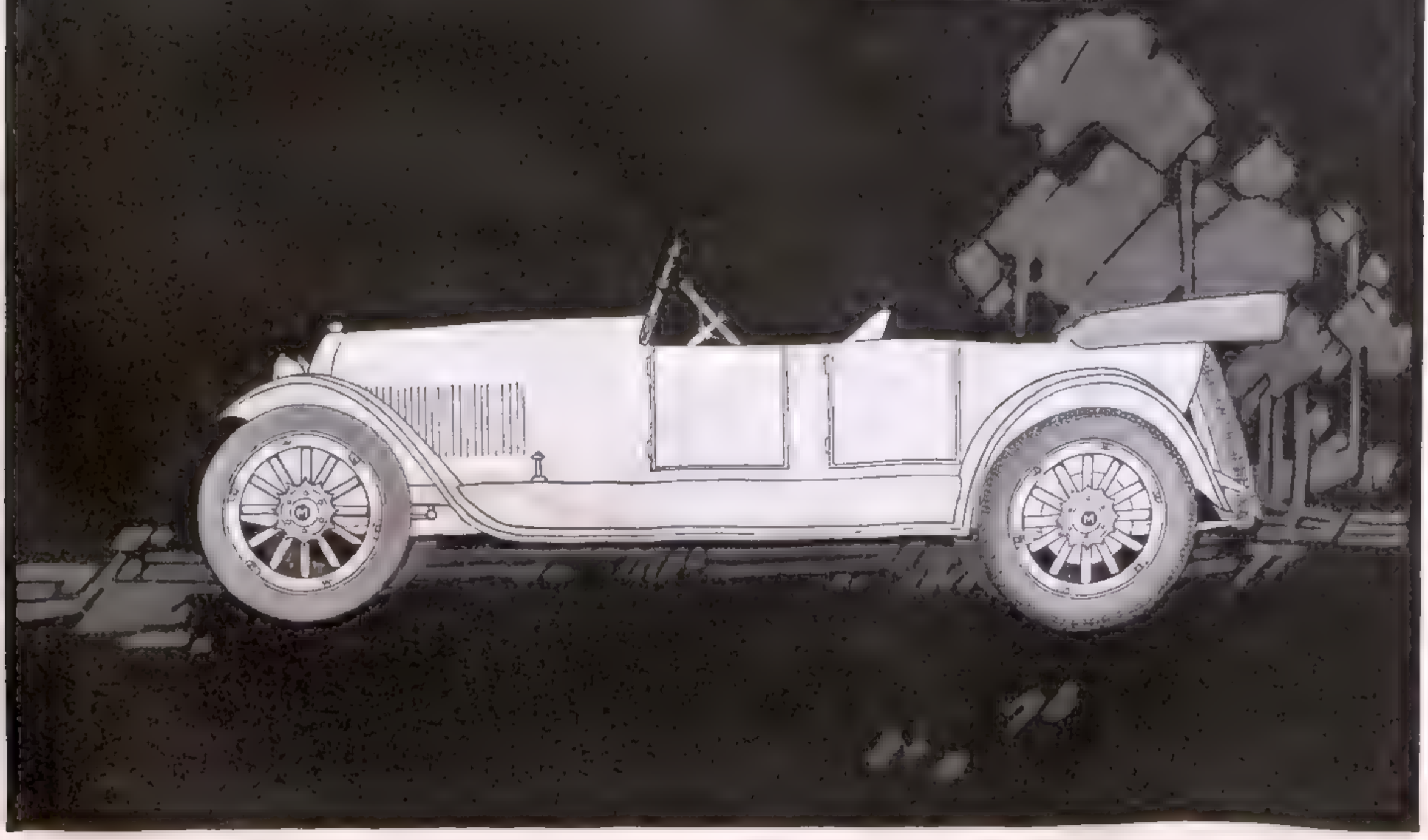

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friends so near to the jaws of death that the newspapers of the capital, with that intelligent anticipation which characterizes them, published detailed accounts of their having been shot.

Throughout his entire life Obregón has been what is commonly termed lucky. As a younger man he often played games of hazard, and was almost invariably a winner. In fact his luck ran so steadily that on one occasion the proprietor of a casino offered to pay him a certain sum every night on the condition that he should not play. Unlike some of Europe's famous statesmen, however, he is not a chess player; but the American game of poker, now so widespread in Northern Mexico, used to be his favorite pastime. He still indulges in it now and again on a long journey, and he almost always wins.

Perhaps the most remarkable escape which Obregón had from death occurred on the field of battle. The general had gone to the top of a tower on an estate known as Hacienda Santa Ana to watch the enemy's movements. Villa was bringing up his artillery toward the hacienda; and Obregón, who had none at all, decided to send his cavalry to hinder his advance. Having issued the requisite orders, he came down from the tower, together with a group of generals, and was within sixty yards of the trenches when the first grenade fell near them and was followed by others in quick succession. When distant from the trenches by only twenty-five yards a shell exploded in their midst, hurling them all to the ground. Obregón sat up at once and perceived that his right arm was gone. But what utterly dismayed him was an intense pain in the side, which led him to suppose that the shell had struck him there as well, and mortally wounded him. The great loss of blood confirmed this impression.

The Idol of His Men

Believing death to be removed from him only by an agony of a few hours, he determined to spare his friends that distressing spectacle. Accordingly, with his left hand he grasped a little pistol which he carried, pointed it to his left temple, and hoping to complete the work which the shell had only partially achieved, pulled the trigger. But by an extraordinary piece of good luck the barrels were empty. The pistol had been taken by Captain Valdes on the preceding day to clean, and it had not been reloaded. At this conjuncture a colonel rushed up, snatched the pistol from Obregón's hand and had him carried inside the courtyard, where the danger from the shells was somewhat less. Indian soldiers and officers, whose stoicism is proverbial, wept bitterly at the spectacle of their beloved chief, cut off, as they thought, in the flower of his age.

Obregón himself, and indeed his officers, believed that he was dying, and there was no expert at hand who knew better. At this time he was betrothed to the Señorita Maria Tapia, who was following his career with painful interest and growing anxiety. But all his thoughts were centered on duty. He called for his generals, whom he instructed to choose his successor, and he exhorted his staff to serve that successor with the loyalty and self-abnegation which they had displayed toward himself. He was then taken on a stretcher over an arid stretch of land under the scorching rays of a June sun, exposed to the enemy's fire. In the afternoon the amputation took place, after which Obregón received the various chiefs of his staff, listened to their reports, and on the following day he again began to issue orders as supreme commander of the forces. Four days later he traveled to León in his train.

It is worth noting that Carranza made haste to appoint a successor to the wounded chief, who at once apprised him that he needed none, as he was quite capable of continuing to exercise the supreme command.

In the army Obregón, the antimilitarist who to-day condemns war as immoral and characterizes it as savagery, rose to be an idol. His presence roused enthusiasm among the soldiers, who were ready to rush to certain death in response to his appeal, for he always took them by their best side and assumed that they were as heroic and devoted to duty as he wished them to be.

"Assume that men are what you want them to be and treat them accordingly. They will then rise to the occasion, and some of them will remain at the new level," he once said to me.

A striking example of the kind of officers he obtained is that of a young man of eighteen or nineteen who during the fighting was seen to court danger deliberately—wantonly, as it seemed to his chief—for wherever a man was struck down or a shell exploded he at once moved into the vacant place. At last he was called up and questioned as to the motive of his behavior. With tears in his eyes he explained that his conscience was torn asunder by two conflicting duties. He felt that he was fighting in a good cause and would therefore not leave it. On the other hand, his father was in the enemy's army, and in a couple of days the two would be face to face, and he could not fight against his own parent. Hence his ardent desire was to be dead before encountering his father's troops. His explanation was accepted, and a day or two later he was found among the killed.

Even children flocked to Obregón's standard and contributed their mites to his victories. On this detail the humanitarian, and indeed the average man, will dwell with profound regret or fiery indignation, that these little ones should have been allowed to share the hardships and face the horrors of such a ruthless campaign. And the biographer has neither justification nor excuse to offer for this unnecessary trait of the savagery termed civil war. But our reprobation should not prevent us from trying to understand how it came about that boys of ten and twelve were often found fighting in the ranks. It should be said that every Mexican army is accompanied by a host of women, the wives, married and unmarried, of the privates. It is they who cook the victuals for their respective husbands, dress their less dangerous wounds, tend them when sick, and make up as far as humanly possible for the deficiencies of the commissariat, which are formidable. Now some of these women have children who help their mothers, and occasionally a boy of ten or eleven, when relatively well developed, will seize a gun and fight together with his elders, and then remain in the ranks. In peacetimes, too, wherever there are soldiers, their womenfolk are with them. One of these children, a boy of eleven, named Gonzales, took part in several sanguinary encounters, and finally got to be known as the little general—*generalito*. He had one or two hairbreadth escapes, until at the Battle of El Resplandor his corpse was found among the dead. It was taken up tenderly and buried with military honors.

Heroes of Tender Years

With equal glory, if one can term it so, and with better luck, another little boy of ten, named Jesus Martinez, fought on horseback under Obregón's orders, saving his troops from defeat in one of the deciding engagements of the civil war. As usual, want of cartridges was the main cause of the precarious situation. Four battalions which had been holding strong positions suddenly abandoned them and went off to seek for ammunition. Obregón, perceiving this and also the easy task that now confronted the enemy, was driven almost to despair.

He at once ordered the reserve munitions to be taken to the front. But to get the men back was more difficult. He sought for his trumpeter, the only one he had been able to find, and little Martinez rode up and blew the familiar call until he was well nigh exhausted, while the general moved hither and thither gathering and shepherding his dispersed flock back to their places of danger.

"We should have lost the day," he remarked to me, "had it not been for that little child."

I have been to the place where this incident occurred and the walls of the houses, especially the factory, La Internacional, still show the disfiguring marks of the artillery fire.

Another characteristic incident in this lugubrious children's tragedy occurred at the Battle of El Resplandor, already alluded to. Villa's troops fought with unwonted fury. In five minutes his artillery fire had killed well over three hundred men, to say nothing of the wounded. When the engagement had terminated Obregón and his staff, while walking over the field of battle, came across a child of twelve, a regular soldier, who was digging a hole with his mattock.

"What are you doing here, my boy?" inquired the general.

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"I am making a grave for my father. That there is his corpse." And he pointed to a lifeless body in front of him. "But don't worry. He and I came here together, and I killed that Villist there myself."

In truth it was he who did it, and he triumphantly indicated the rigid form of an officer of the enemy's force whose life he had taken to avenge his father.

Those dramatic incidents in which children were the precocious actors had a touching parallel in the French Revolution, the student of which will not have forgotten the heroic death of the child drummer Barra, who, when offered his life by the Vendean defenders of the fallen régime if only he would cry *Vive le roi!* shouted *Vive la république!* and the next instant was shot.

But it was not only children who were drawn thus irresistibly into the headstrong current of the revolution by Obregón's charm. Everybody felt its magic power, and the minds of soldiers and officers alike were attuned to limitless confidence in his leadership, to faith in his doctrine, which came to them almost in religious guise, and to belief in their own power to achieve the most arduous ventures. Men undertook feats which appeared impossible of accomplishment and failure in which meant death. On the other hand, though accustomed to carry out the orders of their chiefs without vacillation or delay, they disobeyed them categorically, almost automatically, when they were directed against Obregón by some leader turned traitor. For example, on one occasion Gen. Lucio Blanco, abandoning the cause of the revolution, planned to entrap Obregón and put him to death. Blanco commanded two colonels to set out from the capital to a little town in the vicinity to destroy the railway over which Obregón had to pass, and capture his train and himself. But instead of executing these orders the two officers went to General Obregón, apprised him of Blanco's intent and asked for instructions, which they duly received. It was from like motives that certain other officers disobeyed their commander, Villa, saved Obregón's life and embraced his cause. In a word, he was the living incarnation of the revolutionary upheaval.

On another critical occasion, after a brief speech by Obregon, Col R. F. Noriega, who was in hospital with a serious wound, left his bed, together with a number of other wounded, and marched to the environs of the village, where they took their stand and fought with valor until they were all killed. Their heroic action, however, had its effect in disconcerting the enemy, delaying his measures for attack and enabling Obregón's forces to remove their military trains. Episodes of this character were frequent and inspiring. In the spring of 1913, Obregón, who at that time was only a colonel, during his campaign in the north, addressed his troops just before they were to make an audacious assault. Hardly had he finished speaking when a captain and four soldiers, all lying in bed with bandaged wounds, jumped out and besought Obregón to permit them to take an active part in the attack.

"I granted their request with pleasure," he added, "and their example fired the others with splendid enthusiasm."

A Desperate Situation

Those and a number of other kindred acts acquired for Obregón among malevolent critics the epithets of heartless and brutal. To refute such charges is almost superfluous. Though during a campaign he undoubtedly bent all his efforts toward the defeat of the enemy to the neglect of secondary matters, he never lost an opportunity of alleviating the lot of the wounded, the sick, and especially of the common people who took no part in the civil war. We have seen how at San Joaquin, when his reputation, his soldiers and his life were trembling in the balance, he refused to allow the village folk to leave their homes and join him. To offer this statement, however, is not to justify everything he did in the heat of war. On that subject there can be no two opinions.

Another incident illustrative of his fellow feeling—an incident known only, besides the general himself, to one of his faithful companions, who narrated it to me—is well worth reproducing.

It happened at a moment when the fortunes of the revolution were at their lowest ebb. Villa was advancing steadily without encountering any serious obstacles. He had taken the city of León, and was moving triumphantly southward. Obregón's troops were on short rations. Their munitions were giving out, and the supplies on the way were cut off. The telegraph wires to the south were severed. There was no combustible for the trains. Obregón had taken guides who led him over a scorched plain to the edge of an impassable ravine.

"We had to spend the night," he writes, "in a desert the aridity of which baffles description. The soldiers could not find a log of wood to burn, a mouthful of water with which to quench their thirst or a tree trunk to which to tether their horses. Never before had the enemy been favored by a more splendid opportunity to inflict upon us a complete defeat."

And never before were Obregón's soldiers or himself so close to utter ruin. Villa captured some of his remaining transports and his straggling soldiers. And to crown Obregón's misfortunes, he was encumbered by some thousands of men, women and children who had flocked from the surrounding villages to his camp for protection. Truly it was a situation calculated to drive him to despair.

A Man Who Has Suffered

Nor was that all. Scarcely a month had elapsed since his arm had been amputated and his other wounds treated, and he had been actively commanding his forces ever since. He was on horseback all day. The water he drank was muddy. His wounds had not yet cicatrized and were causing him agonies. He was unable to sleep at night. His nerves were all ajar, and for the first time in his life he gazed steadfastly at the grim specters of death, and worse than death—of failure. Athwart these dark clouds the one ray of hope that cheered him somewhat came from his favorite expedient, audacity.

"There is nothing for it," he said, "but to take the town of Aguas Calientes by assault. Rash? Yes, it is certainly rash; but it is the one practicable issue out of our straits. The ammunition will barely allow us to attempt it, and will not suffice for any other operation forward or backward. The troops are weary and worn out. To-morrow at noon we shall rest in Aguas Calientes or in bloody graves."

He had spent two nights of wretched watchfulness, racked by the torture of physical pain and moral anguish. Before lying down on the ground on the third night he called for his pistols. His old friend and schoolfellow, A., who slept at his feet, became uneasy.

"If the general's nerve should give way under the tremendous strain, who knows what he may do to himself?"

Accordingly he watched and waited. Everyone slept soundly on the plain but the sentinels, the general and the friend of his boyhood. Obregón kept turning uneasily from side to side. Then he suddenly sat up. A. did likewise.

"It is extraordinary," exclaimed Obregón querulously, "that I cannot make a movement without your doing the same."

A. made no reply, but remained in a sitting posture. Soon afterward the general tried once more to court sleep, but with no better result. Just before dawn he sprang to his feet and went out into the plain. A. followed him closely. Obregón gazed at the sleeping army. The faces of soldiers and officers were undistinguishable one from the other, all being the color of the earth. Then Obregón, turning in the direction of the rear guard, where all the unfortunate old men, women and children lay unconscious of their danger, exclaimed, "Look at all those defenseless who depend upon me for protection! I and I alone am responsible for their fate!" And two tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke.

"I have known Obregon ever since his school days," added the narrator, "and never before or after have I seen him weep. Those tears were the acknowledgment of his duty toward the civil population who relied upon him for their safety. At this moment General Pina woke, and I motioned him to come to me. I then asked him to call the doctor and get him a potion to assuage his pain and calm his nerves. Within an hour it was ready. The powder, whatever it may have been, was dissolved in water thick with mud. But the general was himself again."

At noon on the tenth of July, as Obregón had predicted, he and his exhausted forces entered the town of Aguas Calientes, and the severest crisis in the fortunes of the revolutionists had passed away.

In spite of the drastic measures which undoubtedly marked Obregón's conduct of the war, and of the unbending firmness with which he carried them out, it is no exaggeration to say that of all the army chiefs he was one of the very few if not the only one who, looking upon brute force as essentially immoral and an evil to be thrust aside at the earliest opportunity, displayed unmistakable marks of true generosity and a desire to exercise clemency whenever this was consistent with the pursuit of his main purpose. True, these symptoms may have appeared spasmodic to the outsider whose own glimpses at Mexican events were at best fitful and vague. But they were none the less real, and as time lapsed and the revolutionary cause triumphed it became more and more evident that he was a man of moderation, not of mere force. And the rising against Carranza, which resulted in his own triumphs, was characterized by a degree of clemency and conciliatoriness which is most unusual in popular outbreaks.

When traveling through the various states after the death of the ill-starred Don Venustiano I became cognizant of numerous instances of the humanity with which the victors, hearkening to Obregón's instructions, treated their vanquished persecutors. In the town of Carmen, for example, the new mayor, who had been made to suffer long and intensely because of his political connections, hindered the populace from lynching his enemies, had them conveyed in coaches to their homes and then pleaded for them successfully with the enraged people. Obregón's solicitude for the life of his ancient chief, his endeavors—fortunately successful—to reduce bloodshed to a minimum, and his generosity toward the vanquished are traits which bring out one of the best and least known qualities of the man.

Toward his friends his attitude has been as little that of his time and country as toward his enemies. Drawing a marked distinction between private friendship and public trust, he has ever sought to emphasize it with a corresponding difference. It is true, however, that in the army his personal associates were exclusively men in whose military qualities he could place implicit confidence, such as Generals Eugenio Martinez and Angel Flores, who, if I may be allowed to join my own impressions with Obregón's judgment, fully deserved this distinction. And like the Russian statesman, Count Witte, he has always listened attentively to the views of his fellow workers; but unless the grounds on which such opinions are founded appeal to him forcibly, he follows his own judgment. Thus he has oftentimes had to differ from and sometimes to combat the insistent counsels volunteered to him by his friends.

Playing a Lone Hand

In field tactics, for example, he introduced an innovation which was unanimously condemned, and yet was justified by the event. He was wont to place his cavalry in the rear instead of at the front. The solid reasons which he was usually able to bring forward in favor of any line of action which he proposed to take sufficed in most cases to convince his staff, but whenever they differed from him absolutely the result showed that he was right.

"I have sometimes had to strike out a course condemned in advance by all my friends," he once told me.

A typical example occurred in May, 1920, when Carranza tried to frighten him into crossing the frontier into the United States.

"I am going to Mexico City!" exclaimed Obregón.

"Then you are walking into a death trap with your eyes open," answered his friends.

Everybody argued with him, his family implored him not to go, in a word, there was not one person among all cognizant of his intention who approved it.

"I feel that it is the only thing to do and I mean to do it," replied Obregon. "Carranza expects me to quit the country, and his plans are based upon that. He cannot imagine that I would dare to come to the capital. Well, I will give him a surprise that will disconcert him and upset his tactics."

Another example of this independence of judgment was given at the Battle of Calaya, where the enemy disposed of forces several times more numerous than those of Obregon. The fortune of war seemed for a time to have abandoned him. Two thousand losses were reported to him, and his staff were of the opinion that the best move to make would be the withdrawal of the forces to Querétaro. Obregón demurred.

"We must go on fighting," he added.

"Well, but if Villa continues to punish us as he has been doing, there will be none of us left. And then?"

"Then we shall have discharged our duty to the full—not before."

So they kept up the fight, which terminated in a complete victory for Obregón.

One of the many charges preferred against Obregón is that of personal ambition. The reader will have noticed that in the early part of his career there is not a trace of it to be discovered in his acts or words. He rejected an offer that was made to him to become deputy and rise to power by that route. He refused several offers of the presidency of the republic which came from Villa, whom he visited in the latter half of the year 1914 in the city of Chihuahua. Carranza had just entered the capital in triumph. People began to breathe freely in anticipation of quiet times. All that was needed to establish them was the assent of Villa, who seemed likely to play the part of Achilles sulking in his tent. Obregón tells the story thus:

"After having chatted a while, Villa said: 'Now, look here, pal! If you had come to this place with troops a good deal of powder and ball would have passed between us. But as you have come alone you have no grounds for misgivings. Francisco Villa will not turn traitor. The destinies of the country are in your hands and mine. United, you and I would dominate the country in less than a twinkling, and as I am a gray, obscure man, it is you who will be the president.'

"My situation had become delicate. All I said to him was: 'The contest is over now. We need not give our thoughts to war any more. At the next election that man will rise to the top who has acquired the sympathies of the majority.'"

A Big Task for a Big Man

Several times subsequently Obregón had it in his power to seize the reins of government. But however attractive the prospect, it never lured him into an act of disloyalty or vacillation. In these respects he was without fear and without reproach. To Carranza he was as faithful as a henchman to his liege lord until that president turned his back upon his own solemn obligations. On one occasion an arrangement was come to by Obregón and others for the purpose of composing the differences between Carranza and Villa, the tenor of which was that Carranza should resign the post of First Chief and Villa his command of the army of the north, and that General Gutierrez should be nominated provisional president of the republic. Carranza, however, refused to abide by this decision on the ground that Villa's promises were worthless. Then Obregón spoke out with his usual *franchise* and said to Carranza:

"I, sir, was one of those who voted in the convention for Gutierrez as provisional president of the republic, and I now feel obliged to redeem my promise, and if needs be to seal it with my blood. If Gutierrez abandons Villa, and if Villa leaves the country, I shall have no choice but to recognize Gutierrez."

That was the spirit which actuated Obregón's every public act. It may well be, and for my part I firmly believe, that in the course of time Obregón discerned that his own political ascendancy was an indispensable postulate of the success of the revolutionary cause. If so, his conclusion is in harmony with all the evidence available, and there is surely nothing reprehensible in a man's conviction especially when borne out by the judgment of his fellow men—that he is as necessary to the stabilization of the new order of things as he was to its inauguration.

Mexico has a task of tremendous difficulty, of extreme delicacy, to attack; and there is no man in the republic who possesses anything approaching Obregón's qualifications to grapple with it. Is it to be supposed that with his acumen he is the only one to be unaware of the fact? Some men's psychic and mental workings are so complex as to elude analysis. The bewildering cross play of their unconscious tendencies and deliberate acts disconcerts general judgment. Obregón is not one of this category. He holds too tenaciously to the guiding thread of reason, and is far too impatient of vacillation to rank as a Hamlet nature.

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GASOLINE GUS

(Continued from Page 11)

like it does. I had all of that I wanted fifteen years ago."

"That's so—I done forgot. They got a dry hole on your place, didn't they, ma'am?"

"Yes; and it ain't the only dry hole they'll get in this county neither. Sally Jo, I thought you were fixing to help Miz Moore at the church?"

Every day the Booster published an announcement that Messrs. Schoonover and Newberry were expecting the arrival of a driller and outfit, after which Lucky Chance No. 1 would be spudded in without delay. But for some reason or other no driller appeared. In the meanwhile they were selling a little stock—not much, but a few shares here and there. Lest public interest flag, Brother Newberry came out with startling interviews on the geological formations along Red River, connecting them with the most productive Oklahoma fields and the Tampico region in Mexico. Also, he submitted to tests of his oil finder. Blindfolded and at night, he twice located pools on the Gray farm, at almost the identical spots marked by sticks when he and his partner first visited the region.

As for Windy's Pride, no claims were put forward for it as a prospective producer. Don Rayburn had no intention of providing money for wildcat drilling; his proposition was a selling one pure and simple; and Gus could not have raised more than five hundred dollars to save his soul. They relied solely on their holdings' being adjacent to Lucky Chance properties.

Within a month it developed that some difficulties were in the way of work being started on Lucky Chance No. 1. Just what those difficulties were nobody could say for certain, but rumor was rife. The Booster reported that a conference had taken place between Messrs. Schoonover and Newberry, oil magnates of Oklahoma, and our esteemed fellow townsmen, Messrs. Rayburn and Hardin, from which important announcements might be expected.

They came promptly. Gasoline Gus' version to Sally Jo was: "Well, we've throwed in with them birds. They got the land where the oil is, it looks like, but Schoonover says they cain't put up any more money to develop new territory this year because they've got so much out already and money's tight. So me and Don are fixing to organize an operating company."

"Oh, won't that be grand?" exclaimed Sally Jo.

To the cashier's credit it must be conceded that he went into the deal with his eyes open and under no illusions in respect of his associates. Don rightly figured that in any dog-eat-dog transactions he could take care of himself, and though he listened to Mr. Schoonover's explanations and argument with a half sneer he showed himself ready enough to talk turkey, and they agreed to combine. The capital stock of the new company was comparatively modest—only one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Immediately after this arrangement was entered into the shares found some sale in the town. Practically all of Rayburn's friends and associates took some, and through his influence agents were able to dispose of considerable throughout the county. And a driller, with outfit and a gang of roughnecks, finally arrived in Windy City and were conveyed in trucks to Red River bottoms.

Lucky Chance No. 1 was spudded in, and speculation speeded up. But Gasoline Gus betrayed a strange slump in enthusiasm the next time he happened to meet Sally Jo at the corner of the square and Main Street.

"What's the matter?" she inquired. "You look like you'd lost your best friend, Mr. Gus."

"Shucks, them fellers make me sick, and that's the truth, Sally Jo."

"How come?"

"They've decided to give half of all they make to an orphanage or something," he answered disgustedly.

"Oh, isn't that fine of them? Why, I call that grand, Mr. Gus. The Kincaid Orphans' Home has wanted a new building for ever so long, and now maybe they can get it."

Gasoline surveyed her with a sort of tender pity. "Do you suppose them highbinders mean it? Bless your li'l' heart, Sally Jo, they're just doin' this for luck—that's all. It's a sort of tin-horn gambler's trick, like a dog-gone scoundrel might give a bunch of money to a church hopin' to get by Saint Peter with a lot of meanness."

"But don't you reckon they'll do it, Mr. Gus?" cried the girl, aghast and incredulous.

"Maybe they will and maybe they won't: I wouldn't bet either way. But it's easy enough to promise when you ain't got nothing. Don Rayburn fell for it too. But that ain't the way I play the game. Orphans' home! Why, them two four-flushers would bust a baby's bank if nobody was lookin', Sally Jo."

Drilling operations went slowly, with many interruptions, due to breakdowns and exhaustion of the treasury. Each time Don Rayburn and his friends had to replenish the coffers, and the cashier was rapidly becoming fed up on the proposition. Then on a morning word reached Windy City that the Bull Creek Company had quietly bought up leases five miles east of them and were about to spud in. This looked like real business; a concern such as the Bull Creek seldom did any wildcatting without knowing what they were about.

"Let's go!" cried Rayburn. "We've got to protect ourselves."

Accordingly he and Gus started out at noon along the road to Red River. As they were clearing the town they espied ahead of them a flivver. In it were Lee Fuller, a cashier of the Nelson County State Bank, and Charlie Hawes, who owned the Boston Store.

"They've heard of it, too!" exclaimed Don, stirred by the sight of his competitor. "Step on her, Gus. We've got to beat them there if we bust."

The two cars leaped forward as though at a signal and drenched the fields with red dust for miles. At a fork where a road branched off to Ringer, Gasoline took the turn to the right.

"It's rougher, but it's a short cut, and maybe I can beat 'em to the crossroads," he shouted above the clangor of the motor. "If we do, just let 'em try to pass me—that's all."

They catapulted off outcropping roots; they plunged into yawning holes; the flivver leaped from peak to peak of the road's rises, and plowed through stretches of seemingly bottomless sand. Gus never hesitated or wavered, but held its nose in the ruts and fed it gas in spurts.

"There they come!" yelled Rayburn as they sighted the crossroads. A fairly level stretch lay before them. Gasoline stepped on the throttle, and the car careened wildly.

"We can't make it!" the cashier exclaimed, panting from the strain.

"Neither will they."

They could see one of the other car's passengers leaning forward from the back seat to encourage the driver. And suddenly the crossroads was fifty yards ahead and both cars were tearing for the intersection on even terms.

"Stop her! Stop!" shrieked Rayburn. "We'll bump."

"Stop nothing!" replied Gasoline Gus, and threw her wide open.

A vision of a leaping monster on their left, of frantically waving arms; hoarse shouts of warning. Then a thunderous crash, and Gus found himself scooting along a plowed field on his right side with eyes and mouth full of dirt. Slowly and painfully he picked himself up. Ten feet away lay Don Rayburn, gazing dazedly at the sky.

The flivver rested on its back atop the road bank, its engine still running and the rear wheels spinning like mad.

"Hurt, Don? Hurt bad?"

"No-o, I reckon not. What happened?"

"Come on then and help me to lift this ol' boat. She ain't smashed much, except the fenders and all the glass. Get a move on before they beat us to it."

He shut off the motor and, aided by the cashier, who had escaped with nothing more serious than a shaking, tilted the flivver down the slope and turned it over. The driver of the other car was already inspecting his machine. One of his passengers had suffered a cut on the head and knee, but appeared to be all right otherwise; the other sat in the ditch, trying to stop his nose from bleeding with a handkerchief. He was swearing with fervent, practiced fluency.

"All right," said Gus. "Hop in and let's go." He cranked the car and Rayburn sprang into his place.

"Hadn't we best wait to help 'em? Maybe they're hurt," he suggested somewhat belatedly.

"Not much we won't! They're all right. You couldn't kill that driver with an ax. And if Lee Fuller was hurt bad he couldn't cuss so good."

The supposition sounded reasonable and they went on, leaving their victims to take care of themselves.

"Gee, my shoulder hurts," remarked Gus presently. "Here, Don, you take the wheel."

Arrived at their destination he tested the injured member cautiously. "I cain't move it. Wow! That near drove me crazy then."

It was now up to the cashier to investigate. The result of his first attempt convinced him.

"Your shoulder's dislocated," he announced positively.

"All right. I reckon so. You go ahead and get them leases, Don, and I'll wait here for you."

Rayburn discovered that the reports received in town were substantially correct. The Bull Creek Company had made a location and some pipe and timber were already on the ground, but the derrick had not yet been started. Ignoring Gasoline's sufferings he went ahead on his mission and within three hours had obtained all the leases they required for protection.

"Well, that's done," he announced cheerfully. "Does it hurt much, Gus?"

"Like Sam Hill," answered Gasoline, his face twisted. "You drive going home."

Nevertheless, he was able to get about next day, carrying his arm in a sling. The town was agog with reports of the race and feeling ran high against Gus and the cashier for leaving the trio in such a plight. Experienced oil men pointed out, however, that it was every man for himself in the oil game and the devil take the hindmost, and this was the view to which Windy City speedily came round.

"You're so plucky, Mr. Gus," said Sally Jo, when she left a bowl of fried chicken at the lodging house where he roomed. "I think you're the grandest man!"

The grandest man flushed all over his freckled face and neck to the roots of his red hair. "Why, Sally Jo, you'd think I was an invalid or something! What did you go and do all that for?"

"I like to do it," replied the simple maiden. From there she went to the Sunday school at the church, whither she also bore much fried chicken. Otherwise her grandmother would most certainly have demanded an explanation of the day's doings. Good deeds are never in vain.

I forgot to mention that Sally Jo was twenty-six years old and bore a blameless reputation. Despite that fact no male louts had cluttered up the Banty porch or parlor in all the years since she left school. For though Sally Jo was highly esteemed in church circles in Windy City and was invariably cited by parents as a living example of the way to treat your elders, she batted less than .001 when it came to snaring a mate. Even Gus Hardin never thought of her except in a sexless platonic way; but, thank heaven, Sally Jo did not know it.

The rains and cold weather held off and drilling on Lucky Chance No. 1 progressed. Late one evening they got a showing of oil in the sluice pit, and by nine o'clock that night a messenger on a foaming horse had carried the news to Windy. The town blazed and surged and scrambled all night in an orgy of speculation. Reb Watton sold two hundred thousand dollars' worth of leases, and toward dawn was simply shoving currency and checks into a barrel with splendid tired indifference.

"Are you selling yours?" inquired Sally Jo in a confidential gurgle, happening to meet Gasoline Gus at the corner of the square and Main Street late in the day.

"I reckon not. If the well comes in like it ought, our stock should fetch fifty for one, Sally Jo; and it's only ten for one now."

"But aren't Mr. Schoonover and Mr. Newberry selling any of theirs?"

"Not so you could notice it. They're just as excited as anybody and are holding for a gusher. It's only the pikers, these here clerks and lease hounds and a few farmers, who're selling now."

"But what about the orphans, Mr. Gus?" Sally Jo's eyes were big with question.

Gasoline had forgotten the orphans completely. "That's so," he admitted ruefully. "I'll take it up with the others to-morrow."

The result of the conference confirmed his early predictions. "Guess what they've decided to do, Sally Jo!" he cried. "So many people put it up to 'em that now was the time to live up to their promise, they had to give something."

"Well, just so long as the home gets it."

"But they don't get it!" he burst out scornfully. "These birds have turned over shares in another company they've got in Oklahoma instead. And they ain't worth the paper they're printed on."

"And what did—you do—Mr. Gus?" she asked slowly.

"Shucks!" returned Gasoline, much embarrassed. "I'd kill a man for six bits, but somehow I couldn't cheat a bunch of poor orphans. So I've transferred half my stock to Kincaid's Home. Don, he come clean too. His wife done made him."

"Oh, you're so wonderful!" exclaimed Sally Jo, beaming tenderly on him.

He obtained some favorable publicity by this donation, but not half so much as did Messrs. Schoonover and Newberry. The Daily Booster came out with a story under a two-column head—and a two-column head was usually reserved for a presidential election or a visit by Joe Bailey—to the effect that these two eminent magnates, anxious to make good on their promise to give half their profits to some worthy charitable undertaking in Windy, had made a gift to Kincaid Orphans' Home of one thousand shares, of the par value of fifty dollars each, of the capital stock of the Coyote Gas and Oil Company of Oklahoma.

They were actuated in this step, said the Booster, by consideration for what was best for the home, because the real value of the Lucky Chance stock was still impossible of estimating, and the face value of the shares donated equaled the present market value of half their prospective profits in Lucky Chance. Hardin's and Rayburn's gifts were damned with faint praise in comparison.

"I bet that cost them a bunch of money—that piece," was Gasoline's comment. "And say, Sally Jo, you don't hear Doctor White praisin' their generosity enough to make a noise, do you? No; nor any of the other trustees."

"Well, don't you care, Mr. Gus. You've done your part, and that's enough," said the girl.

"It does give you a sort of warm feeling to endow a home," he confessed complacently.

In a gust of all-embracing tenderness he added: "Oh, but think of those dear little children!"

As he was returning to his room next afternoon Gus noted that the doctor's car stood in front of the Banty place and a group of neighbors pressed curiously round the porch and door. He entered the yard and made his way through them into the house. The parlor was empty, but in the bedroom beyond he could see the doctor and Mrs. Carlton and Sally Jo. She espied him and came out, closing the door after her.

"What's the matter? What's happened?" he asked, and she saw that he was white. At that she began to cry, her hands over her face, and rocking her body to and fro.

"Poor gran'ma fell off the back porch," she sobbed. "And she's broken her hip. Oh—oh—oh! She'll die. I know she'll die!"

They were alone. Without quite knowing why he did it Gus took her in his arms and kissed her. And Sally Jo clung to him.

"There, there, honey," he whispered brokenly.

Then he heard one of the neighbors cross the porch toward the door and stepped hastily back. When he found himself outside and homeward bound ten minutes later his head was in a whirl.

"I've done it this time, sure enough," he muttered ruefully. "Dadgum, I do believe she thinks it's settled."

Apparently it never entered Sally Jo's mind to put any other construction on the happening. When he dropped in next

morning and was for passing off their greeting with a clumsy handshake she held up her face and asked very simply: "What's the matter? Why don't you kiss me?"

As he walked blindly down Live Oak Street toward the square Gus kept repeating over and over, "I'm roped, throwed and hogtied. I'm roped, throwed and hogtied." But before he reached the bank his mood had changed, and he seemed more cheerful. "I might do a lot worse, at that," was his conclusion.

Very shortly he had other worries, which diverted his thoughts from the threat of matrimony hanging over him. Messrs. Schoonover and Newberry came panting into the bank, where Gus and the cashier sat poring over the log book of the well.

"Get the car—quick!" urged Schoonover. "I just got a telephone call from Uncle Harve. He says they're two feet in the sand and she's liable to come in any minute."

They tore madly for a garage and hit the road for Red River. Hardly had they drawn up on the bank above the well when it came in with a roar, blowing out tools and spurting oil halfway to the crown block. They watched the flow for two hours—it seemed two minutes to Gus—while men came hurrying from all directions, drawn by the news, which had been carried broadcast in the mysterious, marvelous fashion events get circulation in a thinly settled country.

"We're millionaires," said Schoonover at last. His tone was one of awe.

Brother Newberry, who was spattered with oil, having fairly wallowed in it in his eagerness, let out a round oath of exultation and then abruptly checked himself. Don Rayburn walked round and round, talking continually at random; he tested the oil by smell and evaporation from the palm of his hand a hundred times. One minute he announced it would grade forty-two degrees Baumé gravity; the next he had decided that was too fine, and it would test round forty.

"And she's flowing three thousand barrels if she's flowing a gallon!" he exulted. All three babbled promises to make the driller's crew rich for life.

Gus could not utter a word. He just sat on a log and stared at the wonder.

Meanwhile the oil was going to waste, as no tank had been provided, and the flow had to be directed as they best could into a hastily dug pit.

"Get her under control as quick as you can and then shut her off," Schoonover ordered.

"That's what I aim to do," replied Uncle Harve. He alone betrayed no excitement, perhaps because he had brought in hundreds of wells in his time—and was still poor.

Long before they reached town everybody in Windy had heard the tidings. There followed a general celebration and Schoonover hired the band to play in the square. Before midnight, however, bad news reached him. Called to the telephone he returned to Newberry and Rayburn, sitting inside the railing in the bank with their feet cocked up on chairs.

"I'm worried, boys. I don't like the looks of it at all."

They sat up with a jerk. "What's the trouble?"

"It's flowin' b. s."

They stared at one another in silence. "Oh, well," said Newberry after a minute, licking his dry lips, "maybe that don't mean anything. I've seen wells do that often, and clear up in fine shape."

"He said he'd call me later," remarked Schoonover.

A long silence ensued. Presently Gus joined them and they told him of the report from the well. Then conversation ceased and each man sat still, glumly pondering the imminent ruin of his hopes. Finally the Reverend Newberry hitched his chair forward and said in a low voice, "Maybe it would be wise to sell our stuff now, boys."

"Sure!" assented Rayburn, rousing from his trance. "Let's unload before anything happens."

"I'm afraid it's too late to do anything to-night. But we can try," Schoonover agreed, and they put their heads together to formulate the campaign.

Fortunately for Windy City citizens, the majority of them had gone home before the quartet could start selling, and among the throngs that still hung about the exchanges and square there weren't a dozen men who could have bought a fifty-dollar share. Only the idle and impecunious remained out of their beds to join in whatever excitement offered.

Next day the town learned that the well had been shut off until tankage could be provided and transportation arranged. What they did not learn, but what Schoonover imparted to the cashier and Gus with ashen face, was that Lucky Chance No. 1 had suddenly begun to flow salt water.

"She's ruined—done for. Uncle Harve says it was just a little pool we happened to hit, and he don't believe there's any more oil round there at all—judging by the showings."

Schoonover lit a cigar and blew great clouds of smoke in an effort to steady his nerves.

The four went into session in the directors' room.

"Well, there's one consolation," remarked Schoonover with a harsh laugh. "We know she's blowed, but nobody else does."

"That's the ticket," said Rayburn. "Let's go ahead."

But for some reason or other Windy City would not buy. The four were positive that neither Uncle Harve nor any of the roughnecks had disclosed the condition of the well, having been generously paid to keep their mouths shut; yet the people of the town and countryside displayed a curious reluctance to touch the stock.

"Any of us here been talking?" demanded Schoonover at their conference next night, glaring at the cashier and Gus.

"Not me," each replied.

"Well, we've got to agree not to so much as whisper anything about it—not even to our wives," he added with a vicious snap of his teeth on his cigar, "or sweethearts."

"Of course not. That's understood," replied Rayburn in some resentment, and Gus assented.

In four days of a selling campaign they got barely a nibble. No adverse press reports appeared concerning Lucky Chance No. 1, but the public held off, even the larger southwestern cities turning a cold shoulder to the proposition.

"Well," said Schoonover with his hard laugh, "I reckon it's got to be New York then. They'll bite on anything."

The suggestion was accepted. It was agreed that their holdings should be pooled and one of them should make a trip to the metropolis to unload them.

"That's the very job for you, Rayburn," declared Schoonover.

"Who? Me? Not on your tintype!" answered the cashier. "I can't afford to do it, with my connection with the bank. It'd look fine for me to be peddling round bum oil stock, wouldn't it?"

"Why don't you go yourself, Schoonover?" Gus inquired. "You've had lots of experience."

"Couldn't think of it," was the firm reply. "That's flat. I can't afford to leave just now."

Despite warm urging he persisted in this decision. Neither would Brother Newberry entertain the suggestion. Both showed a settled determination not to visit New York.

"Let's send Gus!" cried Schoonover. The cashier exploded into a laugh, which he quickly checked. "He's the very man," added Schoonover. "A live wire like him would make a hit with them New Yorkers."

After some further parley this step was agreed to, Gus making it very clear that he didn't intend to spend any of his own money for the trip and they would have to allow him at least four dollars a day for expenses. "I'd ought to stop at a first-class hotel on business like this," he pointed out.

"Agreeable," said Schoonover, and the two others assented as hastily.

"And now about the price?"

"Just do the best you can," they told him.

"Cash?"

"Of course—if you can get it. But any sort of proposition that looks good to you will suit us. The stuff isn't worth ten cents a share."

Having made careful note of these stipulations, Gasoline had each man sign the memorandum. He trusted his two Oklahoma associates about as far as he could have thrown a steer uphill by the tail, and had no intention of giving them a loophole to go back on any transaction he might make.

"I've got to go to New York to-morrow," he told Sally Jo with a magnificent nonchalance; "on business."

(Concluded on Page 82)

Douglas Fir
Northern White Pine
Idaho White Pine
Western Soft Pine

Western Hemlock
Washington Red Cedar
Red Fir and Larch
Norway Pine

WHAT THIS TRADE-MARK MEANS TO THE LUMBER USER

WHEN the Colonists first built their homes in New England, they cut and sawed their own lumber. They knew the wood they were using. They selected it carefully.

Much of their work endures today. Wooden dwellings, barns, wharves, warehouses—two hundred to three hundred years old—models of simple architecture and still serviceable.

Yet modern-built houses in these same communities oftentimes last only a few years. Men point to the contrast and say that lumber is not what it used to be.

The good lumber is here today in just as available supply as it has ever been. But discrimination in choosing it for the particular purpose it is to perform is not what it used to be.

There are 46,000 saw mills in the United States, large and small—each working the wood of its locality. This lumber is shipped into an open market, many kinds and numerous grades of each kind.

If a man buys *just lumber* he may get anything but the one thing that best suits his purpose.

Here we see the reason in its simplest form for a real service to the lumber user.

As substantial factors in the lumber business, the Weyerhaeuser people want you to think more about the wood you use.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public any desired information as to the qualities of different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether it is a kind we handle or not.

What we advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood in its proper place.

Think what this means to a great industrial concern which buys 10,000,000 feet of lumber at a time.

And no less for the farmer or home-builder, buying anything from a single board or scantling to the lumber for a residence complete.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on their product. You can see it for yourself at the lumber yard or on the job after it is delivered.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States.

(Concluded from Page 80)

"Oh, Mr. Gus! And gran'ma's worse."

"She'll get all right, honey—don't you worry."

"No," answered Sally Jo solemnly. "She'll never get well. I feel it in my bones she's going to die. At her age she can't get over it. Think—she's seventy-six."

"I'll hurry back," he promised.

Sally Jo gazed sullenly at the floor, tracing the pattern of the rug with the toe of her shoe.

"I wish you'd never gone into this ol' oil business, anyhow," she broke out.

Gasoline laughed and patted her shoulder awkwardly. "Why, you mustn't talk that way, Sally Jo. We'll get out of the woods soon, and some day I'll buy you a flock of di'monds and a coupla limousines."

"I hate diamonds!" retorted the girl passionately. "And I'd far rather have a side car. You see more."

"You do, sure enough," he assented.

"Besides, if we're rich you'll have to be away so much, and there'll be so much to look after. I'll never have you to myself. Oh, Mr. Gus, couldn't you get the garage back again? Let's be poor."

Gasoline, who hadn't a cent to his name in the world, and owed eleven hundred dollars, answered loftily, "You talk awful foolish, Sally Jo."

"Maybe I do, but I'm so worried, Mr. Gus. And here, with all the money you're supposed to have, you don't seem to be a bit better off. Is Lucky Chance as good as they say it is? I heard to-day it was worth twenty for one."

This was a poser, but Gus remembered the pledge to his confederates.

"I'd take fifty for one for my holdings," he replied guardedly, and enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing a slow wondering smile spread over Sally Jo's face.

"Oh, isn't that grand?" she murmured.

His first letter from New York was jazzy with exultation. He was stopping at a swell hotel on Sixth Avenue and he had met up with some big bugs in the financial world—they were real magnates and wouldn't let him spend a cent. It was just an accident that he had met up with them, you might say, and couldn't happen again in a hundred years. One of them was passing through the hotel lobby to buy a cigar and dropped a letter out of his pocket. Gus had returned it to him, and they had struck up a conversation.

"Right away it come out that they was oil men, too, and just the kind I wanted to hook up with. And they're sure-enough magnates, Sally Jo. I've seen their office and it's a wonder. And they know all the big fellers, like Rockefeller and Schwab and the rest. Only yesterday Harry—his name is Harry Ray but he told me to call him Harry—showed me a letter from Mr. Schwab. It started off 'Dr. Harry,' and was signed just 'Charlie.' What do you know about that?"

He was so busy with his new-found friends that he barely glanced over a letter from Sally Jo. All it said was that her grandmother seemed worse; but, no—there was a postscript, and therein Sally Jo mentioned that a strike had been made on the property of the Coyote Gas and Oil Company of Oklahoma, and the trustees of the Kincaid Orphans' Home had been able to sell the stock donated by Mr. Schoonover and Brother Newberry for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. "And they say neither one of them has got a share of it left."

Gus howled with delight over this and started to tell his friends about it, but abruptly realizing that the narration might prejudice them against the promoters of Lucky Chance, switched in the middle and ended lamely.

His second letter to Sally Jo was not so exuberant. It appeared that the New York magnates blew cold on the proposition. They considered that the stock might be all he said it was, but they already had more irons in the fire than they could conveniently keep going, and their idea was to act as agents for Gus in selling Lucky Chance.

"Of course we don't want that. Harry said something to-night about a trade, and maybe that's the way we will fix it up. I can make any sort of deal I've a mind to. I got Schoonover's and Newberry's and Don's signatures to that."

Sally Jo did not understand in the least why he should be anxious to sell Lucky Chance if it was worth fifty for one, and Gus had certainly not told her that this was his mission, but reflecting there were so many things in business she did not comprehend, she dismissed it from mind. Two days later she poured out her heart to him in a long letter blurred and blotted with tears. Her grandmother was dead. Couldn't Gus come home? She needed him.

When Gus received this he was tempted to board a train; things were not moving to suit him, and he had been thinking tenderly of Sally Jo all afternoon. That's just like a man. The blighter is apt to keep cheerful and carefree so long as he has plenty to occupy him, but the minute he is left to loneliness or troubles mass round him he feels a longing for a woman's sympathy.

His New York cronies had strangely neglected him for forty-eight hours. This may have been due to disappointment, or to Gasoline's reluctance to dispute with them for the privilege of paying the restaurant bills, or to the fact they had already heard most of his stories. Whatever the reason they had not come near him, and inquiry at their offices elicited the information that they were out of town. However, he could not return to Windy with nothing accomplished, and accordingly wrote a letter of comfort to Sally Jo, promising to grab the first train out as soon as his business was completed.

He was in New York another two weeks. From the tone of his letters she judged that his enthusiasm for the big town had begun to wane and he was homesick. The longer he stayed away the more tenderly he thought of Sally Jo. And it did not diminish that tenderness a whit when she mentioned casually in one of her letters that Mrs. Banty had left her the two hundred acres of black waxy farmland near Happy Grove.

"New York's all right," he wrote, "but give me dear old Windy every time. I like a place where you can sit out on the sidewalk and lean your feet against a post. Besides, where could you go fishing in New York? And you never see a duck from one year's end to the other, you might say, except in a restaurant."

One night the nine-ten Katy deposited him at the Windy City depot. He went straight to the bank to report, having advised Rayburn of his coming.

"Well?" queried Schoonover impatiently. Both he and Newberry wore a harassed air.

"I done the best I could. They wouldn't pay me any money for it, but I traded it for a A-1 stock," said Gus wearily.

"What stock?" snapped Schoonover.

"The Golden Flood. I looked it up, and it's all right. Worth half its par value."

The cashier emitted a long sigh of relief, but Schoonover jerked his chair forward and, thumping the table with his fist, cried: "Which Golden Flood? There're two companies. The Oklahoma one is O. K."

"Two?" repeated Gus dazedly. "I never knowed that. This is the Golden Flood of Arizona."

And then Messrs. Schoonover and Newberry burst out on him. "You fathead!" said the former, after he had exhausted himself in abuse. "Why, I sold that stock up there myself! Was one of these guys named Ray? Sure! I thought as much."

At that Rayburn leaned back and laughed wildly. "We're cleaned, sure enough. Why, even those leases we risked our fool necks for, Gus, ain't any good. The Bull Creek crowd've pulled their pipe and drifted." Then he abruptly grew solemn.

After a minute Brother Newberry caught his associate's eye and nodded meaningly. Schoonover returned the nod.

"Well, I reckon it's all over but the funeral," he remarked. "We're going to drag it out of here on the first train. There's nothing more for us in this hole, so far's I can see."

"You won't get sore if I don't send flowers?" replied the cashier.

The pair hired a flivver to take them to the junction the same night, where they caught the flyer southwest. None too soon, for a tall, lank stranger in a wide black-felt hat stepped off No. 8 next morning and made urgent inquiries for them.

"What've they been up to?" demanded Rayburn, instantly divining trouble.

"What haven't they been up to? I've got a Federal warrant for both, and they're wanted in New York State and in Oklahoma."

"But the parson?" protested the cashier. "Surely he ——"

"If he's a parson," answered the detective, "then I'm an archbishop. That bird used to run a roulette wheel in New Orleans. His real name's Johnson."

By the time the conference at the bank was over it was too late for Gus to call on Sally Jo the night of his return, but he appeared at the Banty home before nine next morning. The meeting was as ardent as could have been desired. He was crushed and dispirited, and in such a mood a man is naturally soft.

"And now," said Sally Jo with mysterious importance, when they had calmed down and were sitting on the sofa, "I've got a surprise for you, Mr. Gus."

"Shoot. Let's hear it."

"You're not the only one who can make money. You don't need to look surprised. I've bought a whole lot of Lucky Chance stock."

"What?" yelled Gus.

"I knew it would surprise you," she said happily, "and that's what I wanted to do. Yes, I got Mr. Newberry to sell me all his for forty thousand dollars. And I sold the farm—they paid me two hundred dollars an acre for it."

Well, they are married, and the sound of the cornet is heard again in the land. During the day Gus drives a truck for the Kincaid Orphans' Home.

Why You Must Have Beautiful Well-Kept Hair to be Attractive

Illustrated by WILL GREFÉ

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness.

Beautiful hair is not just a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating people use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water; and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a turkish towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for children.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Your Hair Should be Dressed So as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones.

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a pug nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head, if you have a round, fat face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides, if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

Actual photograph of Gaulke Dairy Truck taken on one of its regular trips at 2 o'clock in the morning

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Tires Travel Farther On Them

In both day and owl service, eighteen hours a day, a Goodyear pneumatic-shod one-ton truck travels 1,200 miles each month for the Gaulke Dairy Company of Milwaukee.

During the night the truck is busy gathering milk from farms; by day it delivers dairy products to commission men in the Cream City.

Since this vehicle went into service, September, 1918, it has not missed a single trip, and it still wears its original Goodyear Pneumatic rears.

In spite of rutted rural roads and uneven pavements that mark the truck's urban route, the left rear tire went 25 months and the right 18 months on original air.

Conclusive proof of Goodyear Casing endurance, you will say.

Granted—but think what the tubes had to stand!

Their unflinching support made such service possible.

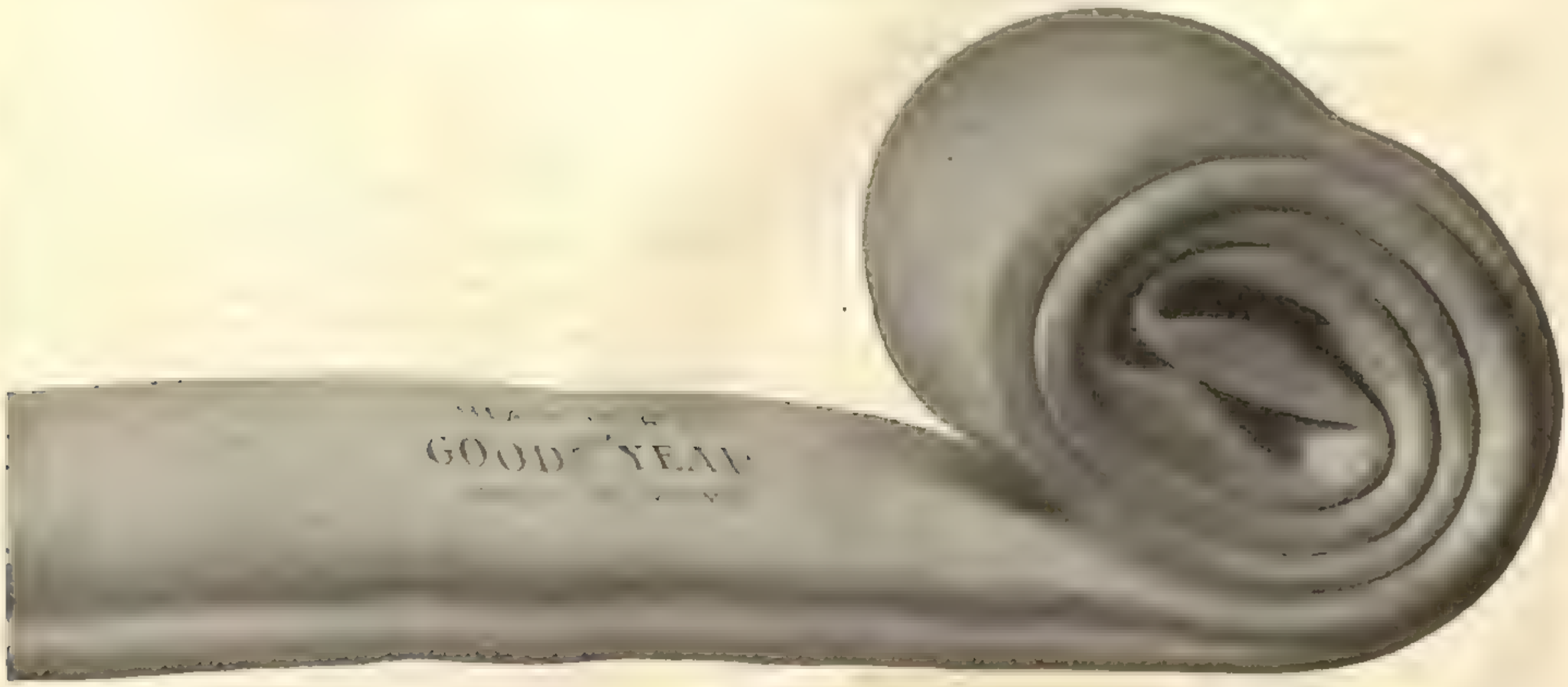
Out of sight within the casing's wall, the tube must hold air without fail no matter how severe the punishment inflicted by the road.

Built up layer upon layer, Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes for passenger cars, like the tubes we build for trucks, are thick and strong and each valve patch is firmly vulcanized in.

You pay no more for them than for tubes of less merit. Why, therefore, risk costly casings when sure protection is available?

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are packed in heavy waterproof bags. More Goodyear Tubes are sold than any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Offices Throughout the World



HEAVY TOURIST TUBES

· · · *and now* LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Try a good tooth paste

made by the makers of Listerine

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

OF COURSE you'll try it. The very fact that you know Listerine so well makes you want to see what Listerine Tooth Paste is like.

So it follows naturally that when the makers of Listerine offer Listerine *Tooth Paste*, you expect something very good.

It's like an old friend introducing a new one —with a recommendation. The Lambert Pharmacal Co. asks you to do what you always do under such circumstances—start the new friend on faith. Then make up your own mind.

That's fair, isn't it? In Listerine Tooth Paste we offer a good tooth paste—one that brings results. Not "miracles," but exceptionally white, clean teeth, and a healthy condition of the mouth—for the best scientific reasons.

For of course there are "reasons why." But are they ever necessary in an introduction between friends? You discover them yourself.

We assure you that we've used our forty years' experience to make a *good* tooth paste. We leave it to you to call it the *best*.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY ☆ *Makers of* LISTERINE SAINT LOUIS, U.S.A.

THE WAY OF CAPITAL

(Concluded from Page 9)

in the United States—except those in the northeast corner, which were more largely financed by local capital—had gone into bankruptcy at least once.

In other words, it was complained, the railroads, by which foreign capital had set out to dominate the resources of the country, had practically all failed. Local American capital had gone into the building of most of these roads to some extent; but that money had been, partly at least, it was claimed, returned to local capital through the benefit of the railroad to its locality; whereas with foreign capital there had been suffered a dead loss, throwing into insignificance the loss of 1837 and threatening to mount into billions of dollars.

The Dutch capitalists who had ventured modestly into the Northwest were largely wiped out there at thirty cents on the dollar by the famous raid of the grasshoppers, upon which the familiar Arabian Nights history of the Hill railroad group's fortunes was founded. The Germans suffered and lost in the Atchison, Northern and Union Pacific and other Western bankruptcies; and England's capital was cut down from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but especially east of the Mississippi. Realizing that its attempts of half a century had been in vain, foreign capital, following once more its immutable but as yet somewhat baffling laws, entered into its relations with its present agent, modern Wall Street.

The former cloth and commercial-paper merchants, who were then and thenceforth to constitute this agency of capital, had knowledge and expertness in the treatment of the problems of bankruptcy. Taking, then, the security holdings of capital, they started to sort out and reorganize American railroads into solvent enterprises. To do this they were compelled to secure considerable concessions from capital in general and from foreign capital in particular.

The means for building the American railroad, as is well understood, were secured, broadly speaking, from bonds—the underlying lien and mortgage which capital always exacted and received. These bonds, bearing, of course, a fixed rate of interest, had been piled on American railroads by capital and its railroad promoters to such an extent that they and their fixed charges in the best judgment of the security merchants must be reduced very heavily before the railroads could successfully proceed.

How heavily this was done is shown in detail by Mr. Stuart Daggett in his careful study of American railway reorganizations. In various ways the fixed charges which capital had imposed upon American railroads for their interest returns were cut down to amounts rising in the cases of large railroads to one-half and more of the former interest. The loss of foreign capital in bond interest in these reorganizations would average not less than one-third, and probably more when the losses of those who had sold outright were considered.

The Nation's Savings

The attempt of absentee capital to fasten its grip upon the continent had, then, failed; and it was in fact—following other unexpected developments—about to be replaced entirely by another capitalistic power which was already establishing its relations with the new Wall Street—the merchants of securities who were thenceforth to represent capital itself in the mind and imagination of the American people.

Now these men, as has been perhaps too often forgotten, are by their history and tradition not gamblers, but merchants. They will gamble on a sure thing—as, indeed, who will not? But their primary business is not transacted on the well-known stock exchange at the crossing of Wall with Broad Street. They conduct, day after day, year after year, a branch of American merchandising, the selling of securities—principally new issues of bonds—through an organization of makers, jobbers, wholesalers, retailers and peddlers of bonds, which is essentially not different from the organization of any mercantile business, and which now reaches out more and more to distribute its product throughout the country, both through its own agencies and the countless banks and trust companies and savings banks which now sell securities to their customers.

Modern Wall Street, then—as it was founded in the nineties—is essentially a merchandising institution, conducted largely by men of Yankee and Jewish antecedents and characteristics, who, in the business of making, remaking, jobbing, retailing and peddling securities, have established the permanent and familiar relations with capital concerning which the public has been so amply informed in the past twenty years. Other agencies—in the stock market—may make and unmake connections temporarily with great funds; but it is the security merchant of Wall Street and vicinity who makes the permanent and abiding connection of the corporation with the fixed capital.

The second great disappointment of foreign capital—after attempting for more than half a century in vain to accomplish this domination through the American railroad—has just been noted. But now, following the panic of 1893, a new development of capitalism took place. The United States having been so generally equipped with machinery, there began to appear in this country—starting in the East—the surplus capital seeking corporate investment which any student of Karl Marx would naturally expect. It appeared—as it apparently always must in new countries—in the hands of many people. And in particular, and in especially important amounts, it began to show in the old-age and death fund laid away by tens of thousands and even millions of persons in the savings banks and the life-insurance companies.

Life Insurance in America

To understand this let us touch for an instant on conditions in these funds at the beginning of this century. There were in force in 1900 more than fourteen million insurance policies, affecting the fortunes of, let us say, conservatively, forty million people, and incidentally controlling capital to be invested of a billion and three-quarter dollars. In savings banks there were some six million depositors, whose assets of a little less than two and a half billion affected the lives of, say, some fifteen or twenty million more. So, making allowances for duplication, disregarding fire-insurance companies and other types of banks, and recalling that the population of the United States in 1900 was about seventy-six millions, we can see what an extraordinary hold capital was beginning to take upon the continent and population of the United States, affecting intimately some two-thirds of the people through these two items alone. And this fact becomes the more significant when the long-time relations of these two institutions, the insurance company and the savings bank, to modern Wall Street are considered.

The larger life-insurance companies in America were given their start, as many know, by being a kind of adjunct to the drygoods trade, being used largely to protect one partner from loss by the death of another; and a great share of the obligations of the twenty-nine thousand policies issued by them in 1850 was due to this class of customers.

The largest of the companies were located from the first in the mercantile centers of New York near Wall Street. So from the first the ex-drygoods merchants of Wall Street were in close and natural relations with these institutions in their new business as makers and sellers of securities, in which so much of the surplus insurance funds were to be invested.

But with both these and the savings banks the Wall Street security sellers were also in the necessarily confidential relation of a trusted merchant with his old customer. As their business developed neither savings banks nor insurance companies were allowed by practice or law to invest to any extent in the more speculative securities known as stock, and so became more and more by necessity the customers of the makers and remakers of sound bonds who had reorganized and ruled Wall Street through the reorganization of the railroads, as agents first of foreign and now of American capital in its progress toward its present domination of the country.

The developing situation in which they and capital found themselves in and about 1900 was extraordinary and striking. In the decade previous to that capital had been accumulating in America to a remarkable extent. To take but two items, the capital in savings banks had grown from $1,550,000,000 in 1890 to about $2,400,000,000 in 1900; and insurance companies' assets from $770,000,000 to $1,750,000,000—the two together practically doubling their assets while the population had grown twenty-five per cent.

The accumulation of capital in other banking institutions was not less marked, and all the demand for the investment of this also, so far as it was made in capital's favorite instrument, the corporation, came necessarily to the honest, conservative security merchant in Wall Street.

Having noted this, having outlined the foundation of modern Wall Street, let us turn to consider the exact situation in which capital now found itself in the United States. We have seen how foreign capital, reaching out to grasp this continent through the medium of the railroad, had failed signally to do so—in spite of its own expectations and the prophecies of Mr. Marx. Not only this, but it had been cut down a good round third in the panic of 1837, while depending on the state bonds; and upon turning from that instrument to the use of the corporation under the American railroad promoter it had been cut down another third at least—more probably a half—following which it had come through the humble expedient of bankruptcy at last into its final well-known relation with Wall Street.

Now American capital, rising after this defeat so suddenly to supplant the capital from abroad—massed especially in its accumulation of death and old-age funds—found itself at the outset, as is still so well and poignantly remembered by its owners and managers to this day, in a somewhat changed situation, as may be seen by comparison of this with the experience of the capital which preceded it.

In Europe, less addicted by temperament to the use of machinery than America, capital had often become, as has been commonly noted by its students, too plentiful for its own comfort, and so sought continually new fields of conquest. In its projected operations in America it first secured or expected to secure some six or seven per cent interest on its bond investments in the American railroad. Much of this of course was never received, and it is more than doubtful if foreign capital, when its losses are considered, ever secured on the average even the current European rate from the American railroad. The exploitation of this foreign market, at least, was not so extremely profitable to English or European capital as socialistic pamphlets are apt to paint it.

And now when American capital began to assert itself, after the reorganization of American railroads by the merchants and reorganizers of Wall Street, it was shown at the outset on the highest authority that the return for capital in America had sunk permanently to the level of that in Europe.

Days of Easy Money

In the reorganization of our railroads, it may be remembered, one of the favorite methods of cutting down their fixed charges was to change five, six and even seven per cent bonds into bonds bearing three and a half and four per cent. And now, with what the financial press designates as the plethora of American capital pressing for investment, it was found by the bond merchant of Wall Street that capital would not only hold these bonds but would gladly buy new ones at the same price. Safety was greatly appreciated by capital after its hectic experience in America during the past seventy years.

First-class mortgage bonds of railroads sold readily on a return of three and a half per cent. But so great was capital's desire for investment in this period that second class and collateral bonds were easily disposed of at four per cent. They were naturally, therefore, issued by their Wall Street manufacturers and jobbers in great quantities as securities are whenever capital is plenty and the bond issues of this period being quite largely of the safe type as regards security of principal, which the law requires, were heavily bought, and still lie in hundreds of millions in the vaults of banks, savings banks and insurance companies to-day.

There was even at that time some difference of opinion over these securities among the men who issued them or caused their issuance. The late Mr. E. H. Harriman, whose relations with railroads, insurance companies and capital are so well known, was busy throughout this period in borrowing all the money possible for his railroad properties on the basis of three and a half and four per cent, at periods extended, when he could arrange it, to a hundred years. On the other hand, a high official of another great railroad, in telling why it was that his company borrowed money at three and a half per cent for only twenty-five years when he could have secured it at that rate for one hundred, explained that at the end of twenty-five years—in 1925—his road would undoubtedly be able to get money at a lower rate than three and a half per cent.

But whatever minor differences of opinion there might be, the general consensus of opinion of the bond merchants and great experienced leaders of Wall Street, as expressed at the time, was quite unanimous as against higher rates.

These were dark days indeed for capital in America. It had started with a return of seven per cent, received on an average far less than that, and had been cut down at least a third in its principal, with a loss of hundreds of millions of dollars.

Another Disappointment

In many ways, in fact, the growth of the power of capital in corporate form seemed less simple and unavoidable in actual practice in America than when brought out in the treatises of Mr. Marx or the various later well-known primers of socialism. Capital had been engaged some seventy years in rolling up such power by the greatest machine in the world—the American railroad. Individual capitalists—or, more strictly speaking, manipulators of capital—had indeed made enormous sums. But capital as a whole had lost heavily, and the best that it had been able to do for itself at the end of this protracted and precarious period was to secure finally an investment which seemed to insure in future the return of invested principal and the modest sum of three and a half and four per cent annual interest—which might soon drop to two per cent.

All this was sufficiently disappointing, but now capital in America had another darker and more remarkable suspicion—still more at variance with the prophecies at its birth. The new and more venturesome American capital began to realize that never, in spite of its hopes and plans and machinations, had the foreign capital which preceded it even possessed the instrument to control the wealth of the continent, which it had coveted from the beginning.

For the securities which represented its advances for building the American railroads were bonds, not stocks, and, under the American practice, at least, bonds had no control over corporate property except in case of bankruptcy.

The control of the stock of American railroads, which had this power, had been held first by the railroad promoter; and now, it began to be more than suspected, was in the steadier, safer, but perhaps somewhat harder, hands of the reliable old bond merchants in Wall Street. But never in any case could capital have control, through the means which it now held, over the railroads which it had built, except, of course, during the undesired period of bankruptcy, when the bondholders took over the property.

Realizing this distressing situation at last, disregarding the warning of Wall Street's ablest experts—calling, with the sad reiteration of the celebrated bird of Mr Edgar Allan Poe, "Never more! Never more than three and a half or four per cent interest at the most from now on!"—American capital, fulfilling its immutable but still baffling laws, now turned savagely from Wall Street and its sound, honest, law-abiding bond makers, and, still seeking the control of America, which the bond makers could never give it through the medium of bonds, plunged relentlessly from the beginning of this century into its well-known relations with Broad Street and the general market for stocks, the details of which will be considered in the next article of this series.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of four articles by Mr. Turner. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE FIRST

Back in 1888 something happened in Belfast, Ireland, that led directly to the development of a great tire industry and had much to do with making the automobile a practical possibility in later years.

The man who caused this extraordinary development was a surgeon named John Boyd Dunlop, and the way he came to do it is one of those interesting human stories that lie behind many of the world's great discoveries and inventions.

His boy, Johnny, rode a tricycle and its hard narrow tires wrought injury to the Doctor's lawn. From his desire to find something that would be easier on the ground as well as more comfortable for the rider, was born a crude but serviceable solid wooden wheel surrounded by a home-made rubber air-bag with a football tube for a valve. It was held in place by a strip of linen from an old dress of Mrs. Dunlop's, stretched over the tube and tacked on the wheel.

He tested this wheel, but was not satisfied with his first work. He started over and made a wooden rim for the tricycle and a new and better tire.

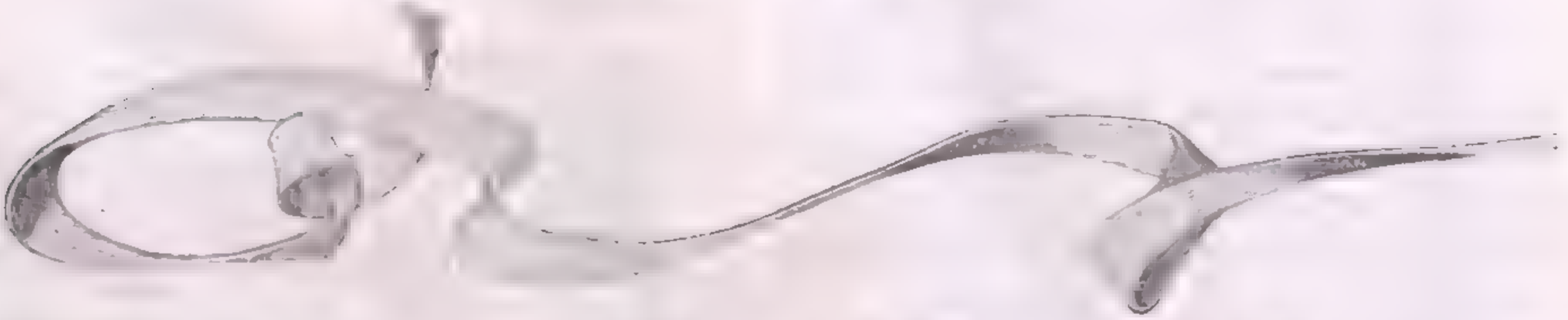
From that day there came in rapid succession the pneumatic tires for tricycles, bicycles, automobiles and motorcycles which carried the Dunlop ideas across the world, and made the motor car practical.

On Dunlop invention and Dunlop tire improvements was built a great international Dunlop institution that manufactures and sells tires in many continents and countries, owns its own vast rubber-growing plantations in the Far East, its own fabric-producing cotton mills, and numbers its employees by many tens of thousands.

It is, therefore, of more than usual interest that Dunlop Tires will soon be produced in America, by an American corporation, which begins business with an equipment of buildings, machinery and resources putting it among the largest of the tire-building companies of America.

The following pages will give you a glimpse at this new, yet old, factory in the progress of America's automotive industry.

DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
BUFFALO, NEW YORK



DUN

PNEUMATIC

LOOP

FOUNDING

D U N

AN INDUSTRY

Dunlop, pioneer of the pneumatic tire industry, is founding its business in America upon three outstanding advantages:

First, positive assurance of highest quality in tire construction, made possible by the knowledge and skill of a world-wide institution representing thirty-two years of experience in tire-building, beginning with Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tire.

Second, possession of ample resources in materials, manufacturing equipment and financial means—and the ability to use them. You need no further evidence than the scope and character of Dunlop international enterprises and the completeness of the great Dunlop tire-building institution at Buffalo.

Third, introduction in America of the Dunlop policy—a policy of mutual interest which, since 1888, has recognized an obligation to all who buy, sell or use tires—a policy which goes beyond the building of good tires to the delivery of continuous transportation service.

We have demonstrated our belief in this policy by designing and building only the highest grade tires—by constantly endeavoring, through research and investigation, to improve these tires—by so conducting our relations as to earn the good will of all whom we serve.

With these three advantages Dunlop is making available to the American public pneumatic and solid tires of established superiority, distributed through a dealer organization conscious of its responsibilities and its obligation to do more than act as a go-between in the sale of tires, and backed by an interested service which extends to the last day of the tire's usefulness, without any limitations of mileage.

The dealer who will sell Dunlop Tires selects us as truly as we select him because he believes, as we do, that he represents you and your interests to us quite as much as he represents us to you, and that your good will is his greatest business asset.

Dunlop Tires will soon be in actual production, and distribution through retail channels will follow. We will welcome the opportunity to discuss distribution plans with any responsible retail tire merchants who are interested.

DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

DUNLOP

THE PINK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 15)

If Only He Had Been Born in the Days When Rome Was Beginning to Decay! Sometimes He Thought That He Wouldn't Have Minded Being a Plumber Then

After breakfast he publicly assumed the suspenders and arm garters, exposing for the purpose the Sunday-clean white shirt, with its starched bosom, its separate, reversible cuffs, attached by patented nickel devices to the wristbands. The tinted elastic, against this background, impressed the donors agreeably.

"He looks stylish, ma," said Martha. "If he only had a mustache and whiskers——"

"Give him time," chuckled Walter, tugging at the swooping prong of his reddish mustache. "He'll raise one yet."

"They say shaving helps it get started, Lennie." George spoke scientifically. "You keep on scraping off the fuzz and you'll get bristles all right."

Leonard grinned meekly. The pleasantries founded on his hairless countenance no longer troubled him. In spite of himself he liked the look of his naked face better than an imaginary portrait of beard and mustache and whiskers more profuse than James Cadwell's own. He knew that this preference was more disgraceful than his contemptible facial baldness, and he kept it carefully to himself. His razor, regarded by the rest as a mere provoking agent, informed him that if he stopped shaving he might speedily luxuriate in the aspect of hairy masculinity, but he tried not to believe this. It would have seemed almost a duty to raise a beard, once he admitted the possibility.

He filled the new pipe under Walt's expert instruction and smoked it more successfully than he had hoped. It hardly sickened him at all! And while he smoked it he could not see it—was not expected to contemplate and admire its carved horrors. He discovered that its effect as a pipe was less distressing than its effect as a spectacle. But he was for once pleased when the time for churchgoing relieved him of both obligations in its direction.

James Cadwell always drove to church with his wife and daughter in a style suited to his position. Usually Leonard rode with them in the carriage, agreeably conscious of its soft cushions and distressed by the aroma which these persistently diffused. The steel tires clattered unpleasantly on the cobbles too. But it was better than walking, even so. He was therefore divided between regret and pleasure when Walter stopped him as he followed Martha toward the horse block.

"Come on, Lennie—walk over with me and George for a change."

It was a recognition of his manhood, so meant and so interpreted. Leonard had always felt his exclusion from the rough friendliness between his elders. Walt and George walked to church, arriving late and sitting in the free seats at the rear. He had envied them the privilege. The Cadwell pew was prominent, set so that it faced the pulpit from the side and exposed its occupants to the eye of the whole congregation. This publicity always embarrassed Leonard. He suffered self-conscious torments, imagining that he had forgotten some essential article of raiment; that he had failed to brush his hair, or omitted his necktie; that people were staring and laughing. And besides, the location condemned him to a ninety-minute view of the pulpit at short range. Ever since he could remember this had been a sore trial. The pulpit was made of curly maple, carved and fret-sawed into a wooden lace and brightly varnished. Every line and bulge of it was printed deep on Leonard Cadwell's brain, and he despised himself for hating it as he did.

A real man—a regular male human like his father or Walt or George—would have ignored such a trifle. Only a softy, a crybaby, a Lennie Cadwell, would let it hurt him.

His father's silence clearly giving consent, Leonard nodded acceptance and moved away beside his brothers. Their tolerance touched him. Even when their humor had been hardest to bear manfully Leonard had always regarded them with a timid reverence—thick-chested, bull-necked men with hairy wrists and faces, big, booming voices and a swaggering, pugnacious gait. Neither of them could conceivably be afraid of things—they were respectful toward James Cadwell, but perceptibly unterrified even before his wrath. Neither of them, thought Leonard, would be silly and weak enough to let unpleasant sights and sounds and smells hurt him as such things hurt Leonard. They were men—utterly and completely male—and as such objects of envy and regard, even when their aspect was most distressing and their voices rasped and rumbled in curiously discordant laughter.

Admission, even on sufferance, to their fraternity was a tremendous thing. For the first time his birthday acquired a definite value in Leonard's sight. Walt and George meant to treat him hereafter as in some things their equal. He drew his breath well down and stepped out bravely, puzzled by a change in their look and tone. Something furtive and wary, he thought—as if they were boys again and bent on mischief. Leonard had lacked heart for their enterprises in those days. Even now he felt an accelerated pulse. Something illicit was perceptibly in prospect—something in which he was to play a part.

He would have liked to escape; he could make up some excuse for going back to the house and join them at church, he thought. But he set his teeth on the thought of his majority and marched on, his inward terrors deepening with every step. He'd behave like a man for once!

They followed Alabama Avenue to its junction with Main Street, the direct route toward the church, so far.

But here, to Leonard's consternation, they turned and struck southward on Main Street, digressing at right angles from their course.

"Don't say anything back at the house, Lennie," Walt cautioned him needlessly. "The old man would raise particular Cain if he knew."

George laughed.

"No use tellin' Len to keep his face shut. He ain't lookin' for trouble with dad!"

Leonard's doubts multiplied. But he kept on, concealing his misgivings. At Hendrick Street they turned, passing the uncurtained windows of Guffy's Sample Room, through which Leonard observed the massive bar, backed by mirrors and decked with shining brass. Saloons always frightened him a little ever since he had fled screaming from a reeling laborer fuddled into clumsy playfulness. He still harbored an association of mysterious dangers with swinging doors and the shrewd smell of stale beer which issued from them. Walt and George, chuckling, turned into a narrow alley flanking the saloon. At the far end Leonard saw a wooden storm door inscribed with a playful legend—"Mike Guffy's Little Side Door."

He guessed their errand now, understanding at last the secret of his brothers' invariable tardiness at morning worship, appalled at the depth of their sin. Saloons were countenanced on weekdays by James Cadwell's creed, but Sabbath-breaking was a desperate affair, even for Walt and George. For Lennie —— The enormity of his guilt crushed him. He submitted passively to Walt's hand on his shoulder while George performed a complicated tattoo on the little side door. He passed beyond this presently to the cool, beer-smelling dimness of Guffy's big back room, where a dozen men lounged at small tables or leaned against the bar, and where a portly, formidable gentleman in shirt sleeves and long apron ministered expertly to thirsts which manifestly omitted to rest on the seventh day.

The three Cadwells ranged before this personage, who greeted the two elders with dignified reserve and rolled a thoughtful, appraising eye upon the third.

"Brother," said Walt. "Len, this is Mike Guffy. Any time you need a life-saver Mike's the boy to hunt for."

Leonard contrived a grin. Even with Walt and George at his flanks he was horribly afraid; afraid of Mike Guffy and his confidential customers; afraid of the drink he would have to swallow; afraid of James Cadwell and his terrible, righteous wrath. Harried and oppressed by fears, he submitted to Walt's authority, received a monstrous glass of beer from which an overflow of lathering suds was removed by an instrument resembling a ruler, carried it to the dirty little table which George selected. He sat with his back toward the room, a little comforted against one danger by the thought that there was now a diminished chance of being recognized by some fellow roisterer and denounced to James Cadwell.

"Ah-h! That's better." George drew the back of his hand across his lips. "Stand a dry sermon better with that under your belt."

Leonard felt the compulsion of his eye. He lifted the glass and drank, conquering a twitching upper lip. The sour smell and taste of beer always repelled him, but this new equality was too precious to be forfeited. The act required him to straighten, raised his glance from the table to the opposite wall.

Presently from vast distances he heard laughter and words. He shook his head impatiently, without moving his eyes. The painting, its heavy gilt frame shrouded in mosquito net, held him suspended in a magnificent isolation, remote from everything except the intoxication of beauty. Walt and George, the loud, red-faced men about them, the frowzy saloon, the yeasty smell of beer, all these had receded infinitely, leaving only Leonard Cadwell and a breathless understanding that the world held beauty; that other men had seen it and painted it.

There was a legend affixed to the frame. He did not need or notice it at first. The painting affected him only as a formless, permeating combination of colors. The slant of sun past marble columns, the splash of radiance where it touched still, lucid water, the glow of bright fabrics—he saw these first, becoming conscious of line and form only gradually. Even then there was no message. He saw only abstract

(Continued on Page 35)

The big gift for the big day

Treat him right! Dip deep into his Bureau of Thanks and Appreciation! Put across a holly-day-hand-out that rings the smoke-spirit of the celebration; that jingles joy into his friendly old jimmy pipe—a whole man-sized, he-gaited pound of Prince Albert tobacco in the crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top! *Register his speed snapping into it!*

And — such a glad-garbed-message of smokepeace and content! It's the loud tinkle on the Christmas tribute table! Its bright beauty draws the crowd! It tips the favored recipient that *he wins!* And, just the thoughts of cool, fragrant P. A. (our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch) tucked away 'til after breakfast will zip such an edge on his smokeappetite it'll be some task guiding his mind to the hot-cakes-and-honey!

By all means—give him Prince Albert, if you'd keep the Yule log burning cheerily and the mistletoe extra busy from sun-up 'til the curtain drops! For, P. A. is the happiest little old merry-maker of smokesunshine that ever wended its way into a pet pipe—Christmas or any other day! *And, he'll say it is!* And, that's what you're after!

Prince Albert is also sold in handsome pound and half pound tin humidors, in tidy red tins and in toppy red bags—wherever you happen to set foot throughout the length and breadth of U. S. A.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

For Mechanics *by* *Mechanics*

HERE'S a Ball Pein Hammer for a *regular man.* It will withstand the most crushing and pulverizing blows his giant muscles can throw into it. This hammer will increase his power and lessen his labor . . . a handsome, mighty tool . . . it's a Plumb!

Infinitely scientific care surrounds each process of making Plumb Ball Pein Hammers.

Steel that has demonstrated enormous power of resistance . . . that is tough . . . full of life . . . steel that must conform to the exact chemical formulae of our metallurgical laboratories is the raw material we use.

Scientific precision replaces guess-work in its progress through our shops. All heats are guarded by electric pyrometers. Consequently, Plumb Ball Pein Hammers all perform excellently and uniformly.

Design Suggested by Mechanics

To make hard work easier—the off-center head . . . so the solid smash of the blow is more terrific—no chance for head "wabbling"—a cone-shaped ball to "spread" a rivet, not to smash it—the oblong eye to permit a wider and stronger handle—these were all suggested by machinists . . . these are among the reasons why workmen declare of Plumb tools,

"They're worth more."

PLUMB
Scout Axe

Forged from a single piece of special analysis steel — bit tempered for a keen edge, hard yet tough.

Nail slot an added feature. Saves nails around camp where nails are scarce.

Handy campers' axe with leather sheath to carry on the belt.

Axe alone $1.50, with leather sheath $2.00

PRICES

Nail Hammer	$2.50
Machinist's Ball Pein Hammer	2.00
Automobilist's Ball Pein Hammer	1.75

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PLUMB
DOUBLE LIFE

Hammers Hatchets Sledges and Axes

(Continued from Page 92)

beauty, thrilling to it till Walt's hand smote his shoulder blade and Walt's hoarse guffaw woke him from his visions.

"You old rascal!" The tone struck Leonard harder than the blow. "That's a fine way to spend Sunday morning!"

Leonard came back to earth, his cheeks pricking with the heat of an agonized flush, the sting of his eyelids forewarning him of tears. His brothers, delightedly approving, exploded in laughter and remark. He hated them suddenly, as the significance of their comment came clear to him.

Roman Ladies at the Bath! He read the legend now, and tore his eyes free from the scene it identified, a little sick at the descent from clean heights to muddy depths. The innuendo of his brothers' teasing jests shamed him. He wanted to tell them that they were wrong; that his fascination had nothing to do with the subject of the painting; that its effect on his eyes and brain had been clean and fine, but their faces and their words restrained him. They would only despise him again, ridicule him for his softness, his sissy ways. As it was, he saw, they regarded his interest in the picture as in some fashion creditable.

"You can come back and see it any time," chuckled George. "But if we don't get to church pretty quick there'll be trouble with dad. Come on, Len."

Leonard stumbled out into the alley, his mind still intoxicated by the discovery. He knew that the Romans had been wicked people—memories of Sunday-school enlightenments in the matter of martyrs returned to accuse them. Sermons too—Rome had fallen by reason of her sins and weakness and luxury—baths, for instance, made of white marble and set with pillars and colonnades, where the amiable sun flooded in on winking pools which imaged walls and figures.

He hardly spoke during the walk to the church. He slunk into the pew after his brothers, afraid that his thoughts might be legible in his face. His eyes fixed on the painted back of the seat before him—pine, colored a muddy brown and grained in imitation of quartered oak by streakings of the painter's finger—he devoted the interval of the sermon to the arrangement of his disturbed thoughts.

The wicked, profligate, effeminate Romans had built their baths to be like that one in the picture. He endeavored to persuade himself that he did not envy them; that he preferred the manly, virtuous ugliness of the tin tub, boxed in painted pine match boarding, in the sunless cubicle at home. He was twenty-one. It was necessary to be a man now. He felt his cheeks warming with shame as he endeavored to suppress an ache of envy for those Roman ladies in Mike Guffy's big back room. Was he always going to be a sissy boy?

II

CERTAIN peculiarities in Leonard's character developed exceedingly early in his association with the Cadwell family. He himself preserved no memory of these affairs but the reminiscences of his elders enlightened him concerning them as he acquired consciousness of his individuality.

He had cried a great deal by way of beginning—not in the lusty, purple-faced fashion of the proper man child, but feebly, contemptibly indeed. These lamentations could be quieted only by diplomacy. Leonard would stop when someone sang softly, or when he was permitted to stroke the cat, or when the painted blinds of the bedroom windows were folded back and the sun came in through the drooping elm which almost touched the wall. His mother discovered that even during the difficult interval of acquiring teeth he could be pacified by giving him the heavy cut-glass stopper of the perfume bottle.

All of which, unimportant while Lennie still inhabited crib and carriage, served to confirm later evidences of his defects of character. James Cadwell, who needed a great deal of sleep, never quite forgave his youngest son for certain dismal nights; for the offense of frightened yelps before the spectacle of James' paternal grimaces between the bars of the crib. Lennie emerged from the hazy chaos of infancy upon a world already predisposed to suspicion and dislike. The process of self-education by experiment with impulses and the contemplation of their results merely fixed and hardened the family distrust.

Providence had been liberal with Leonard Cadwell in assigning parentage and birthplace. Of this truth his father was entirely persuaded. Lennie was lucky to be his son—all-fired lucky. And the boy's early attitude toward some of his blessings impressed his father as ingratitude verging on impiety.

The Cadwells were rich—among the richest people in Buxton. Long before Leonard's arrival they had felt able to sacrifice the old house on the square and build the new one, a mile farther out—the splendid new house which the newspapers styled a mansion. Three stories high it lifted its brick bastions and turrets to crowns of slate—slate in which a party-colored pattern had been cunningly introduced. Above the eaves a fringe of iron filigree bristled impressively; the very lightning rods were wrought in intricate convolutions and decorated with shining metal spheres.

The porches—there were no less than five of these—clung to the walls in ingenious locations; there was one projecting from the attic, and another capped a circular bow window, and another nestled snugly in an inset of the second story. The principal one, following the curves and angles of the façade, displayed the art of lathe and jig saw in its finest flower.

It all stood well back from the avenue, protected by a lofty fence of iron pickets, between which the by-passer beheld an exhibit of statuary chosen from the product of the works—a fountain, where a cherub balanced gayly on the upturned snout of some sea creature; a terrified stag in flight before a brace of avid setters; a scattering of urns from which geraniums lifted in summer time. A drive led beneath a complicated porte-cochère to the carriage house in the rear. And a brownstone block, poised flush with the curbing, advertised the name of the possessor in deep-cut capitals.

Among Lennie Cadwell's earliest discoveries was the fact that all this inspired his family with an abiding pride. This puzzled him. He questioned artlessly:

"Why, mamma? Why do you like it?"

"Because it's lovely and stylish, Lennie. Don't ask such silly questions."

Lennie had learned to read the tone. He studied the family possessions silently, wondering why words applied with justice to certain delightful objects—the new seal-skin sack which he was forbidden to stroke, for instance, or the smell which came mysteriously out of the empty copper canteen in which Mr. Meiningen had imported attar of roses for his snuff factory—should be given to the iron dogs and deer and the tasseled balustrades of the porch.

He quickly enlightened himself as to the fallacy of certain native convictions. He was unanimously voted incorrect in his idea that the duck covering tacked over the carpets when church sociables impended was designed to veil the shame of the everyday colors and patterns from visitors. James Cadwell boomed with scornful amusement about this. Leonard learned how much the carpets had cost, and that they too were stylish and lovely. Later, when the duck had been removed, he inspected them carefully, stubborn in his opinion but discreet in its concealment.

He hated being laughed at. He hated it so cordially that he would weep at the first guffaw—a trick which brought him quickly into disfavor with his father and made him an easy target for Walter and George. He was a cry-baby, he discovered—a shameful thing for anybody to be, but peculiarly unworthy in a Cadwell. He could never make anybody understand that his tears were involuntary. To James Cadwell they merely aggravated an offense. There were occasions on which the mystified Lennie was given substantial reasons for a grief which seemed too lightly founded in its origins.

"He's a runt," he overheard his father saying. "I never thought I'd have a son that would be afraid of a toad."

Leonard's mother expressed the belief that he would outgrow it. Leonard, inarticulate, swelled with a burning desire to explain that his attitude toward the toad rose from repulsion and not terror. Walter, holding the thing by one awful leg, had threatened to touch him with it, delighted by his shrieks and struggles.

Gradually, his wits sharpened by misfortune, Lennie learned to keep his opinions to himself, to be ashamed of them indeed. He saw that his father was a great man—a personage deferred to by the policeman himself, spoken to softly by the enviable owner of the candy store, treated respectfully by the minister, who loomed big in Leonard's estimate as one holding the keys of a tangible heaven and a superheated hell. He observed that his mother held a similar position among her acquaintances; that formidable women exclaimed over the carpets and the furniture, envied her splendors, which, in Lennie's eye, were starkly forbidding. He always tried not to look at the four crayon enlargements on the parlor walls when necessity required him to pass below their gaze. His grandparents, thus aggrandized and enframed, seemed to have been people singularly unalluring. And yet visiting ladies gurgled and cooed about them. He told himself that he must indeed be a poor critic.

Thus he repressed his dislike of many things which affected him with a genuine physical pain. He learned to pass the pipe-stem-and-bead portières without shuddering at their aspect and contact; he bore stoically with fat, carpet-covered hassocks which tripped him when he walked unwarily; he came to regard certain decorations almost with indifference—the rolling pin, suspended by ribbons and bearing gilt hooks; the marble-topped tables, supported by knock-kneed underpinnings of glistening, tortured walnut; the terrifying statuette of an Ethiopian which sustained a red-globed gas lamp at the foot of the front stairs.

He rebelled, now and then, against superior authority, as when it was decided that he was too big to play with dolls and his collection—inherited from Martha—was forcibly removed from his play room, to be replaced by things in which he had no interest—a box of colored stones, for instance, of which he was encouraged to build Byzantine temples; miniature locomotives and cast-iron cars, painted in colors which distressed his eyes; a fire engine drawn by metal horses which galloped sedately when the wheels revolved.

These clashes educated him. He grew canny, avoiding offense by silence and inaction. A boy who made no noise, who did not ask for favors or information, who kept carefully out of the orbits of his elders, escaped many troubles. And there were amusements which cost nothing and satisfied. He could spend a whole afternoon contentedly sniffing at the perfume bottles or passing his palm slowly down the spine of the venerable cat. By shutting his eyes he could see colors which soothed and charmed him, and he could change them, too, at pleasure. He found places in the garden where the flowers and shrubs were good to behold, and sometimes Mrs. Clintock, next door, played softly on a piano and sang quite differently from the way people sang in church.

Only one room in the house remained a positive dread. Once a week Leonard was compelled to visit it, to remain for a miserable interval within it, every sense afflicted. His complaisance ended at the bathroom door. Saturday found him a rebel at bay, saw him dragged relentlessly to the sacrifice, stripped ungently, slapped soundly on a skin conveniently unguarded, plunged into the tin tub of sudsy water and there scrubbed and lathered piously, ear and eye and hair and mouth.

It was not the process but the scene which stimulated his objections. The bathroom, as in all well-ordered houses, was practically lightless; a transom admitted a dusk from the hall—enough to make the room a cave of terrors. And it appalled Leonard from his first sight of it—the encroaching, narrow walls, wainscoted in painted pine and papered above this in deep red, with a figure which the darkness and Leonard's fancy endowed with the semblance of bared, gnashing teeth against a sanguinary background.

It would have been a fearsome place without the mysterious terrors of the tub, a vast abyss of tin, incased in pine match boarding and emitting hoarse thunders when the water ran into it and sobs and grumbles when it escaped again. The weekly bath continued to unmask Leonard as a coward and cry-baby long after he had learned to hide his craven character in other human contacts. He was in the third grade when he learned to enter unescorted, his cowardice already a fixed idea with his family.

There were new ordeals to be faced as he conquered the old ones; the complicated business of avoiding fights with boys toward whom he entertained no malice—boys who, incited by their elders, brushed bits of paper from his shoulder in formal challenge and slapped his cheek when this provoked no

(Continued on Page 98)

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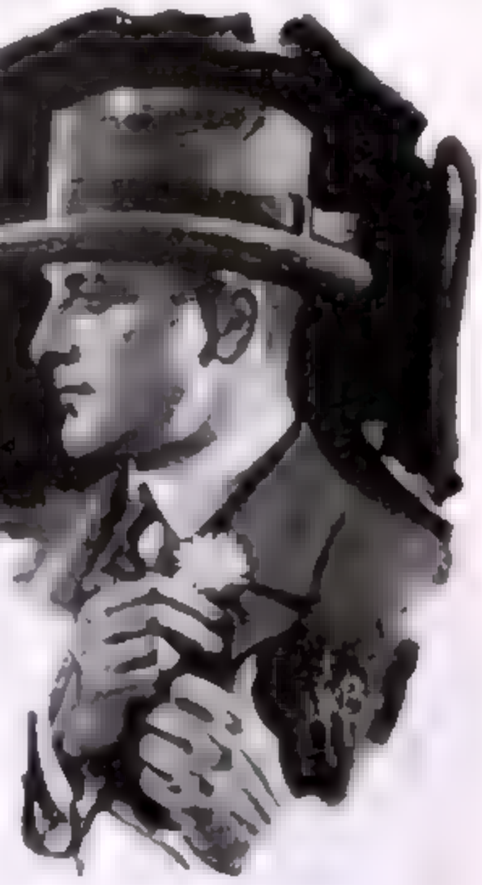

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"The Most Wonderfulest Fun We Ever Had!"

"OH, Bobby, listen to the funny man singing 'The Farmer in the Dell!' I'm so glad mother gave it to me last Christmas."

"I can't, Peggy, I'm too busy reading about 'The Three Blind Mice.' And in a minute I'm going to put this record on and *then* won't you laugh! 'Cause there's *such* a nice man in it. He sings and makes just the bestest animal squeals.

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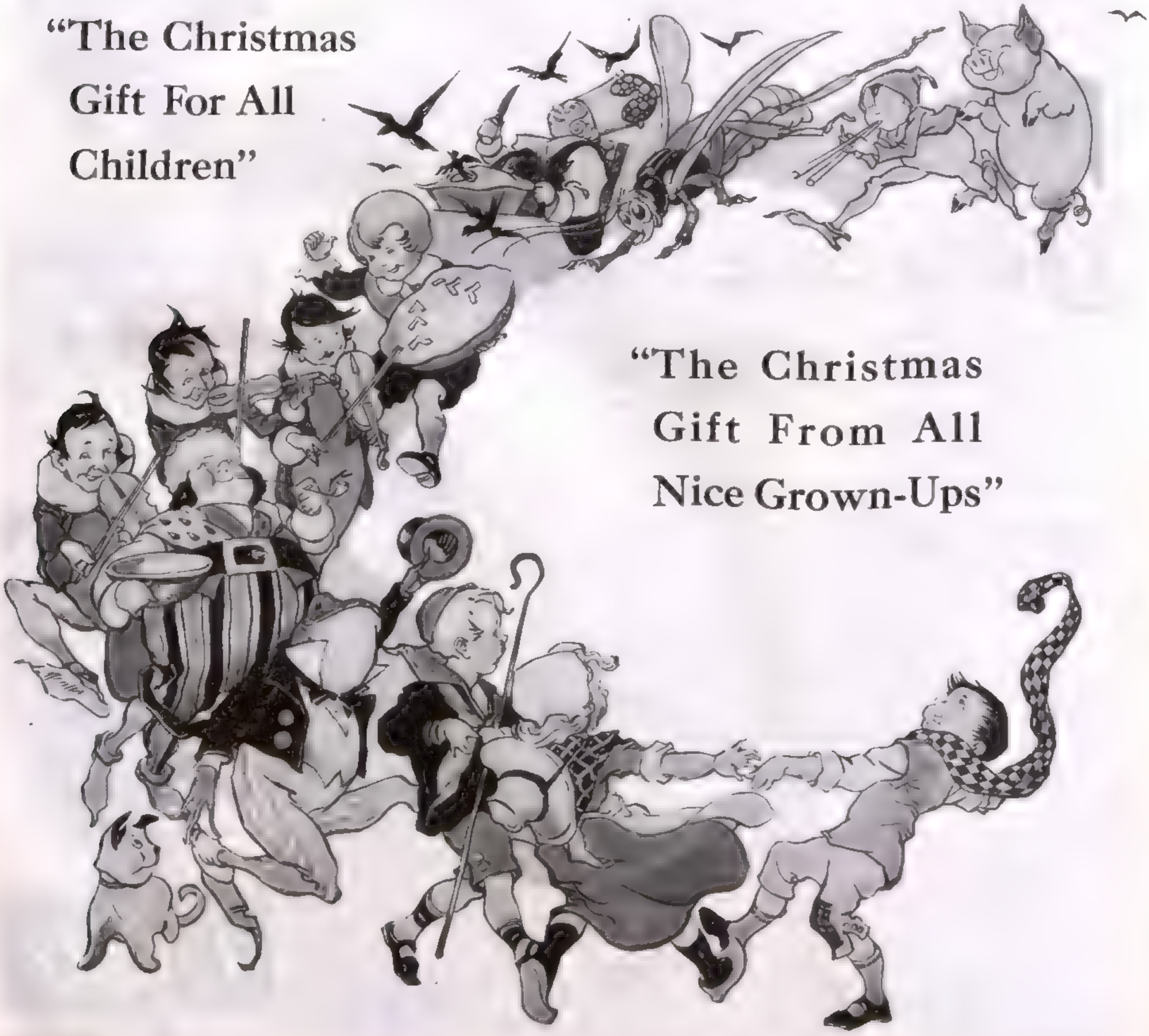

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These are not merely playthings of a moment. They are books of real educational value—books that will teach your babies the beginnings of a taste for poetry—for beautiful pictures—and for good music. For every detail has been selected for its real artistic merit—so you may be sure your child is getting the best there is.

Go to any phonograph, toy, book or gift shop, stationery or department store—and other stores everywhere—and get a set of Bubble Books to make a child happy. Price $1.50 for each book with 3 records.

THE HARPER-COLUMBIA SINGING BOOKS *and A Glimpse of What's In Them*

By Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson—Pictures by Rhoda Chase

No. 1—The Bubble Book
Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son Jack and Jill
Mary and Her Little Lamb

No. 2—The Second Bubble Book
Simple Simon Little Bo-Peep Old King Cole

No. 3—The Third Bubble Book
Miss Jennia Jones The Farmer in the Dell
Lazy Mary

No. 4—The Animal Bubble Book
The Three Little Kittens The Three Little Piggies
The Three Blind Mice

No. 5—The Pie-Party Bubble Book
Little Jack Horner The Queen of Hearts
Good King Arthur

No. 6—The Pet Bubble Book
Little Pussy Little Doggy Cock-a-Doodle-Doo

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The Frog Who Would A-Wooing Go
The Frog and the Crow The Carrion Crow

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The Milk Maid The Ploughboy
The Jolly Miller

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Daddy Long-Legs and Floppy Fly The Fly
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The Little Girl Who Had a Little Curl
Oh, Dear! What Can the Matter Be?
Bobby Shaftoe's Gone to Sea

No. 11—The Tippy-Toe Bubble Book
The City Mouse and the Country Mouse
Tabbyskins Old Mother Hubbard

No. 12—The Gay Games Bubble Book
The Mulberry Bush Oats, Peas, Beans London Bridge

Harper & Brothers (Established 1817) New York

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return. There was the deadliness of school itself—hours of immobility behind a desk, the sight of striped wooden seats, of blackboards, of walls decorated with framed woodcuts of poets even more masculine than James Cadwell himself, if judged by their whiskers. Leonard never outgrew a sullen hatred for Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Whittier, who looked down upon him, flaunting their abundant beards as if in reproach. There was the slow torture of lessons—sums dealing with apples and dollars; the spelling of meaningless words, the location of places with barbaric names.

Worse, too, there were the other pupils—boys and girls assembled by the compelling hand of enlightened democracy. Leonard, by the verdict of the alphabet, sat for six years behind Ella Cabber, a lady of color, whose short hair, tortured into minute braids and tied with ribbons of unfathomable red, assailed his eye whenever it lifted from the monotony of his books. He found the others little more seductive than Ella, and, his contemptible pacifism once established, he had good reason to detest the boys.

At home, as he grew, he escaped adventure. Walter and George teased him less and less as he learned to keep his tears under control. Martha despised him loftily; his mother made use of his docility in little chores and errands which the older boys avoided by well-arranged absences. He saw little of his father, except on Sundays, when his shameful qualities were least offensive. But he knew that he was a sorrow and disgrace, and regarded himself accordingly.

There was one dreadful attempt at self-assertion. When Leonard was fourteen, a graduate of Number Twelve, James Cadwell signalized the occasion by a man-to-man interview.

"Well, Lennie, you're through school, hey? Regular man now—long pants an' vest." He inspected the birthday raiment approvingly. Leonard, who tried not to look at the weave and pattern, smiled his acquiescence. He was still awed in the presence of his father, conscious of his shortcomings, known and secret.

"I been thinkin' about you a lot, Lennie. You ain't much like Walt and George so far. Sometimes I kinda think you must ha' been meant for a girl." James Cadwell guffawed profoundly. "There you go—ready to cry at a little joke! That'll do now! Stop before you start, I tell you!"

Leonard gulped and stopped.

"I'm goin' to make a man out of you yet," said James, his heavy good humor gone. "There never was a Cadwell like you, and there ain't going to be one now, if I can help it. I've decided to put you through a course o' sprouts. Bringin' you up like a big baby only made you worse. From now on you're going to behave like a man, understand. I'm apprenticing you with McCullough. He may not make a man out o' you, but he'll make a plumber or kill you tryin'. You start in there at seven to-morrow"

Leonard straightened. For once his fears retreated, and a white, burning courage permeated him. He set his teeth and closed his hands. A plumber! He had seen them at work in the house—men in horribly dirty garments, their hands and faces blackened and daubed; men who crawled on their bellies into dark, suffocating holes under floors and labored with leaking pipes!

"I won't," he said. "You can't make me! I won't!"

"So?" His father lifted the overpowering eyebrows. "Well, I can make a good try. You go to McCullough's to-morrow, or you'll wish you had. That's all"

It was four days before Leonard presented himself at McCullough's. They were bad days. He never forgot them, and his surrender finished him in his own respect. He no longer had any doubt about himself, after submitting. He was a coward, a cry-baby, a 'fraid-cat, just as they all said. If he had the spunk of a mouse he'd have run away instead of letting this horrible thing happen to him.

He made a docile apprentice, consistently afraid of the journeymen who served as tutors, doing their bidding with an eagerness which offset his clumsiness. It was a horror, of course, which lessened very little in the years. He never learned to endure the ugliness of his work; always it choked him, sickened him—the hateful sight and touch of harsh metal, the endless repulsion of the tasks he did, the company of men whose speech was uglier and dirtier than their trade, whose good qualities Lennie never discovered below their overlay of surface affront to every instinct in him. He hated them all, from McCullough downward. He hated James Cadwell for the needless cruelty which forced him into this debasing, detested trade; he hated Walt and George for their persistent harping on his calling; he hated Martha for her prim, disgusted contempt; most of all he hated Leonard Cadwell for his tame subservience, and the hate deepened with the years.

He rose, to be sure. The only escape was upward. McCullough took him into the warerooms instead of sending him out on jobs.

It was a change for the better, though he scarcely enjoyed it, surrounded by sights and sounds and smells which tortured him perpetually. The gradual progress which made him McCullough's prop and reliance at twenty-one represented merely an intelligent choice of the lesser evil. The good thing about escaping the practical side of the trade—the best thing—was the relative cleanliness of office work. All during his apprenticeship he had been obliged to bathe every day—and the tin tub and the pine wainscot and the red paper grew no more inviting with time.

He thought about that tin tub now as he sat in the rearmost pew beside his brothers, chewing a clove to kill the taint of beer and remembering the glimpse of Roman decadence which Mike Guffy's shrewd artistic taste had given him. It was an abandoned, desperate, damnable thought to entertain in the enlightened glory of the nineteenth century, Lennie knew. It proved to him that attaining his manhood in the purblind eye of the law had not accomplished any reform in his shameful soul. He was just as much of a sissy boy as ever, sitting here, unmoved by a roaring pulpit eloquence—James Cadwell liked his religion served hot—and even pained by the purple grapes in the windows, while his wicked, contemptible spirit wished that he had been a Roman. Yes, even a Roman lady!

III

SUNDAY became his great day. Promoted to fellowship with his roistering brothers, he could look forward to a weekly visit in their society to Mike Guffy's big back room, to a contemplation of Roman effeminacy which was cheaply bought at the price of swallowing beer and undergoing the reproaches of his conscience concerning broken Sabbaths and paternal discipline.

His self-contempt deepened, of course. If he were a real man, like Walt or George, he wouldn't even notice the tin tub and the tooth-gnashing red paper. He wouldn't dream of envying the despicable, degenerate Romans their sunlit marble pools. Probably it was only the women who had bathed in such surroundings anyway. A Roman male would probably have scorned the luxury of the pictured bath almost as cordially as James Cadwell himself. Yes, he was getting worse instead of better. He'd be a miserable counterfeit of masculinity till he died.

Sometimes he walked past Guffy's windows on week days, and yearned to walk in boldly to order his own drink and carry it to the table whence he could command the best view of the picture. Sometimes he got as far as the swinging doors before his courage failed. Guffy's was always crowded; there were voices, heavy laughter, the clash of glass and silver beyond the doors. Always Lennie Cadwell turned away. It was different when Walt and George were with him. They weren't afraid of anything. Alone, Lennie couldn't force his feet to carry him into the sinister place. He waited for Sunday thirstily, his slowly intensifying passion for the picture quickened and prodded by the Saturday bath in the tin tub.

His management of the business involved unforeseen ordeals. As long as old McCullough had been nominally in charge Leonard Cadwell had been spared responsibility. The old man made the important decisions for him. Now, put on his own resources, he was constantly frightened by risks which McCullough had accepted without hesitation. He was less afraid of bothering his father than of making some mistake, and he slipped into the habit of walking over to the works at the noon hour and asking James Cadwell's advice on the issues which troubled him.

"What's the matter with you, Lennie? Haven't you got any brains of your own? You know better than I do whether Hurley's credit's good. Why don't you decide such things for yourself instead of traipsing over here to worry me?"

"Well, I was afraid ——"

Leonard chose an unlucky word. His father sprang at it.

"That's it! You're afraid of everything, same as you've been all your life! You used to run away from kids half your size at school, and now you run away from little business questions as if they'd bite you. I bought that business for you so you'd have to act like a man, and by gravy, Lennie, you're goin' to do it! You manage that business and make it pay or you'll find yourself wearin' overalls and wipin' joints in a ditch again!"

"Yes, sir."

Leonard shrank back before the blast. James Cadwell was still terrible in wrath.

"I may lose what it cost me," said his father, appeased by the submission, "but I'll make a man out of you if it takes the last dollar I've got. You're going to make that end of the business pay, and you're going to do it without any help from me or Walt or George or anybody else. I've been ashamed of you all your life, and I'm going to stop right now. You'll act like a man or you'll go out with a kit and mend leaks. From now on I'm not coming near the place. All I want to hear about it is the profits."

Leonard went back facing a new terror. Running the business was bad enough, but working as a journeyman was unspeakably worse. He remembered his apprenticeship with a sudden choking sense of horror. He found his fear of demotion a fairly effective substitute for courage. He was more conservative than McCullough himself, but he made the business pay, watching its costs and income with an eye sharpened by his fright.

He hated it. The mere sight of the show room hurt him. The inspection of finished work in new houses woke in him the conviction of a kind of guilt. He was helping every day to make the world uglier. The knowledge that ugliness and virtue were intricately allied, that his perverted ideas of beauty were shameful, unmanly weaknesses did not comfort him. If only he had been born in the days when Rome was beginning to decay! Sometimes he thought that he wouldn't have minded being a plumber then. It would have been almost fun to build such baths as the one in the picture. He would have almost liked it.

The thought rooted strongly in him. Every Sunday, studying the picture through half shut, cautious eyes, he contemplated the enviable lot of the men who had planned and built such things. Of course he despised himself for this. He knew accurately the wickedness and weakness of such poor sticks as Lennie Cadwell—men who would rather be contemptibly naked of face than flourish the hairy bannerets of masculinity before the world; men who didn't like fighting with their fists, who preferred not to sit shirt-sleeved on plank seats and howl at baseball players through rare holiday afternoons, who disliked the taste of licoriced tobacco and rye whisky and took no joy in brass bands playing Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay. And aware of his defects he came deliberately to encourage them in secret.

He permitted himself to think about the Roman bath builders in very much the same spirit in which a drug addict might consider De Quincey. There was a fascinating blend of envy and disapproval about the process. Sometimes he found himself drawing crude sketches of imaginary constructions instead of calculating the cost of terra-cotta pipe and brass faucets. He always tore these drawings very small before he threw them into his wastebasket.

The tremendous idea came to him as he bathed, his eyes shut tightly, in the resounding tin tub at home. He was, for the time being, absolute ruler of the plumbing business; he was a qualified craftsman, soundly schooled in his trade; he had access, unquestioned, to every accessory and supply he needed. There was an unused wash room on the second floor at the warehouse. What prevented him from remodeling it in secret with his unaided hands? He gasped at the thought of cleanliness suddenly given the aspect of a seductive vice, of bathing as those Roman ladies bathed in Guffy's picture.

It could be done. He could work at odd minutes and after hours—he foresaw, indeed, a certain family approval of overtime. James Cadwell and Walt and George were self-forbidden to trespass, and he had nothing to fear from the employees. The second floor, given over now to the storage of surplus stock, was perfectly safe for the undertaking. He could put a lock on the door for complete assurance, and the shop and tools and materials were all there ready to his hand.

Of course some time or other it would all come out. He couldn't keep the secret forever, and when it came to James Cadwell's knowledge there would be a frightful explosion, deeper disgrace than ever for Leonard. He thought this over as he dressed, deliberately weighing the present against the future, and he decided for the present. After all, they couldn't kill him, and they wouldn't spread his shame outside the family, for their own sakes. Yes, the thing could be done, and Lennie was going to do it.

The change in him roused comment. He had been heard to whistle—a tune which his mother identified as The Blue Danube. He was taken in the act of smiling when no suitable jest was forward. These symptoms were susceptible of but one diagnosis.

"I declare I believe Lennie's in love—mooning round and grinning like a cat at nothing!"

Martha's accusation brought a tingle in Leonard's cheeks. This, of course, was confession. Walt and George rose joyfully to the occasion for waggery, inventing highly circumstantial accounts of gossip about Leonard's goings-on, claiming to have seen him at a distance with the lady. Leonard's complete calm under these attacks surprised him. He was actually relieved at the unjust suspicion. It diverted attention from the thing he meditated. He saw, too, with a sense of complacence, that the idea would cover evening absences. He deliberately gave color to the charge by singing in Martha's hearing a snatch of the popular air of the day, with words which finally convicted him:

I got a girl in Baltimore;
Brussels carpets on the floor,
'Lectric bells at ev'ry door ——

He bore happily with the family witticisms founded on this madrigal. Under cover of teasing he was able to pursue his dreams, even while he ate his breakfast. And he had time at the office to reduce his imaginings to paper and ink, in scale.

Marble, of course, was out of the question, but he hit upon a substitute in enameled bricks, such as McCullough had used in a certain brewery contract. There was a supply of these in a store shed. He commandeered them, carrying them up to the locked wash room a few at a time. He had picked up a little knowledge of bricklaying through his apprentice work on new buildings, and he laid them very well after a few experiments, covering the floor and lining the walls to a height of four feet, where a narrow shelf of wood capped the topmost course. Above this he painted the walls with white enamel, and finished the visible woodwork in the same way. The result so far charmed him. It was almost as good as the marble surface in the picture.

His conscience worried him over the use of the bricks, and he compromised the matter by looking up their original cost and charging himself this rate, plus a reasonable profit. He made out a bill and receipted it formally. They wouldn't ever be able to accuse him of misusing the firm's property at any rate.

He worked very slowly, using his noon hour and staying after the doors were closed in the evening, or coming down again after supper. There was a certain mild pleasure in the task, he discovered. For the first time the unlovely processes of threading pipe acquired a thrill and an appeal. The hissing roar of the gasoline torch sang cheerfully to him. He took pains, lovingly, with trivial details which in his apprentice days had been only hateful

The affair of the tub gave him much perplexity. Those in the showroom were starkly hideous things of tin and iron, meant to be surrounded by masking palisades of match boarding when installed, and in their nakedness frankly unbeautiful. He could not build a tub for himself, of course, and he detested the walling-in expedient almost as much as he disliked the external ugliness of the tubs themselves. He solved this to his satisfaction by a simple device. He chose the plainest tub in stock and gave it many coats of white enamel till it had the look of a big porcelain bowl.

Standing thus on the tiled floor, its appearance delighted him. Even the Roman ladies had enjoyed nothing better.

(Continued on Page 102)

The famous Valspar boiling water test

Valspar— mischief-proof, too!

THOSE vexing little accidents—water spilled on the floor, basins overflowing, grease spattering, hot dishes placed on the table! What havoc they play with ordinary varnishes—but *not* with Valspar.

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GAS HEATER

The copper reflector serves a more practical purpose, as well. It reflects the waves of warmth out into the room, giving instant results, and utilizing every bit of heat produced.

Many exclusive features in the Welsbach Gas Heater add to its attractiveness, its economy, its gratifying service. Its SIZE is especially fortunate. Large enough to give plenty of heat, small enough to use only about 2 cents' worth of gas per hour—it can be carried easily from room to room.

Buy the Welsbach Gas Heater
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GLOUCESTER, N. J.

(Continued from Page 98)

Another problem in appearances was presented by piping. He could not tear out the walls to hide this behind plaster, as was the approved practice of his masters in the trade, and he could not bear to mar his effect by leaving it in sight. He experimented with enamel, and found the result unsatisfactory. In the end he bought nickel-plated tubing for the visible connections. The effect of this surprised him. The pipes were now distinctly decorative. He was so taken with them that he revised his plan and built a shower bath in one corner, protecting the walls with tile and using nickeled pipes as a support for a canvas curtain sliding on rings.

There was a big moment when he tested the finished work, removing the stains of his final labors in a bath which was almost an intoxication. For the first time in his life he enjoyed the processes of achieving cleanliness more than their result. He luxuriated in the white smoothness of the tub, the gleam of the surfaced walls and plated fittings, with the combined pleasure of the artist and the sybarite. But he despised himself, of course, for the quality which made this possible. If he had been a real man all this would have been contemptible, decadent, in his sight. It was only a new proof of his effeminate softness that he should love it.

From that day he slipped steadily deeper into the clutch of a vice of bathing. He would shorten his lunch time to a grudged ten minutes and spend the rest of his hour in clear, tepid water; he would stay after the office had closed for another, shorter indulgence. Sometimes he would come downtown at night to repeat the process. He hated himself, to be sure, for these evidences of unmanliness, but he yielded constantly to the seductions of the room.

Gradually he evolved new refinements. He cut a cupboard in the wall over the washbowl and let a plate-glass mirror into its hinged door. He used a spare bit of plate glass for a shelf below it, supporting it on nickeled brackets; he added a towel rail of nickel. Passing a department store, his eye caught a mat of toweling tinted a cool, flat blue. He added this, and a stool, which he enameled white.

The change in him which his family attributed to falling in love became more and more in evidence. He held his head higher, walked with a hint of confidence, learned to smile under provocation instead of fighting back tears. He was exasperatingly neat about his linen, too, and kept his hair cut short in defiance of a current fashion which specified a bulging mop on which the derby hat would leave a visible imprint.

The business prospered, too, under his management. The semiannual statement earned him a sounding approval from James Cadwell, slaps on the back from George and Walter. Except for the tormenting consciousness of his secret degradation, he would have been moderately happy, if he could have hit upon a plausible excuse for avoiding the weekly bath in the tin tub at home. He hated this ordeal more bitterly than ever, but he dared not risk suspicion by omitting it. They might not notice, but more probably they would, and he could not afford to invite attention. He was already troubled by the knowledge that he was suspiciously clean, as it was. If he skipped the Saturday ablutions and still exhibited his immaculacy, there would be remark and question, with always the possibility of discovery.

He protected himself against curiosity on the part of subordinates at the office by referring to the locked room as a laboratory and permitting the inference that he was conducting experiments there. This explanation satisfied the venerable bookkeeper and the errand boy. But he knew that it would never answer with James Cadwell, and sometimes when he imagined his father's attitude toward that secret chamber he was almost tempted to dismantle it while it was still undiscovered.

"Lennie, you're doin' mighty well. I'm gettin' to be proud of you. Never figured I would, the way you started out. Always thought you'd be a lily finger. But you're gettin' to be a real man, son. Uh-huh! Been watchin' you."

Leonard felt his cheeks pricking guiltily. If they only knew! Proud of him! A real man! He resolved to destroy the shameful bath that very day, but he knew that he would never do it. It was part of him. He was so intricately associated with its disgraceful luxury that to tear it down now would have been like self-mutilation.

He clung to it the more persistently because things were not marching well with the Cadwell family, except in his own department. There was a dismaying dullness in the demand for cast-iron sculpture nowadays. The works had actually ceased to produce the dogs and stags which had once served as the basis for their prosperity. Structural decorations were also losing favor, so that James Cadwell rumbled over the decadence of popular taste and quarreled fiercely with an old friend whose new house on Ridgewood Avenue displayed not even a lightning rod. He construed this as a direct slight, and refused to listen to explanations which sought to shift responsibility to womenfolks and architects.

The increasing market for sinks and washtubs did not console him. He had built his business on the artistic appeal of his metal statuary, and habit was too deep upon him to yield easily to changing popular favor. He lost a good deal of money in an attempt to force new designs on an unwilling public, and he grew more and more morose as experiment convinced him of his failure. Sometimes he even blamed Walt and George.

"If I'd taken Lennie in with me things would've been different," he declared. "Lennie's got brains."

And Leonard, hugging his secret shame, tried not to blush. If they only knew!

IV

IF THE afternoon had not been extraordinarily hot, with the oppressing, sticky humidity of an impending storm; if McMichael and Gray had not chosen to deliver a consignment of magnesium pipe coverings just when Leonard had sent two of his three warehouse hands to the freight station; if Leonard had not felt impelled to lend a hand to the unloading, the disaster might have been averted. Even so, he might have escaped it if he had not for the first time yielded to an impulse to trespass on business hours with his private concerns. He realized all this when it was too late.

The tub did not appeal to him as he wriggled under the moist affection of his clothes and felt the harsh grate of dust against his neck and wrists. He thought of the shower, of four hundred needle jets of cold water spurting gratefully on his skin. It was barely two. Four hours to be endured before the doors could be closed and he would have the place to himself! It seemed to Leonard Cadwell that he could not wait. He had nothing to fear anyway. He was master here. James Cadwell never came except when his presence had been requested, and Walt and George were on the road this month. It was perfectly safe, he thought. Even if it wasn't, he'd have his bath—have it now.

"I'll be up in the laboratory for a while," he told the bookkeeper. "Don't let anybody disturb me."

He forced himself to walk deliberately to the stairs, but he climbed them at a run. This bath had the allure of something particularly unlawful. He was not only steeping himself in a shameful luxury but he was doing it during the sacred hours of sacred business. He slammed the door behind him and undressed at top speed. The tiny jets enveloped him, their hissing in his ears. He surrendered himself to the sensuous delight of it—and he had no premonition of evil until he looked up to find himself staring into his father's face.

He went suddenly colder than the water which poured down upon him, under that unwinking scrutiny. Long afterward he remembered the queer sensation of warmth in the jets which a moment before had been like so many needles of ice.

"What do you think you're doing?" The words came in a roaring rush. "What d'you mean by bein' up here when I pay you to be downstairs tendin' to business?"

Lennie had a sense of relief. The greater sin was obscured by the lesser. His father was too enraged at his infringement of business hours to notice the graver matter of the scene. He shut off the water and reached for the rough towel.

"I got so dirty helping unload some magnesia that I skipped up for a quick bath," he said from the cover of its folds. "I'll be down in a minute, father."

"Huh!" The snort disposed of his explanation. "Mighty delicate about a little dirt, ain't you? Couldn't wait to wash ——"

He stopped short, and Lennie, avoiding his eye, knew that the full enormity of the affair had dawned upon him at last. He waited helplessly for the storm to break.

(Concluded on Page 105)

Do you know that you're wealthy?

Has anyone ever told you that, in one respect, you are as rich as Rockefeller—as well off as Schwab and J. P. Morgan? Well—you *are*.

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You can trade your time for anything the world holds.

If you want Money—Success—just invest a little of your Time *properly* and the reward is yours.

A few of the spare evening hours, now idled or wasted away, will bring you back cashable knowledge—Specialized Training. You can easily acquire these things that bring you more money, and human hands can't take them away from you.

No sensible man aspires to be enormously wealthy.

But every fellow who has a drop of real, red blood, and is concerned for the comfort and well-being of those near and dear to him, does want to progress—make enough money to be independent.

Ex-President Taft said to me one night at dinner, "The men you serve are in earnest."

Certainly they are. They have to be earnest in their desire to progress before they ever get in touch with us. And only the man who is earnestly desirous of exchanging a little of his spare Time for a greater Success ever gets his name on our rolls.

The old business idea was to judge a man's ability by the number of grey hairs in his head. Experience was then gained only through the actual doing of things over a long period of years.

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Your Time belongs to you, and what you do with it is none of my business.

But I do know and say that LaSalle can make you what you want to be if you'll give us a little of your Time and follow the two hundred and fifty thousand leaders who have blazed the way for you.

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BOSCH

(Concluded from Page 102)

"And I been thinkin' you'd got over bein' a sissy! Why, I been proud of you—proud! And all the time you been—who put this room in here? Who ever made a bathroom like a chiny dish? Who—— But I c'n guess. Nobody on earth but you would ha' done a thing like that! And I thought I'd made a man outa you! I thought you'd braced up and'd be a credit to me!"

Leonard, dressing at desperate speed, clung to the poor shelter of silence. His mind raced onward to the consequences of the disaster. He would never hear the end of this.

James Cadwell would despise him and say so often and unmistakably; Walter and George would take revenge, pressed down and heaping, for the comparisons which had reflected on their intelligence. James Cadwell crossed to the cupboard.

"Bay rum!" He gave the words a mincing, hateful intonation. "Talcum powder! Reg'lar barber shop!" He sniffed at a flat cake of the pale-green castile soap that Lennie loved. "Oh, you've done it up brown, you have! Lab'ratory! This is a hell of a lab'ratory for a plumber, ain't it?"

He faced his son, now struggling with his collar.

"This settles things! I been a fool to think I c'd trust you—after the way you always acted. It's my own fault for thinkin' I c'd make a man outa you—outa nothin' but a damned sissy boy! Get your clothes on and get out! I'll run this business myself after this. I'll get you a job where you belong—in a barber shop!"

Still Lennie had no words. He was flattened under the disgrace of being found out. He was as utterly shamed in his own opinion as in his father's. Their standards were the same. He saw himself exposed as a despicable thing, a weakling, a sissy boy, the shame of a family otherwise honorably proud. He deserved whatever punishment might come upon him. There was nothing whatever to offer in defense. The facts damned him conclusively.

A new voice startled him. Exposure within the family was bad enough. To be known to an outsider for what he was—he whirled swiftly, meditating a dash for the stairs, and he met the interested eye of Mr. Walker Norton fixed upon him intently from the doorway. He heard Norton's pleasant voice.

"I hope I'm not intruding, but I thought I might come up and see the laboratory for myself." He chuckled. "Quite a new thing in laboratories, Lennie."

"I—I only called it that to keep 'em from finding out," said Leonard sullenly. "I didn't want anybody to know ——"

His father's harsh laugh interrupted him.

"I guess you didn't! Come on downstairs, Norton. I'll show you round myself."

"Just a minute! This is more interesting—if you don't mind my looking at it."

He came into the room as he spoke. Lennie, submerged in shame, scarcely cared. The damage was done. He would never be able to hold up his head in Buxton after this story got about. He was even sorry for his father, innocent partner in his disgrace. Walker Norton, of all men—Buxton's leading architect, with influence enough to swing contract after contract as he chose! His favor had been persistently sought by McCullough and by Leonard Cadwell after him, and there had been reason lately to think that he was beginning to be well disposed. This would settle that possibility forever of course. Walker Norton had no more use for sissy boys than any other upstanding, normal male.

"H'm! Quite an idea—all that sunlight and the white walls. Where'd you get those bricks?"

Lennie explained miserably. Norton nodded

"I see. And the tub's just an ordinary pattern, painted on the outside. Simple idea, that. Does away with the framework too. And the nickel pipes—I suppose it runs into money, but it's effective. Quite an idea, Lennie. Think it all out yourself?"

"Yes, sir." Something in the tone puzzled Leonard. Walker Norton didn't sound as if he despised the author of this shameful scene as heartily as a real man should. "It didn't cost much either. I've got all the figures down in the office. Did the work myself, but I can estimate the labor cost pretty close."

Norton nodded.

"Well, you were right to keep it quiet, I suppose. But I wish you'd told me about it. I'd have brought Mrs. Graydon down to look at it before she approved the plans of that new house. When'll you be ready to furnish 'em? I'm planning a hotel ——"

James Cadwell sputtered.

"You don't mean you like it? You don't mean to tell me you'd recommend ——"

"Wouldn't I?" The architect laughed. "This is a smack in the eye for all of us. We're supposed to do the big thinking for everybody, we architects. And here's a kid plumber who's showed us how to make a bathroom a thing of beauty! Let's go down and look at those figures of yours, Lennie. I want to see if I can't work in something like this for that hotel."

When he departed with the architect an hour later James Cadwell shook hands with his son. The act itself was significant, but the subdued, almost respectful tone of his good-by, the deferential quality of his glance, were more illuminating. Even then, before the days of his greatness had begun, Leonard Cadwell understood that it is possible for people to be proud of their pink sheep.

SHORT SERMONS FROM KANSAS

(Concluded from Page 25)

his time to mischief with a high-sounding name is able to deceive a good many before detection.

Nature has created obstacles that not even American grit, energy and money can overcome.

We know the limitations of medicine and accept the truth. When it fails we do not burn the drug stores and whip the doctors. But in our social ills we still believe there is a law that will cure them. There was a trace of gold in the assays shown by Karl Marx, but all our efforts to develop his mine have failed. The exaggeration indulged in by both parties to a love affair fools no one; we all have been guilty. When a smart young man appears in a neighborhood to see a smart girl a smile goes round. We know what goes on in the room where the contesting parties are sitting. But let a new leader in human rights appear, and we are all fooled; we believe he can get something for us we have not had, though we have been over the same road often enough to know better.

In every compromise with the devil he wins a little, and you lose it.

Considering the number of men who fail in business and rob innocent investors, we should have a good deal of admiration and respect for those who not only make money for their stockholders but supply articles so useful that there is a wide demand for them.

The man who has only belief should not be classed with the man who has knowledge.

All of us occasionally crawl up to the edge of hell and look over; and usually are singed a little, to emphasize the lesson.

A statement is not necessarily true because it is found in a book. Many untruthful books are written to sell to men who want their prejudices soothed. Many people cannot enjoy print unless it is about slavery, purchased legislation, the martyrdom of honest men, and the splendid though unavailing efforts of heroes to rescue the unfortunate victims of autocracy. Such readers have not known in their own lives any great oppression, but believe that their favorite incidents have been enacted elsewhere in the past, and look for books giving accounts of them. Lovers of the literature of oppression believe that if a good man speaks a word in favor of the oppressed, the powerful at once seek to slit his tongue, crucify him or cut off his writing hand, though we actually know that the oppressed now have the powerful down, and are kicking them in the face.

The poorest of all chickens is the game rooster; he is the soldier of the poultry world.

To accept and teach a doctrine that hasn't been proved, and probably cannot be proved, is teaching falsehood.

I may have expected a great deal of friends long ago, but I do not now. I have not only learned that if I expect too much of them I shall be disappointed; I have learned I have no right to expect it. And I have my share of good friends, and appreciate them as sincerely as ever a man did; if I impose on them they may be sure I experience such shame and humility as I deserve. If you have anything undesirable to sell, and apply first to friends, that is meanness; be ashamed to impose on anyone so kind as to be fond of you. If you criticize your friends severely it usually means you have been expecting too much of them.

A practical man asks the truth about ugly and beautiful things alike. And his appreciation of the beautiful is not less keen because of his realization of the ugly.

An old man never mingles long with the young that he does not hear some veiled reference to his age and infirmities.

The people complain a good deal because their noses are kept to the grindstone. As a matter of fact, that's where our noses belong.

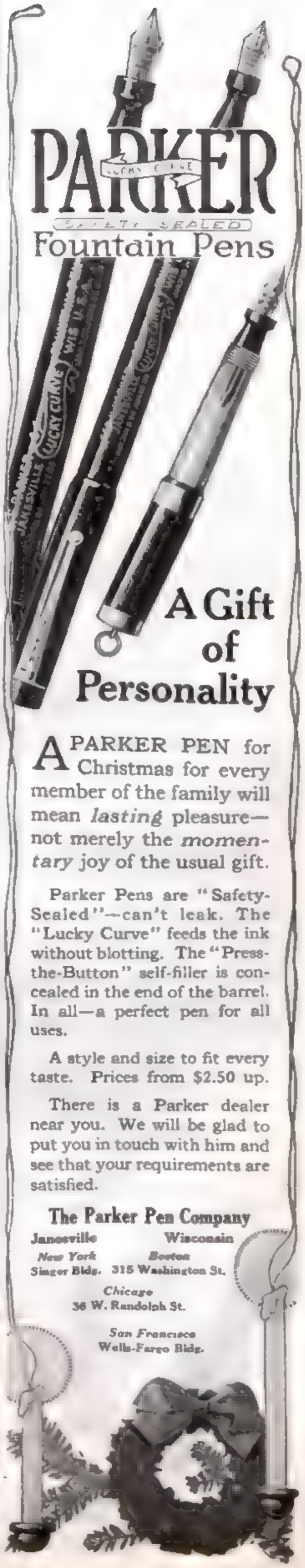
When my conduct has been bad I can make as spirited a defense as anyone, in public; but when alone again, I still realize that I am guilty, and that my explanation and defense have done me no good. It is a waste of time to consider any subject without giving the other side full justice, since the other side will probably be able to exact it.

Every day all of us accomplish a little kindness, and in time it becomes the greater good.

If useful investments are grudgingly given the slightest legal recognition we say meanly it is protection of capital; as though protection of capital is not so necessary as protection of banks, farms, homes, the rights of women, and any other worthy, necessary and natural thing.

A man may lack eloquence, literary skill and high education, and still be a man of excellent sense and character. Indeed, most of our best men lack these things; many of our most mischievous men possess them.

Of my ignorance, false notions and mistakes I am as ashamed as anyone can be for me. But it may at least be said of my preaching that it is not revolutionary. I advocate no doctrine not actually accepted in the home, the school and business places; I teach nothing new unless it is that honesty is the best policy. I beg the people to accept the good principles they know to be true, and find others if they can.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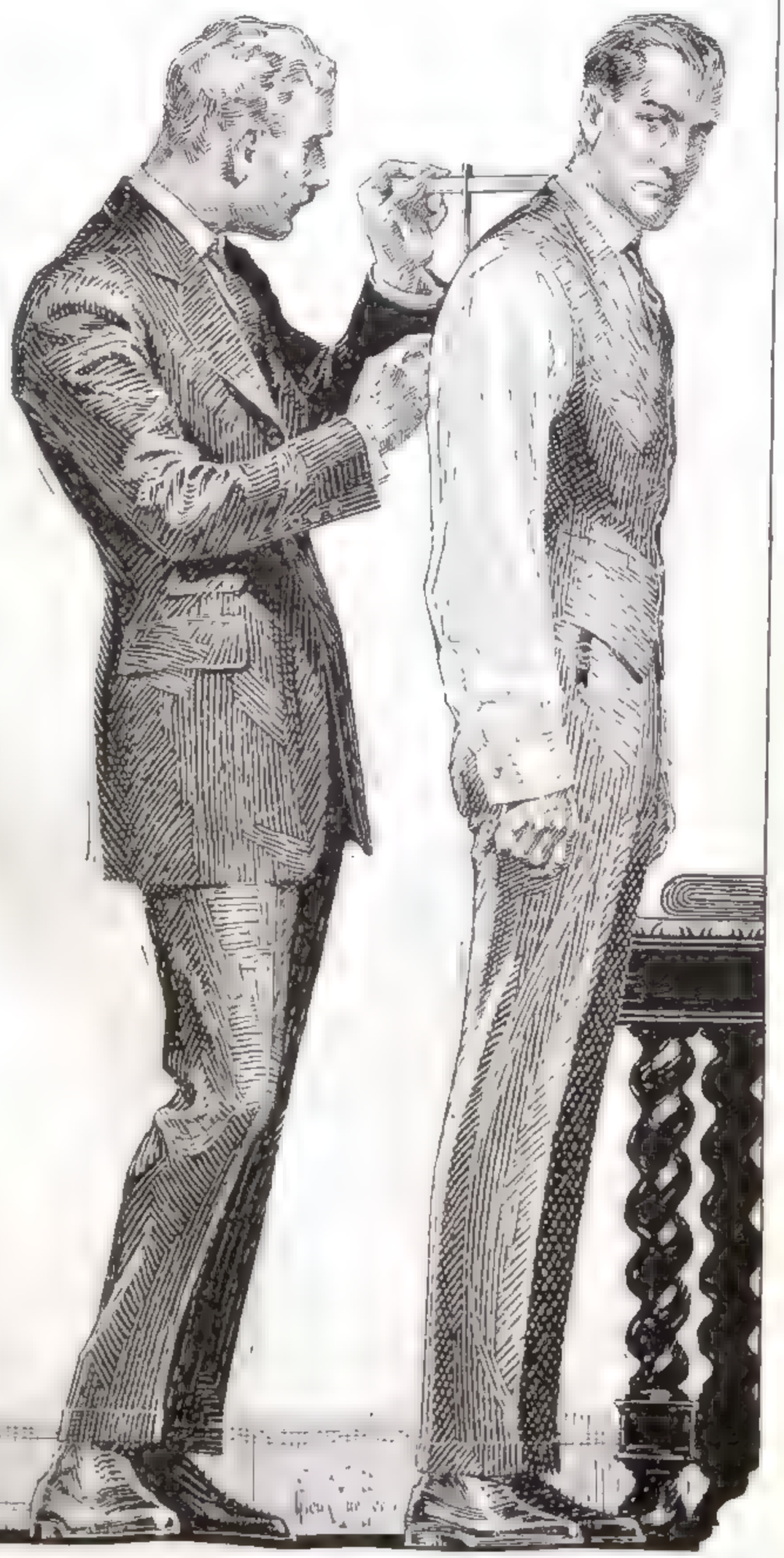
One glance will tell you why. The *posture* of each is different. That's why ordinary tailoring measurements are insufficient without try-ons. That's why ready-mades do not always fit.

No two men are built exactly alike. The point of *balance* is determined by a man's *posture* or *attitude*, and balance is vital to both style and fit.



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Highest quality at reasonable prices. Quantity production makes this possible. Our VULCAN Ford line includes regular-weight springs for normal service and special heavy springs for heavy duty.

Made to stand up, they protect your radiator, your engine, your car, and your life.

Ask your dealer for VULCAN springs. Insist on our name plate.

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IN EVERY TOWN for EVERY CAR

Jenkins Vulcan Spring Co.
Richmond, Indiana.

MY SON

Continued from Page 4)

It seemed to me as I considered these things that I wanted Peter saved—barely saved, you understand—but I was not willing that he should sacrifice the whole of life in this world for salvation in the next one. There must be many saints in heaven who earn their citizenship there with less expense. It was wrong. I know that now, but I took pleasure then in the fact that when Peter wrestled it was with another youth, not anybody's angel. Sometimes when he came in from school with bruises and abrasions on his strong young body I felt strangely lifted. I wanted to sing a song. I went about my work in the kitchen with a lighter step. I could feel the smile on my face at the thought of what was going on in the study at that moment between Peter and his father. I knew that my son was sitting hunched up on his chair, a little secret man-savage, head lowered submissively while William lectured him on the duties of the peacemaker. Peter was no peace producer! And I was glad of it. This business of peacemaking, my masters, I know it to be a perpetual submission to that which is not peace in the other fellow. There have been times in my life when it was infernally hard to bear the peace that William made and kept.

But I kept right in behind Peter, lest he should reflect too much discredit on his father. He reached the age when every boy wants to stop attending Sunday school. It comes upon them about the time they change from short trousers into long ones. I do not know why unless it is because Sabbath school is associated in their minds with childish things or with the innocuous desuetude of the teachers who so frequently teach them. But I made Peter go, only allowing him a little more margin of time to stand outside the church before he went in. Then he arrived at the period when he wanted to sit in the back seats with the other young roebuck sinners. But I made him keep on sitting up front. He must have looked good to the congregation, but he was not good, no better than a boy of that age really is.

He passed unscathed through one revival after another when he should have been soundly converted. I do not know if others have observed this, but I believe it is harder for a preacher's son to be born again. They know too much about it. They hear the brethren talk about revival methods and this or that kind of gospel for stirring up sinners. A good many of their spiritual illusions are destroyed. They must always seek the kingdom of heaven on a cold collar, so to speak, which is the best way, but far more searching. They may join the church; they usually do at an early age, but I have rarely seen one soundly converted in the spiritual stew of a revival where so many people, especially young ones, used to be wildly and enthusiastically converted.

Still, I always made Peter go up for prayers when his father invited penitents to the altar. It would do him no harm to go, but it certainly would reflect on William's ministry if he could not move his own son to show some signs of repentance.

William's health failed when Peter was seventeen. After that he was superannuated and faded away into the Job Scriptures. The one thing he never surrendered of all his hopes was that Peter would be called to the ministry and carry on the work of his fathers in the Lord's vineyard.

Then William passed to his reward. We took him back and buried him in the old Redwine churchyard. A great many sinners and few saints are buried there. It is a cheerful, worldly-minded community, which returns to its dust in singular confidence, as disobedient children have rest and peace in their beds at night. I did not worry about this. I had the feeling that William would be very much at home in that silent congregation of sinners. This was the way he had spent his whole life.

Peter finished high school in June of that year. It was settled that he should put himself through college. He took the agency for a one-volume encyclopedia. It was printed in diamond type and contained all the available information in the world. I was never able to find anything in it that I really wanted to know, but he said it was there. He had great success with these books. He sold them to people who could not read and to those who could but would not. He stored more knowledge in this county during three months than a hundred years of schools could have imparted. And I have no doubt that it is all there yet, still inviolate, a thousand musty old volumes scattered in the cupboards and on the shelves of farmhouses and college libraries. He had no conscience about selling the thing, and he earned enough money to take him through his freshman year.

He wanted to enter the state university, but William had a good man's suspicions of universities. He said the very name suggested latitudinarianism. He said a man could get such broad views as to unfit him for the wear and tear of life. He said mere culture was not a preservative of the human mind, but a sort of intellectual gilt, which rubbed off presently and showed something ugly, often vicious, beneath. He did not think any man ought to have more knowledge than he could live up to decently and practice with honor among his fellow men. Maybe he was narrow about that, but so are the strongest rays of light that penetrate the uttermost darkness of your insides. So is the steel-tempered wedge that cleaves solid substances. So is the life of every man who achieves his purpose by his own will and works. He must be something of a bigot, hard and invincible at the pointed end of his mind.

The events of the last few years indicate that William's prejudice against some of our universities was justified. The worst things we are experiencing now were discussed for more than a quarter of a century in these institutions before the reds and radicals introduced them to the credulous working classes. In those days they were merely flashlight topics of conversation, used by smart people to lighten the tedium of their cultured existence and your uncultured one. But four years ago, when we experienced the terrific shock of war and men began to act fiercely and objectively according to the way they thought, it required the ferocious strength of armies, the cold and merciless grasp of commercialism and the concentrated efforts of all the churches to hold things together against the Setebos doctrines held by many learned professors.

So I persuaded Peter to enter Eliam College, which is under the control of our church. He might not learn so much, but I thought what he did learn would not be so bad and dangerous to know.

Then I settled down to live on what the conference allowed me each year from the widows-and-orphans fund. Fortunately William had a little insurance, because a widow cannot live on what she receives from this fund, not even if she has lost her appetite and is the kind of widow Paul recommends in the fifth chapter of Timothy: "Let not a widow be taken into the number under threescore years old, having been the wife of one man," he writes Timothy; "Well reported of for good works; if she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet," and so forth and so on.

I have nothing against Paul except the way some elders and bishops copy his authoritative manner and methods, when Paul was overheated or probably not very well, in dealing with their humbler John brethren. But I do think he was harder on these poor widows than he might have been on, say, widowers; not that I ever heard of a widower figuring in the Acts or any other Scriptures. I am not complaining, you understand, I am simply stating my opinion, as Paul did himself sometimes when he admitted that so far as he knew it was not divinely inspired.

I have sometimes thought it might have been better for me if I had married again. I was still a young woman when William died. Then what happened would not have happened to me. But when you have been the wife of a man of God it is not so easy to descend in the scale of things to become the wife of a merchant or even a millionaire. Some of them may have done it, but I never knew or heard of a Methodist preacher's widow who married the second time. I am only admitting that I thought of it long afterward, much as you think of a trip to China which you know you never would or could have taken.

As time passed I began to feel my oats, as the saying goes. I was still doing my

(Continued on Page 111)

We offer tonight the fat o' the land

A new kind of macaroni and spaghetti—made of wheat enriched with sweet and wholesome milk

WHEAT and milk—the fat o' the land. From great granaries bursting with the golden harvests—Nature's gift of wheat. From model dairies in lush pasture lands—milk, her flowing bounty to man.

Just let your memory take you back to your childhood days. There you had the fat o' the land—in those bread and milk suppers that helped you grow.

You have it again in bread and butter—the staff of life.

Nature must have intended that milk and wheat should be used together. She made wheat deficient in one substance, called "vitamines," which we *must* have; and she put an abundance of it in milk.

Ordinary macaroni is made of wheat and water

But, for hundreds of years, two popular foods—macaroni and spaghetti—have been made of wheat and water.

Why, we thought, can't they be made of wheat and *milk?* Milk, when it is in powdered form, will keep indefinitely.

We tried it. We found, after long experiments, a certain kind of wheat, great golden kernels, particularly rich in gluten. And we adopted it, though it cost us more than other kinds.

And then we went again to Nature's larder for that great enricher of other foods—for *milk.*

We combined them. And when the first of the new macaroni and spaghetti was made, we knew we had won.

What a difference in flavor—in richness!

The clear sticks were so brittle they broke like crisp, fresh celery stalks. Yet, when cooked, they became as tender as the tiny tips of young asparagus.

And they were so much richer, so different in flavor, too. The milk had done for them just what it does for your soups and gravies, your cakes and your puddings!

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So rich and tasty, they've become favorite foods even with those who thought they didn't care for macaroni or spaghetti.

For supper—tonight

Surprise your family tonight with a real macaroni or spaghetti supper. You can easily make a dish that will be a whole meal in itself—a wonderfully delicious and wholesome meal.

Use one of your familiar recipes with Milk Macaroni or Milk Spaghetti; you'll find it a wholly new delight.

The fat o' the land you may have it tonight.

Big value packages

We pack more macaroni and spaghetti than usual in each box. By thus saving in packing and other costs, we are able to give you this better, more costly product at about the same price per ounce as ordinary kinds.

The smaller box contains enough for two full family meals. The larger box is an even better value. Ask your grocer for it today. If he should happen not to have it, write us, giving his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

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Fifty-three builders of nationally known passenger cars, trucks, tractors, aëroplanes and engines use American Hammered Piston Rings.

Have these rings put in your own car—whatever the make. Your dealer has them or can get them quickly from his jobber.

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Export Department: 47 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 108)

Christian deeds, but I was no longer walking so softly before the elders and stewards in my church as I used to walk when they held William's poor little dingy worldly fortunes in the hollow of their hands. Sometimes I used to get up and sail out of church after the services were over, when the presiding elder had preached, without telling him I had enjoyed his sermon or that it went straight to my heart, just to know how it felt to be independent like other people. I used to sit in the congregation and enjoy the sensation of not having to worry when prominent members slept through the sermon, because it was not William who was preaching. No one can know who has not had the experience how anxious a pastor's wife is about everything, from listening to know which of the brethren flatter her husband's prayers with the approval of their amens, to the crucial and desperate concern she feels about whether he will ever be able to get his collections in full.

I rested from all that. I was looking forward to another estate when Peter graduated. He had done exceedingly well. After the first year he made his expenses by tutoring and teaching the summer school at his college. His scholarship was so good that he had been offered the position of adjunct professor of philosophy in this college when he had taken his degree. I anticipated an elegant old age in Peter's house on the campus of Eliam College. I used to entertain myself planning how we should furnish it. When you have lived for so many years in parsonages furnished by committees you do crave the privilege of having your own things and rubbing them and looking at them and possessing them. Peter would have a real library to work in, and I would have flowered curtains at the windows in my bedroom, and a stuffed chair to sit in. I always wanted gay curtains, but committees who furnish parsonages do not indulge in them. And I always wanted an everyday easy-chair. The hard wooden-seated chairs that prevail in parsonages are durable, but they get to be hard on the very soul of you from having to sit in them so much. I could see myself in this house or walking through the campus, quietly but genteelly dressed like a good old proverb of a woman, with people telling other people that "the elderly lady who just passed is the mother of Dr. Peter Thompson," and so forth and so on.

You never know what will happen to you. This is why I do not permit myself to be too sure about the kind of place heaven is. The only description we have of it is John's dream on Patmos, when he was old and tired and blind and homesick. Maybe if Paul had had that vision he might have seen a different heaven altogether. Anyway, it is best not to be too sure of your handsome things in this present world if you are a woman. The older I am the more it seems to me that we are merely the attributes of our men. I do not know if suffrage and hypothecated economic independence will make much difference. It only seems a new way we have of being their nearer adjectives. Whenever we make up our minds to do something great and splendid it is always something we do to or for men. We do not seem able to live apart from them, mentally, morally or politically—only spiritually, behind that door, when we lay their case before the Lord and pray for guidance about what next to do with some one of them. And all the time he does the doing. You only screech or picket him or submit to the inevitable. He simply packs you up and takes you along with him when he decides to change his scenes, either as a duty or a treasure. You may be a home body, but you must travel. You may want to see the world, but you must remain at home and let him be your world. I do not know that it can be said, even by those who believe in the doctrine of predestination, that Providence predestines us to our fate. Your husband does it, then maybe you are passed along to your son, and he wigwags you over a way your old tired feet never wished to go. But you must, because that is the way he has chosen for himself. It is something like that, though I do not seem to make it very clear; but if you have streaked it this way and that after one man half a lifetime, and then suddenly, when you were settling down in your own mind and spirit, if you are obliged to get up, turn round and follow another one up and down, you know what I mean.

The blow fell on me like a bolt from a clear sky. This was in May before Peter graduated in June. I always had a short filial letter from him, written on Sunday afternoon. But for two weeks I did not hear from him, then in the middle of the third week came a thick letter. I do not know why, but my heart misgave me as I weighed this bulky package in my hand. Men are never so voluminous as when they have something to excuse or explain.

I went into my room and shut the door before I broke the seal, though there was not a soul in that house but me, and probably my God.

When I had finished reading the letter I laid it on the window sill beside me and folded my hands. It was a warm spring day, but I felt the chill of winter in the air. The sun was shining, but the shades of twenty years gathered and darkened that room. Memories showed their faces in these shadows. I saw William, young and strong in the Lord, starting forth to walk to his appointment to preach on the Redwine circuit, which was our first work. I saw the mountains, bleak and cold, above the house where our first baby had been born dead. I remembered that Gethsemane night.

I saw the old brown altars filled with mourning penitents; I saw the dim faces of so many, many congregations William had served; I remembered the ones of them we had nursed, and the ones we had buried. And it had all been so hard, so barren of every comfort except the comfort of the Holy Spirit, which settled on William, never on me.

Looking back through this pale twilight of memory I knew now when the change came in William, when he really gave up his hopes as a man and ceased to expect better appointments. It was after a certain annual conference when he had been sent back to the same circuit, though he had expected to be moved to a station. He knew it then, but it was years before I realized that he would always be a circuit rider, never have any big church to serve.

The years stretched before me like weary roads on these circuits. How tired I used to get during the long revival seasons, always having to prepare a table for company, but always attending every service, hoping the penitents would come to the altar when at the end of the sermon William entreated them to come.

The wailing strains of that old hymn he used to give out then filled the room, faint and sad:

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

My eyes filled with tears. William used to look so sorrowful when nobody came. Then he would exhort again before we sang the next verse, while I held my breath in suspense, hoping this would move them. And so on it would go until William would say fatally "Last stanza!" meaning: "You have denied your God, and some of you may be dead and lost before another day!"

Then they would begin to straggle down the aisle—ungainly youths, young girls suddenly serious. Then they crowded, hurrying to the altar, old and young together.

How my heart always lifted at this windfall of mourners beneath William's preaching!

I could see him now in memory as I had seen him so many times lift his hand and say: "Let us pray! Brother Rhuebottom, will you lead us in prayer?"

The rustling and scraping of heavy shoes as we went down on our knees! How the rafters seemed to shake above the roll and thunder of Brother Rhuebottom's prayer! He was a "valorous worm" storming the gates of God. He was Jacob wrestling with the pilgrim angel. And he would not let him go without the blessing he craved. Women sobbed, men shouted "Amen!" and the mourners moaned.

These were the only moments of perfect joy I remember in all those years. How could I be happy, I asked myself now, in the spiritual anguish of such scenes? They were terrible, even the souls born out of these travails. They were changed, these men and women who sprang up from these altars. They had a light on their faces. A great experience burned in their eyes.

But how we suffered, pinched and prayed William all for them, I all for William. Looking back I could see that he never really lived at all, that he spent his life praying for eternal life.

This was the life I had meant that Peter should escape. Peter was to be my own life restored to me.

Tears fell upon my folded hands. I felt like an old clock that has been going too fast which is suddenly turned back years and years.

I reached for his letter. But it was now too dark to read it. I had been there a long time. The sun had gone down. These were real shadows about me now. But it made no difference, I knew what was in this letter. I should never be able to forget or escape what was in it.

Peter wrote that he had decided to enter the ministry. Stripped of much he said before and much that he wrote afterward, this was the sentence that dimmed my light and set me back years in time.

He had declined the place offered him in the faculty at Eliam for a number of reasons, all written out in full, as a man who takes not so much trouble to convince you as he does to convince himself.

He had been considering the ministry for some time, but he had not mentioned this to me until he was fully settled in his own mind that this was the thing he would do.

He was sure that I would be happy to know of this decision. He had an idea that most good women wanted their sons to become preachers. And though I had remained "generously silent," leaving him free to make his own choice of a profession, he was glad his choice was, no doubt, an answer to my prayers. He was depending upon me, he went on. He remembered with more and more admiration the way I had helped and sustained his father. We would start again in the itinerancy together, at the bottom, on a circuit, probably the usual hardships for a time, but he believed he would be able to command good appointments in a very few years, probably the best in the conference. He thought he knew what the people needed now, a gospel that fitted their needs under modern conditions. The church could not afford to lag behind the progress civilization was making. That changed men's minds. The successful preacher had to keep up with them and go them one better; and so on and so forth.

He had some money left, enough for his purpose. He would come home for a few days after his graduation to see me and receive my blessing. Then he would go to New York for a course of lectures in —— He mentioned the place. It is one of those wide-open theological seminaries. This would be his last chance to do some studying along a special line which he needed, for he expected to join the conference and take work in the autumn.

Mothers are undoubtedly the most gifted hypocrites in the world to their children. They not only love and cherish them, they play a rôle, they recite the lines that belong to that rôle, which may not be dictated by their hearts or their own convictions but by the circumstances in which they bring up their children. So it had been with me. As William's wife, Peter's mother was forced to keep him in the shadow of the church with solemn admonitions, when always I hoped and longed for him to escape into the world of deeds done by men, not saints. And now he imagined I should be thankful because he was about to enter the ministry!

It was his father who prayed as long as he lived that Peter might be called to preach the gospel. Even at that I was not so sure William's prayers had been answered.

I rose, lighted the lamp and read Peter's letter again. I missed that strange egotism of humility peculiar to men who have been "called" to preach the gospel. William had it. I was always afraid he would be called as a missionary to the uttermost parts of the earth. But Peter wrote that he had "decided to enter the ministry." And he had his eye already fixed on the "best appointments in the conference."

Wrestling with angels is nothing to wrestling with your own heart, especially when you have grown old and tired and your heart has grown strong in one desire. I passed through hours of struggle that night, alone in my house. I did not want Peter to enter the ministry. A terrible weariness fell upon me at the thought of going back over those hard years. It was not that I no longer believed in the kingdom of heaven, but that I did believe in it. I had settled down comfortably in my faith. I dreaded to be stirred up again for other people's sins, made anxious day and night about the affairs of the church. I had been William's amen, so to speak, for so many years. And nothing had come of it for just me but an awful, unnatural virtuousness, a sacrificial piety, and the death of William.

If it came to the pinch I doubt if any man or woman would choose to live the same life over again, however well he had lived it. He might for that reason choose one quite different. It may be a fearful thing to admit, but I wanted now, even in my approaching age, some of the natural willful sweetness of just living, of being responsible to the Lord only for my personal sins, not for the brethren or the sistren. Heaven knows I never wanted to be so good a woman as I had to be as William's wife. How many times I had been tempted to speak the truth to stewards in our church or at the woman's missionary meeting, that would have skinned somebody alive for meanness, when I had to say something meek and forbearing for William's sake! What a relief it would have been just to tear round sometimes regardless of my soul's salvation or any other soul's salvation. But I never did. I was waiting for Peter to grow up, win a place in the world and open the door of this prison for me.

Now here he was about to close it in my face forever. You do not know how much you desire something until you are about to lose it. I suffered. And I could not do as I always did in the years of my submission, get the Bible and find some Scripture to comfort me. If you are not meek it is no use to read your Bible. What is in you is not in it.

I sat there in my old gray dress with my old gray head leaning against the back of the chair, with my eyes closed to hold the tears.

There was another reason why I did not want Peter to be a preacher. Thirty years ago, when William and I were young, the best men mentally and spiritually entered the ministry. They had great virtues and great gifts. They had dignity and influence. They inspired reverence. And many of them became national figures in the church of God. Now, we all know it is too often the seconds who enter the ministry, ordinary men whose sacred offices do not exalt or change their quality. They frequently become prominent, but they do not become great. Their eloquence is like any other eloquence. Their hearts do not burn, their lips have not been touched with the holy fire. They lack some awful quality of the spirit which the old preachers had and which they have not. It is not for me to judge them, but I have wondered if they did not lack the courage of that sublime thing which we call faith. They have been tamed by something which is not the Holy Ghost. The young preacher may be a dull honest man or he may be a sensationalist, but he does not speak the same things nor with the same authority preachers of an older day had. The very pulpit where these men stood has been effaced. It is becoming more and more of a rostrum.

For the first time in my life I looked askance at my son. Never before had he measured himself in my thoughts beside his father. I had counted his cubits by another standard. And now I found him undersize. What was this presumption that possessed him? How could he dare so much? What was the matter with the world that a smart young man could "decide to enter the ministry" much as he would decide to practice law, and look forward shrewdly to the "best appointments."

I thought I would write Peter exactly what was in my mind. I would search him and warn him.

Then I fell to trembling at the fear of what I was about to do. Who was I to question him? After all, my son had delivered himself into the hands of the Lord. The Lord would chasten him and tear him down and build him up according to his word and his Spirit. That was the end of the struggle. I knew it when I began to weep. Then I went over to the table and wrote him the kind of letter the mother of a young preacher should write. I told him that I would go with him and help him and stand by him so long as I had the strength for this business. All I asked of him was that he would pray without ceasing that he might be a true disciple and become as much as God would give him grace to be like his father, who had literally believed in "the way, the truth and the life," and had preached it, counting himself as nothing that he might serve his Lord.

(Continued on Page 114)

HANSEN

The Holiday Spirit

There is a special significance in a gift of gloves which exactly expresses the spirit of the Christmas season.

The combination of practical value and personal sentiment makes Hansen gloves the ideal way to insure a friend's daily remembrance. And the name, Hansen, is generally accepted as authority in the glove field.

The man in the picture opposite wears one of the new dressy "Cape" gloves. He is examining the "Soft Cuff" for motoring. Evidently the woman's slip-on gauntlet appealed to him—as also the "Dan Patch" glove for general wear and the mitten with removable wool lining. All of these the dealer has displayed.

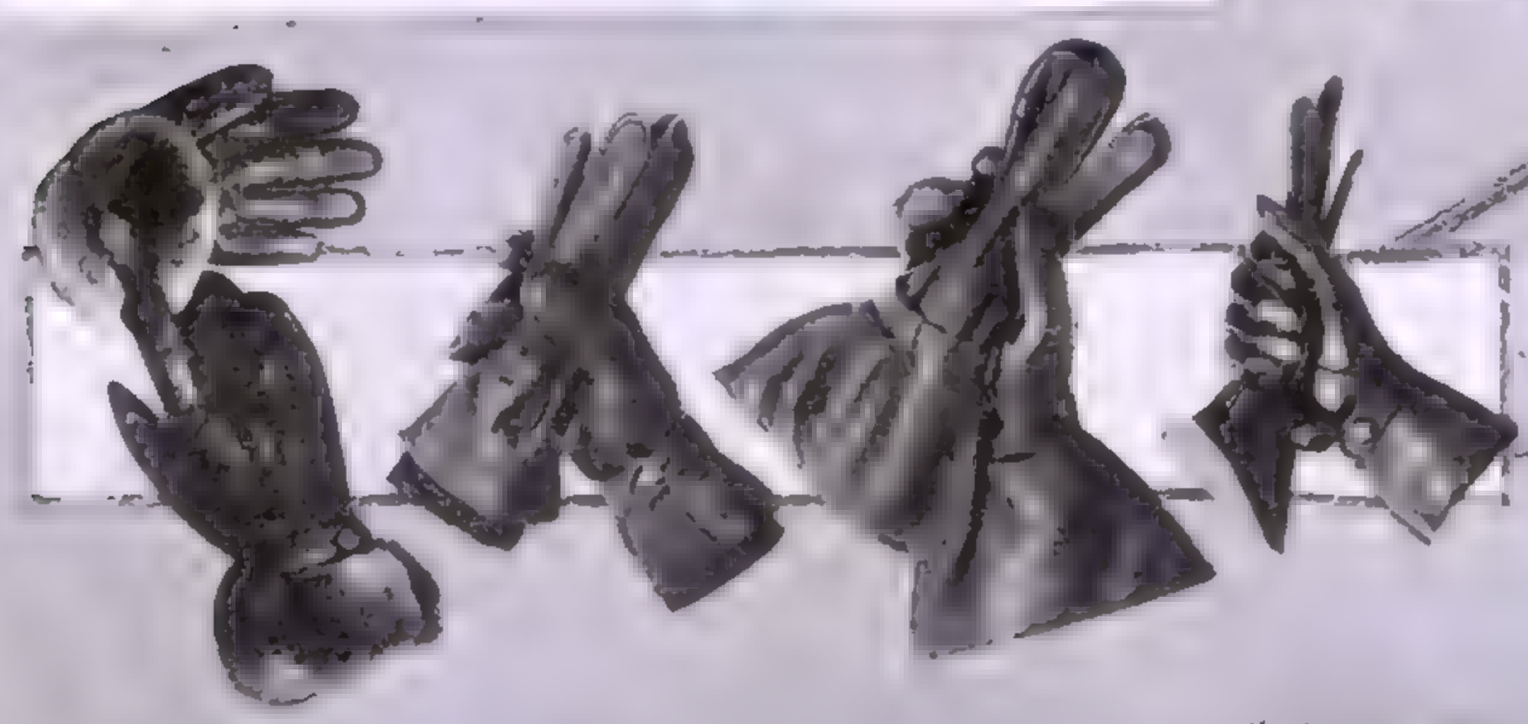
Hansen specialized methods mean that every glove, gauntlet or mitten is designed for the use intended. This makes it possible to choose a selected group, for either simple or elaborate gift, as desired.

For example, a motoring style, the Hansen "Utility," for changing tires or garage wear, and a dress glove are a popular set. But the scope of the line affords unlimited "group" possibilities.

Hansen designs include, also, many all-purpose types, lined and unlined, some one of which will exactly answer every general need, in all seasons.

Our Free Book describes and illustrates the line. Choose, then see your dealer and give your friends the "glad hand."

O. C. Hansen Manufacturing Company
517B Wright Street Milwaukee, Wis.



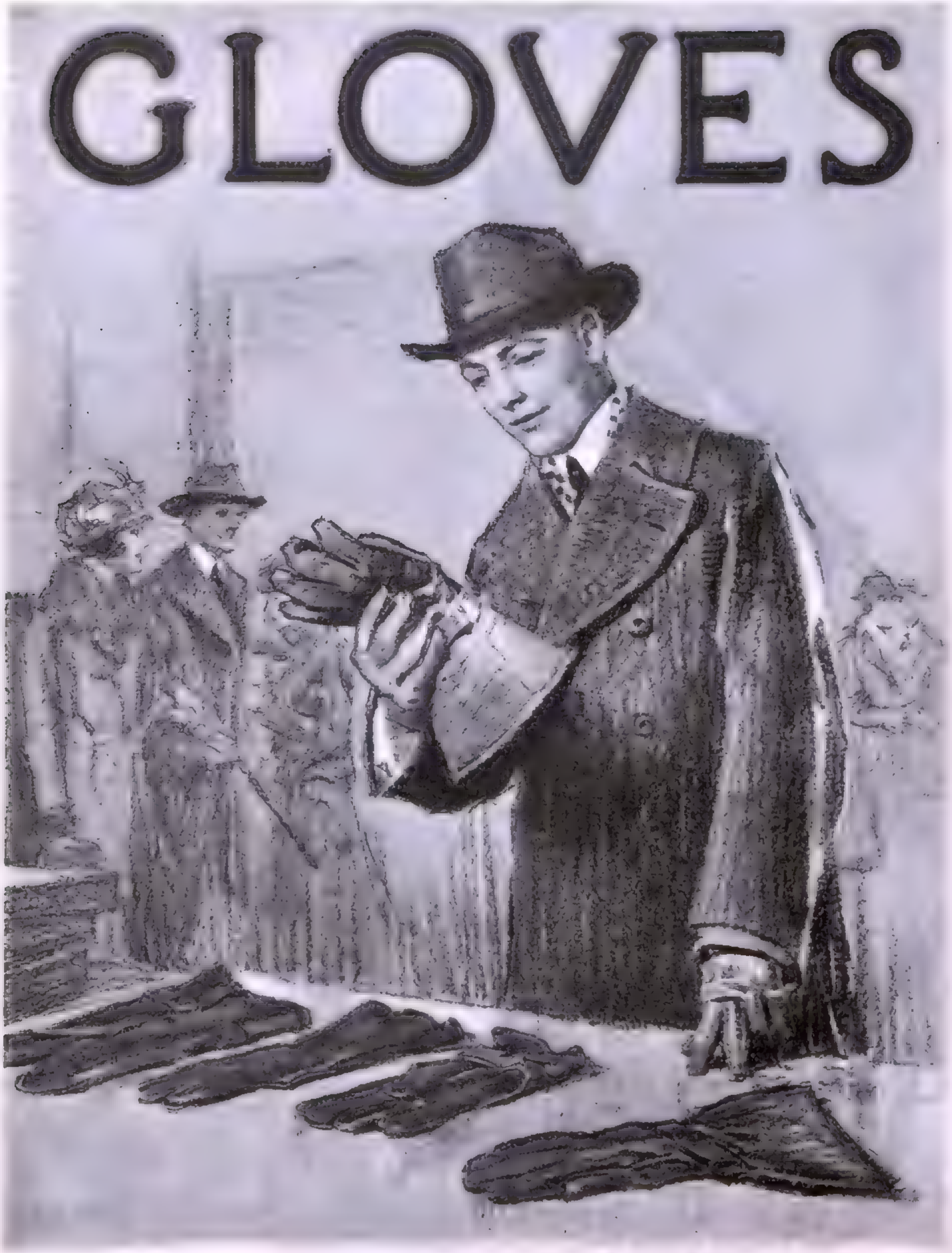
No. 703—Black Cape Leather. Fur Cuff. Combines warmth with elegance

No. 900—"Glove within a Glove" Removable Alpaca lining

No. 1041—Black Horsehide one-finger mitten style Lamb Fur lining

No. 924—Long wrist glove. For motoring and general wear. For women

GLOVES



"Thank you, for My Conklin!"

"IT'S THE ONLY FOUNTAIN PEN I ever saw that just exactly suited me. That Crescent Filler is a wonder——"

A Conklin the most thoughtful of Christmas gifts

The Conklin Fountain Pen is one of the most thoughtful Christmas presents you can give to a friend or a loved one. It is a day after day reminder of your affection, for when you give a Conklin you give an *individual present*. Your dealer has a large and most attractive assortment of Christmas Conklins, one of which will just exactly suit your friend's personal preference and need. There are styles for men, women and children—points for all kinds of writing.

Every Conklin has the signal advantage of the Crescent Filler—the absolutely no-leaking qualities. There are no springs, pivots or levers to get out of order. It fills fully and perfectly, giving year after year of satisfying service.

Conklin Crescent Filler Fountain Pens are guaranteed during their entire life against any defects in materials or workmanship. Conklin prices are uniform all over the United States at leading stationery, jewelry, drug and department stores. Prices —$2.50 and up. Canadian prices, 50 cents additional.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., Toledo, Ohio

Boston	San Francisco	Chicago
59 Temple Place	577 Market Street	1405 Lytton Building

A real Xmas gift—a Conklin Pencil

(Continued from Page 111)

I am a Protestant as much as I can be anything, but I am not always orthodox in secret. Sometimes my heart, the heart that loved and believed in William, will put messages in my prayers to him, when I should pray only to my Heavenly Father. It was so on this night when at last I came to my knees. I know I started out right, asking God to have mercy upon me, and to create within me a clean heart and renew a right spirit within me, because he knew I needed it; and to give me courage and strength to live again within the hollow of his hand. It was no use to ask forgiveness for wishing a little life apart, for I knew I should never cease to regret and wish for the world. I merely made a silent footnote here in my mind for him to see—namely, that he had made this world, filled it and blessed it.

For what, if not for his children to love it and crave it? But when it came to Peter I found myself talking to William in that prayer. I wanted him to be with Peter as much as he could under the circumstances. If he had any influence in heaven I wanted him to see that strong angels guided Peter's footsteps, because I was very uneasy about him.

Peter came home in June. He was in high spirits, a ruddy, handsome young man with the sparkle of a fine intelligence in his strong black eyes. I could see that he had a well-seasoned mind, and the use of it, but he did not look like a man upon whom the mantle of a prophet had fallen. I missed that high secret assurance the call of God gives, not easily named, but to be found in Scriptures like this: "Thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God."

I had been through these places with William, without partaking of his great assurance, but I had felt these waters, these fires; I had watched him on his mountain top, and I had been very near him in the valley of shadows many times. Everything had happened to me except that my cup had never run over, and my head had never been anointed with oil. And it did not seem to me that Peter had any sense of these experiences through which he must pass. I was determined again to search him.

I wanted to ask him a few questions that the brethren do not ask a young man when they grant him a license to preach the gospel. But this was not so easy to do. He was very affectionate, ready to talk about whatever concerned just me, his mother, but I could not pin him down in any spiritual corner of a conversation.

Finally it dawned upon me that he understood and was purposely evading the issue. His manner implied that his idea of the ministry was different, possibly beyond me. He kept off the subject as men do when they keep their women out of their business affairs. Maybe he thought I was too old to face the issues a minister must meet now.

But there was one test that he could not evade. I gave it. We had been sitting on the porch in the moonlight talking round and round in an ever-widening circle. I went in, lit the lamp and called Peter. I called him much in the tone I used to call him when it was time for him to wash his feet, say his prayers and go to bed.

He came in blinking at the light for a moment and looking across inquiringly at me as he sat down beside the table.

I took my little Bible from the window sill, where I keep it, and handed it to him.

"Lead us in prayer, Peter," I said.

I may be mistaken, but I thought he hesitated for the briefest moment. Then he took the book, opened it at random and read a few verses. Then we knelt and Peter prayed—a sort of intellectual bricklayer's prayer to his Heavenly Father, if you know what I mean; the words of a good workman who meant to do his duty and make things go. I will say that there was vim and confidence in this prayer and not the faintest taint of self-righteousness, nor even of humility

The next evening in a little silence that occurred between us I reached out quite unexpectedly and took Peter unawares.

"My son," I said, "you do not know what is before you. You are the fifth man in direct succession in your family who has given up the world and chosen the cross for his portion."

Peter stirred, leaned back in his chair and made no reply.

"The first one was converted under John Wesley during the first revival he held in this country. They were all good men, but your father was the best. He was a holy man, Peter. His footsteps are before you."

"Father was good, the best man I ever knew," he answered after a pause; "but he was not a successful preacher."

"Many were converted under his ministry," I answered quietly.

"Those emotional experiences, they did count then; but now, mother, everything is different. You must try to understand that. Religion is a development ——"

"Religion is a great experience," I interrupted.

"It is now past the emotional, primitive stage, and is becoming a creative force in the world. It is reaching people, getting some sense into their heads about how to think and keep clean and live healthily in their minds and bodies. That is the best use to make of it."

This sounded blasphemous to me, but I held my peace.

"It is all there, in the Scriptures, if we will only learn to use it, not shout it," he went on. "But we, the preachers, must meet the people halfway. We have been too far removed from them and their practical everyday needs."

No such place as "halfway" is mentioned in the gospels for a priest to meet his people, but I did not say anything.

"You remember Snitkins?" Peter began again after a pause.

Yes, I told him. I was not likely to forget Snitkins. He was a steward in the last church William served; a large yellow-bearded tomcat of a man who made money, ruled the town and wanted to rule the church.

He complained of William's sermons, said he couldn't keep awake. He thought that church needed a younger man for pastor. I always thought he had something to do with William's being superannuated at the next conference.

"Father did not know how to manage Snitkins, that's what I mean," Peter said.

"It is not clear to me yet, what you mean, Peter," I returned.

"He wanted to be prominent; that was Snitkins' nature. Father should have appointed him superintendent of the Sunday school. He wanted to be. Then he might have made a showing that would have helped the reports from that church. See my point?"

"I see it, but your father would never have made it," I returned.

He said he did not want me to think he failed to appreciate the wonderful grace and goodness of his father, but he was trying to show how necessary it was now to use all means to further the interests of the church.

"Father was a mystic," he added.

And he went on showing me, talking well and very shrewdly, and I must say like a man with a good conscience.

I gathered that he thought William depended too much on the leadings of the Spirit, and that he, Peter, was by that as some liberal-minded faith healers are about administering a dose of medicine to a man who does not believe in that doctrine and cannot be cured by faith of his ailment. He was for getting results, whether you were in the spirit or out of it.

We had no more talk along this line, and he went away the next day, to be gone until conference met in November.

The one comfort I had was that he was not a hypocrite. He was in earnest about calling himself to the ministry and about being a good business man of the gospel. But I felt very queer about facing the saints on those old backwoods circuits with Peter in this fix.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EVEN a hasty examination of the Westcott will to an extent reveal its quality. For, in a motor car as in a man, inner character is outwardly shown in many ways. But no careful buyer will accept a car upon this evidence alone. He should study those deeper values which are proved, not by examination but by performance; and not by performance only but by the record of the car in the hands of its owners! Take at least as much pains to investigate the Westcott as you would to learn the qualifications of any other servant you expect to employ in your family. If you will do this, you will learn that Westcott really is the car with a longer life, and the car with less trouble and more genuine satisfaction during all the years of that long life!

Seven-Passenger Sedan
Seven Passenger Limousine Sedan
Five-Passenger Sedan
Four-Passenger Coupé
Seven-Passenger Touring
Five-Passenger Touring
Two-Passenger Roadster

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U.S.A.

WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

ONE wonders what in the world he does in the office to get such grubby cuffs and mussy sleeves! And of course he would like an immaculately clean fresh shirt every day—which isn't possible if one has to do the washing one's self.

But with a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer—well, that's different! First, a little soaping on neck bands and cuffs, and then into the 1900 they are popped. And when he opens that dresser drawer, there, in neat piles, are all his shirts, including his very favorites, spotlessly fresh and ready to be worn.

There's something about that 1900 Washer that gives one such a secure feeling. What if someone does make a spot on the tablecloth, or what if company does come, and more sheets and towels are necessary, or one wears extra blouses? That 1900 Washer takes away the wash-bill bugaboo, and the thought of extra things to wash.

Of course there is a definite reason for the 1900's being the perfect washing machine. It is because of that magic figure 8 motion—an exclusive feature—by means of which the soapy, cleansing water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 movement with every motion of the tub, and *four times* oftener than in the ordinary washer.

Then there is the smooth, copper tub—not a part in it to tear the clothes, or to be lifted out and cleaned after the wash is finished. And the wringer—it works electrically also, and can be shifted to any position.

The 1900 costs a few cents an hour to operate, and washes a tubful of clothes in 8 to 10 minutes.

You can buy a 1900 Washer on deferred payments from your dealer.

Write for the interesting book, George Brinton's Wife, fiction with some surprising facts included.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

THE 1900 WASHER CO.
205 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Office:
CANADIAN 1900 WASHER CO.
357 Yonge St., Toronto

The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 movement four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

THE WRONG TWIN

(Continued from Page 23)

They rested again at the Gumble counter—and now they were not alone. The acoustics of the small town are faultless, and the activities of this spendthrift had been noised abroad. To the twins, as two of those and two of those and one of them were being ordered, came four other boys to linger cordially by and assist in the selections. Hospitality was not gracefully avoidable. The four received candy cigars and became mere hangers-on of the rich, lost to all self-respect, fawning, falsely solicitous, brightly expectant. Chocolate mice were next distributed. The four guests were now so much of the party as to manifest quick hostility to a fifth boy who had beamingly essayed to be numbered among them. They officiously snubbed and even covertly threatened this fifth boy who none the less lingered very determinedly by the host and was presently rewarded with sticky largess; whereupon he was accepted by the four and himself became hostile to another aspirant.

But mere candy began to cloy—Solly Gumble had opened the second box of chocolate mice—and the host even abandoned his reënforced lemon, which was promptly communized by the group. He tried to think of something to eat that wouldn't be candy, whereupon mounted in his mind the pyramid of watermelons a block down the street before the Bon Ton Grocery.

"We'll have a watermelon," he announced in tones of quiet authority, and his cohorts gurgled applause.

They pressed noisily about him as he went to the Bon Ton. They remembered a whale of a melon they had seen there and said they would bet he never had enough money to buy that one. Maybe he could buy a medium-sized one, but not that. All of them kept a repellent manner for any passing boy who might be selfishly moved to join them.

The spendthrift let them babble, preserving a rather grim silence. The whale of a melon was indeed a noble growth, and its price was thirty-five cents. The announcement of this caused a solemn hush to fall upon the sycophants—a hush broken by the cool, masterful tones of their host.

"I'll take her," he said, and paid the fearful price from a still weighty pocket. To the stoutest of the group went the honor of bearing off the lordly burden. They turned into a cool alley that led to the rear of the shops. Here in comparative solitude the whale of a melon could be consumed and the function be unmarred by the presence of volunteer guests.

"Open her," ordered the host, and the new knife was used to open her.

She proved to be but half ripe, but her size was held to atone for this defect. A small unripe melon would have been returned to the dealer with loud complaining, but it seemed to be held that you couldn't expect everything from one of this magnitude. It was devoured to the rind, after which the convives reclined luxuriously upon a mound of excelsior beside an empty crate.

"Pennygrabs!" cried the host with a fresh inspiration, and they cheered him.

One of the five volunteered to go for them, and the money-drunken host confided the price of three of them to him. The messenger honorably returned, the pennygrabs were bisected with the new knife, and all of them but Merle smoked enjoyably. He, going back to his candy and lemon, admonished each and all that smoking would stunt their growth. It seemed not greatly to concern any of them. They believed Merle implicitly, but what cared they?

But the messenger in buying the pennygrabs had gabbled wildly to another boy of the sensational expenditures under way, and this boy, though incredulous, now came to a point in the alley from which he could survey the fed group. The remains of the whale of a melon were there to convince him. They were trifling remains, but they sufficed, and the six fuming halves of pennygrabs were confirmatory. The scout departed rapidly, to return a moment later with two other boys. One of the latter led a dog.

The three newcomers, with a nice observance of etiquette, surveyed the revelers from a distance. Lacking decent provocation, they might not approach a group so plainly engaged upon affairs of its own—unless they went aggressively, and this it did not yet seem wise to do. The revelers became self-conscious under this scrutiny. They were moved to new displays of wealth.

"I smelled 'em cookin' Bologna in the back room of Hire's butcher shop," remarked the bringer of the pennygrabs. "It smelt grand."

The pliant host needed no more. He was tinder to such a spark.

"Get a quarter's worth, Howard," and the slave bounded off, to return with a splendid rosy garland of the stuff, still warm and odorous.

Again the new knife of Merle was used. The now widely diffused scent of Bologna

"I Can Take Care of My Own Money for Me," Added the Spending Capitalist

reached the three watchers, and appeared to madden one of them beyond any restraint of good manners.

He sauntered toward them, pretending not to notice the banquet until he was upon it. He was a desperate-appearing fellow—dark, saturnine, with a face of sullen menace.

"Give us a hunk," he demanded.

He should have put it more gently. He should have condescended a little to the amenities, for his imperious tone at once dried a generous spring of philanthropy. He was to regret this lack of a mere superficial polish that would have cost him nothing.

"Ho! Go buy it like we did!" retorted the host crisply.

"Is that so?" queried the newcomer with rising warmth.

"Yes, that's so!"

"Who says it's so?"

"I say it's so!"

This was seemingly futile; seemingly it got them nowhere, for the newcomer again demanded, "Is that so?"

They seemed to have followed a vicious circle. But in reality they were much farther along, for the mendicant had carelessly worked himself to a point where he could reach for the half circle of Bologna still undivided, and the treasure was now snatched from this fate by the watchful legal owner.

"Hold that!" he commanded one of his creatures, and rose quickly to his feet.

"Is that so?" repeated the unimaginative newcomer.

"Yes, that's so!" affirmed the Wilbur twin once again.

"I guess I got as much right here as you got!" This was a shifty attempt to cloud the issue. No one had faintly questioned his right to be there.

"Ho! Gee, gosh!" snapped the Wilbur twin, feeling vaguely that this was irrelevant talk.

"Think you own this whole town, don't you?" demanded the aggressor.

"Ho! I guess I own it as much as what you do!"

The Wilbur twin knew perfectly that this was not the true issue, yet he felt compelled to accept it.

"For two beans I'd punch you in the eye."

"Oh, you would, would you?" Each of the disputants here took a step backward.

"Yes, I would, would you!" This was a try at mockery.

"Yes, you would not!"

"Yes, I would!"

"You're a big liar!" The newcomer at this betrayed excessive rage.

"What's that? You just say that again!" He seemed unable to believe his shocked ears.

"You heard what I said—you big liar, liar, liar!"

"You take that back!"

Here the newcomer flourished clenched fists and began to prance. The Wilbur twin crouched, but was otherwise motionless. The newcomer continued to prance alarmingly and to wield his arms as if against an invisible opponent. Secretly he had no mind to combat. His real purpose became presently clear. It was to intimidate and confuse until he should be near enough the desired delicacy to snatch it and run. He was an excellent runner. His opponent perceived this—the evil glance of desire and intention under all the flourish of arms. Something had to be done. Without warning he leaped upon the invader and bore him to earth. There he punched, jabbed, gouged and scratched as they writhed together. A moment of this and the prostrate foe was heard to scream with the utmost sincerity. The Wilbur twin was startled, but did not relax his hold.

"You let me up from here!" the foe was then heard to cry.

The Wilbur twin watchfully rose from his mount, breathing heavily. He seized his cap and drew it tightly over disheveled locks.

"I guess that'll teach you a good lesson!" he warned when he had breath for it.

The vanquished Hun got to his feet, one hand over an eye. He was abundantly blemished and his nose bled. His sense of dignity had been outraged and his head hurt.

"You get the hell and gone out of here!" shouted the Wilbur twin, quite as if he did own the town.

"I must say! Cursing and swearing!" shrilled the Merle twin, but none heeded him.

The repulsed enemy went slowly to the corner of the alley. Here he turned to recover a moment of dignity.

"You just wait till I catch you out some day!" he roared back with gestures meant to terrify. But this was his last flash. He went on his way, one hand still to the blighted eye.

Now it developed that the two boys who had waited the Hun had profited cunningly by the brawl. They had approached at its beginning—a fight was anybody's to watch—they had applauded its dénouement with shrill and hearty cries, and they now felicitated the victor.

"Aw, that old Tod McNeil thinks he can fight!" said one, and laughed in harsh derision.

"I bet this kid could lick him any day in the week!" observed his companion.

This boy, it was now seen, led a dog on a rope, a half-grown dog that would one day be large. He was now heavily clad in silken wool of richly mixed colors—brown, yellow and bluish gray—and his eyes were still the pale blue of puppyhood.

Both newcomers had learned the unwisdom of abrupt methods in approaching this wealthy group. They conducted themselves with modesty, they were polite, even servile, saying much in praise of the warrior twin. The one with the dog revealed genius for this sort of thing, and insisted on feeling the warrior's muscle. The flexed bicep appeared to leave him aghast at its hardness and immensity. He insisted that his companion should feel it too.

"Have some Bologna?" asked the warrior. He would doubtless have pressed Bologna now on Tod McNeil had that social cull stayed by.

"Oh!" said the belated guests, surprised at the presence of Bologna thereabouts.

They uttered profuse thanks for sizable segments of the now diminished circle. It was then that the Wilbur twin took pleased notice of the dog.

He was a responsive animal, grateful for notice from anyone. Receiving a morsel of the Bologna he instantly engulfed it and overwhelmed the giver with rough but hearty attentions.

"Knows me already," said the now infatuated Wilbur.

"Sure he does!" agreed the calculating owner. "He's a smart dog. He's the smartest dog ever I see, and I seen a good many dogs round this town."

"Have some more Bologna," said Wilbur.

"Thanks," said the dog owner, "just a mite."

The dog, receiving another bit, gave further signs of knowing the donor. No cynic

(Continued on Page 121)

Gifts that will express the depth of the sincerest sentiment

Wadsworth Cases

When, this Christmas time, you choose the watch which is to carry your message of friendship and good will, select first a good movement to insure time-keeping accuracy.

Then have your jeweler "dress" it in an appropriate case. In his treasure-stock of Wadsworth cases there is one which will truly express that sentiment you so wish your gift to convey.

Above is illustrated how Wadsworth craftsmen have woven character into watch cases. Portraying, in fine metals, Wadsworth ideals of grace, beauty and

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO.,

Exemplifying the artistry of Wadsworth craftsmanship

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permanence, these cases combine that delicacy of design and exactness of fit found only in the products of supreme artists.

For thirty years Wadsworth cases have been recognized as standard for the movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful, most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

The name Wadsworth in a watch case is your guarantee of correctness and beauty of design—of highest quality materials and best workmanship.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *Factories: Dayton, Ky.*

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC WARE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Send a Package of Convenience

Westinghouse Electric Ware is a truly convenient Christmas gift—convenient not only to use but also to give. Since Westinghouse appliances are alike in beauty and utility wherever you find them, they may be ordered by mail or 'phone from any Westinghouse dealer with entire assurance. Moreover, each piece comes all packaged for shipment. Those who must buy hurriedly will find these facts worth remembering.

Single pieces of Westinghouse Ware are often tasteful gifts for an entire family. This but adds to their suitability as remembrances for individuals. Such are the

TURNOVER TOASTER
TOASTER STOVE PERCOLATOR

Or you can select from a list that includes

"THE IRON THAT WOMEN DESIGNED"
TRAVELER'S IRON COZY GLOW
CURLING IRON WARMING PAD

In the kitchen, convenience has been given a new significance by the "Westinghouse Automatic Range." There is no finer year 'round gift for the whole family.

These all await *your* convenience at the nearest Westinghouse store.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.

(Continued from Page 117)

was present to intimate that the animal would instantly know any giver of Bologna.

"What's his name?" demanded Wilbur.

The owner hesitated. He had very casually acquired the animal but a few hours before; he now attached no value to him and was minded to be rid of him, nor had the dog to his knowledge any name whatever.

"His name is Frank," he said, his imagination being slow to start.

"Here, Frank! Here, Frank!" called Wilbur, and the dog leaped for more Bologna.

"See, he knows his name all right," observed the owner pridefully.

"I bet you wouldn't sell him for anything," suggested Wilbur.

"Sell good old Frank?" The owner was painfully shocked. "No, I couldn't hardly do that," he said more gently. "He's too valuable. My little sister just worships him."

The other guests were bored at this hint of commerce. They had no wish to see good money spent for a dog that no one could eat.

"He don't look to me like so much of a dog," remarked one of these. "He looks silly to me."

The owner stared at the speaker unpleasantly.

"Oh, he does, does he? I guess that shows what you know about dogs. If you knew so much about 'em like you say I guess you'd know this kind always does look that way. It's—it's the way they look," he floundered briefly, but recovered. "That's how you can tell 'em," he concluded.

The Wilbur twin was further impressed, though he had not thought the dog looked silly at all.

"I'll give you a quarter for him," he declared bluntly.

There was a sensation among the guests. Some of them made noises to show that they would regard this as a waste of money. But the owner was firm.

"Huh! I bet they ain't money enough in this whole crowd to buy that dog, even if I was goin' to sell him!"

The wishful Wilbur jingled coins in both pockets.

"I guess he wouldn't be much of a fighting dog," he said.

"Fight!" exploded the owner. "You talk about fight! Say, that's all he is—just a fighter! He eats 'em alive, that's all he does—eats 'em!" This was for some of them not easy at once to believe, for the dog's expression was one of simpering amiability. The owner seemed to perceive this discrepancy. "He looks peaceful, but you git him mad once, that's all! He's that kind—you got to git him mad first." This sounded reasonable, at least to the dog's warmest admirer.

"Yes, sir," continued the owner, "you'll be goin' along the street with George here——"

"George who?" demanded a skeptical guest. For a moment the owner was disconcerted.

"Well, Frank is his right name, only my little sister calls him George sometimes and I get mixed. Anyway, you'll be goin' along the street with Frank and another dog'll come up and he's afraid of Frank and mebbe he'll just kind of clear his throat or something on account of feeling nervous and not meaning anything, but Frank'll think he's growling, and that settles it. Eats 'em alive! I seen some horrible sights, I want to tell you!"

"Give you thirty-five cents for him," said the impressed Wilbur.

"For that there dog?" exploded the owner. "Thirty-five cents?" He let it be seen that this jesting was in poor taste.

"I guess he wouldn't be much of a watchdog."

"Watchdog! Say, that mutt watches all the time, day and night! You let a burglar come sneaking in, or a tramp or someone—wow! Grabs 'em by the throat, that's all!"

"Fifty cents!" cried the snared Cowan twin. Something told the owner this would be the last raise.

"Let's see the money!"

He saw it, and the prodigy, Frank, sometimes called George by the owner's little sister, had a new master. The Wilbur twin tingled through all his being when the end of the rope leash was placed in his hand.

A tradesman now descried them from the rear door of his shop. He saw smoke from the relighted pennygrabs and noted the mound of excelsior.

"Hi, there!" he called harshly. "Beat it outa there! What you want to do—set the whole town afire?"

Of course nothing of this sort had occurred to them, but only Merle answered very politely "No, sir!" The others merely moved off, holding the question silly. Wilbur Cowan stalked ahead with his purchase.

"I hate just terrible to part with him," said the dog's late owner.

"Come on to Solly Gumble's," said Wilbur significantly. He must do something to heal this hurt.

The mob followed gleefully. The Wilbur twin was hoping they would meet no other dog. He didn't want good old Frank to eat another dog right on the street.

Back in Solly Gumble's he bought lavishly for his eight guests. The guests were ideal; none of them spoke of having to leave early, though the day was drawing in. And none of the guests noted that the almost continuous stream of small coin flowing to the Gumble till came now but from one pocket of the host. Yet hardly a guest but could eat from either hand as he chose. It was a scene of Babylonian profligacy—even the late owner of Frank joined in the revel full-spiritedly, and it endured to a certain moment of icy realization suffered by the host. It came when Solly Gumble, in the midst of much serving, bethought him of the blue jay.

"I managed to save him for you," he told the Wilbur twin, and reached down the treasure. With a cloth he dusted the feathers and tenderly wiped the eyes. "A first-class animal for fifty cents," he said—"and durable. He'll last a lifetime if you be careful of him—keep him in the parlor just to be pretty."

The munching revelers gathered about with interest. There seemed no limit to the daring of this prodigal. Then there came upon the Wilbur twin a moment of sinister calculation. A hand sank swiftly into a pocket and brought up a scant few nickels and pennies. Amid a thickening silence he counted these remaining coins.

Then in deadly tones he declared to Solly Gumble, "I only got forty-eight cents left!"

"Oh, my! I must say! Spent all his money!" shrilled the Merle twin on a note of triumph that was yet bitter.

"Spent all his money!" echoed the shocked courtiers, and looked upon him coldly. Some of them withdrew across the store and in low tones pretended to discuss the merits of articles in another show case.

"I guess you couldn't let me have him for forty-eight cents," said the Wilbur twin hopelessly.

Solly Gumble removed his skullcap, fluffed his scanty ring of curls and drew on the cap again. His manner was judicial but not repellent.

"Mebbe I could—mebbe I couldn't," he said. "You sure you ain't got two cents more in that other pocket, hey?"

The Wilbur twin searched, but it was the most arid of formalities.

"No, sir; I spent it all."

"Spent all his money!" remarked the dog seller with a kind of patying contempt, and drew off toward the door. Two more of the courtiers followed as unerringly as if trained in palaces. Solly Gumble bent above the counter.

"Well, now, you young man, you listen to me. You been a right good customer, treating all your little friends so grand, so I tell you straight—you take that fine bird for forty-eight cents. Not to many would I come down, but to you—yes."

Wilbur, overcome, mumbled his thanks. He was alone at the counter now, Merle having joined the withdrawn courtiers.

"I'm a fair trader," said Solly Gumble. "I can take. I give. Here now!" And amazingly he extended to the penniless wreck a large and golden orange, perhaps one of the largest oranges ever grown.

The recipient was again overcome. He blushed as he thanked this open-handed tradesman. Then with his blue jay, his orange, his dog, he turned away. Now he first became aware of the changed attitude of his late dependents. It did not distress him. It seemed wholly natural, this icy withdrawal of their fellowship. Why should they push about him any longer? He was, instead, rather concerned to defend his spendthrift courses.

"Spent all his money!" came a barbed jeer from the Merle twin.

The ruined one stalked by him with dignity, having remembered a fine speech he had once heard his father make.

"Oh, well," he said lightly, "easy come, easy go!"

The Merle twin still bore the album and the potent invigorator that was to make a new man of Judge Penniman. His impoverished brother carried the blue jay, looking alert and lifelike in the open, the mammoth orange, gift for Mrs. Penniman—he had nearly forgotten her—and tenderly he led the dog Frank. Not to have all his money again would he have parted with his treasures and the memory of supreme delights. Not for all his squandered fortune would he have bartered Frank, the dog. Frank capered at his side, ever and again looking up brightly at his new master. Never had so much attention been shown him. Never before had he been confined by a leash as if he were a desirable dog.

Opposite the Mansion House, Newbern's chief hotel, Frank gave signal proof of his intelligence. From across River Street he had been espied by Boodles, the Mansion House dog, a creature of dusty, pinkish white, of short neck and wide jaws, of a clouded but still definite bull ancestry. Boodles was a dog about town, wearing many scars of combat, a swashbuckler of a dog, rough-mannered, raffish; if not actually quarrelsome, at least highly sensitive where his honor was concerned. He made it a point to know every dog in town, and as he rose from a sitting posture, where he had been taking the air before his inn, it could be observed that Frank was new to him—certainly new and perhaps objectionable. He stepped lightly halfway across the now empty street and stopped for a further look. He seemed to be saying, "Maybe it ain't a dog after all." But the closer look and a lifted nose wrinkling into the breeze set him right. He left for a still closer look at what was unquestionably a dog.

The Wilbur twin became concerned for Boodles. He regarded him highly. But he knew that Boodles was a fighter, and Frank ate them up. He commanded Boodles to go back, but though he had slowed his pace and now halted a dozen feet from Frank the cannibal, Boodles showed that he was not going back until he had some better reason. Violence of the cruelest sort seemed forward. But perhaps Frank might be won from his loathly practice.

"You, Frank, be quiet, sir!" ordered Wilbur, though Frank had not been unquiet. "Be still, sir!" he added, and threatened his pet with an open palm. But Frank had attention only for Boodles, who now approached, little recking his fate. The clash was at hand.

"Be still, sir!" again commanded Wilbur in anguished tones, whereupon the obedient Frank tumbled to lie upon his back, four limp legs in air, turning his head to simper up at Boodles, who stood inquiringly above him. Boodles then sniffed an amiable contempt and ran back to his hotel. Frank strained at his leash to follow. His proud owner thought there could be few dogs in all the world so budable as this.

The twins went on. Merle was watching his chance to recover that spiritual supremacy over the other that had been his until the accident of wealth had wrenched it from him.

"You'll catch it for keeping us out so late," he warned—"and cursing and fighting and spending all your money!"

The other scarce heard him. He walked through shining clouds far above an earth where one catches it.

CHAPTER III

THE Penniman house, white with green blinds, is set back from the maple and elm shaded street, guarded by a white picket fence. Between the house and gate a green lawn was crossed by a graveled walk with borders of phlox; beyond the borders, on either side, were flowering shrubs, and at equal distances from the walk circular beds of scarlet tulips and yellow daffodils. Detached from the Penniman house, but still in the same yard, was a smaller, one-storied house, also white with green blinds, tenanted by Dave Cowan and his twins, who—in Newbern vernacular—mealed with Mrs. Penniman. It had been the Cowan home when Dave married the Penniman cousin who had borne the twins. There was a path worn in the grass between the two houses.

On the Penniman front porch the judge was throned in a wicker chair. He was a nobly fronted old gentleman with imposing head, bald at the top but tastefully hung with pale, fluffy side curls. His face was wide and full, smoothly shaven, his cheeks pink, his eyes a pure pale blue. He was clad in a rumpled linen suit, the trousers of which were drawn well up his plump legs, above white socks and low black shoes, broad and loose fitting. As the shadows had lengthened and the day cooled he abandoned a palm-leaf fan he had been languidly waving. His face at the moment glowed with animation, for he played over the deciding game in that day's match at checkers by which, at the harness shop, he had vanquished an acclaimed rival from over Higgston way. The fellow had been skilled beyond the average, but supremacy was still with the Newbern champion. So absorbed was he, achieving again that last bit of strategy by which he had gained the place to capture two men and reach the enemy's king row, that his soft-stepping daughter, who had come from the house, had to address him twice:

"Have you had a good day, father?"

The judge was momentarily confused. He had to recall that his invalidism, not his checker prowess, was in question. He regained his presence of mind; he coughed feebly, reaching a hand tenderly back to a point between his shoulder blades.

"Not one of my real bad days, Winona. I can't really say I've suffered. Stuff that other cushion in back of me, will you? I got a new pain, kind of, in this left shoulder—neuralgia, mebbe. But my sciatica ain't troubled me—not too much."

Winona adjusted the cushion.

"You're so patient, father!"

"I try to be, Winona," which was simple truth.

A sufferer for years, debarred by obscure ailments from active participation in our industrial strife, the judge, often for days at a time, would not complain unless pressed to—quite as if he had forgotten his pains. The best doctors disagreed about his case, none of them able to say precisely what his maladies were. True, one city doctor, a visiting friend of the Pennimans' family physician, had once gone carefully over him, punching, prodding, listening, to announce that nothing ailed the invalid; which showed, as the judge had said to his face, that he was nothing but an impudent young squirt.

He had never revealed this parody of a diagnosis to his anxious family, who always believed the city doctor had found something deadly that might at any time carry off the patient sufferer.

The judge was also bitter about Christian Science. He would wittily say it wasn't Christian and wasn't science—merely the chuckleheadedness of a lot of women. This because a local adept of the cult had told him, and what was worse told Mrs. Penniman and Winona, that if he didn't quit thinking he was an invalid pretty soon he would really have something the matter with him.

And he had incurred another offensive diagnosis. Old Doc Purdy, the medical examiner, whose sworn testimony had years before procured the judge his pension as a Civil War veteran, became brutal about it. Said Purdy: "I had to think up some things that would get the old cuss his money, and dummed if he didn't take it all serious and think he did have 'em!"

The judge had been obliged to abandon all thoughts of a career. Years before he had been Newbern's justice of the peace until a gang of political tricksters defeated the sovereign will of the people. And perhaps he would again have accepted political honors, but none had been offered him. Still, the family was prosperous. For in addition to the pension, Mrs. Penniman kept a neat card in one of the front windows promising "Plain and Fancy Dressmaking Done Here," and Winona now taught school.

Having adjusted the cushion, Winona paused before the cage of a parrot on a stand at the end of the porch. The bird sidled over to her on stiff legs, cocked upon her a leering, yellow eye, and said in wheedling tones, "Pretty girl, pretty girl!" But then it harshly screeched, "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" This laughter was discordant, cynical, derisive, as if the bird relished a tasteless jest.

Winona went to the hammock and resumed an open book. Its title was Matthew Arnold—How to Know Him. She was getting up in Matthew Arnold for a paper. Winona at twenty was old before she should have been. She was small and dark, with a thin nose and pinched features. Her dark hair, wound close to her small

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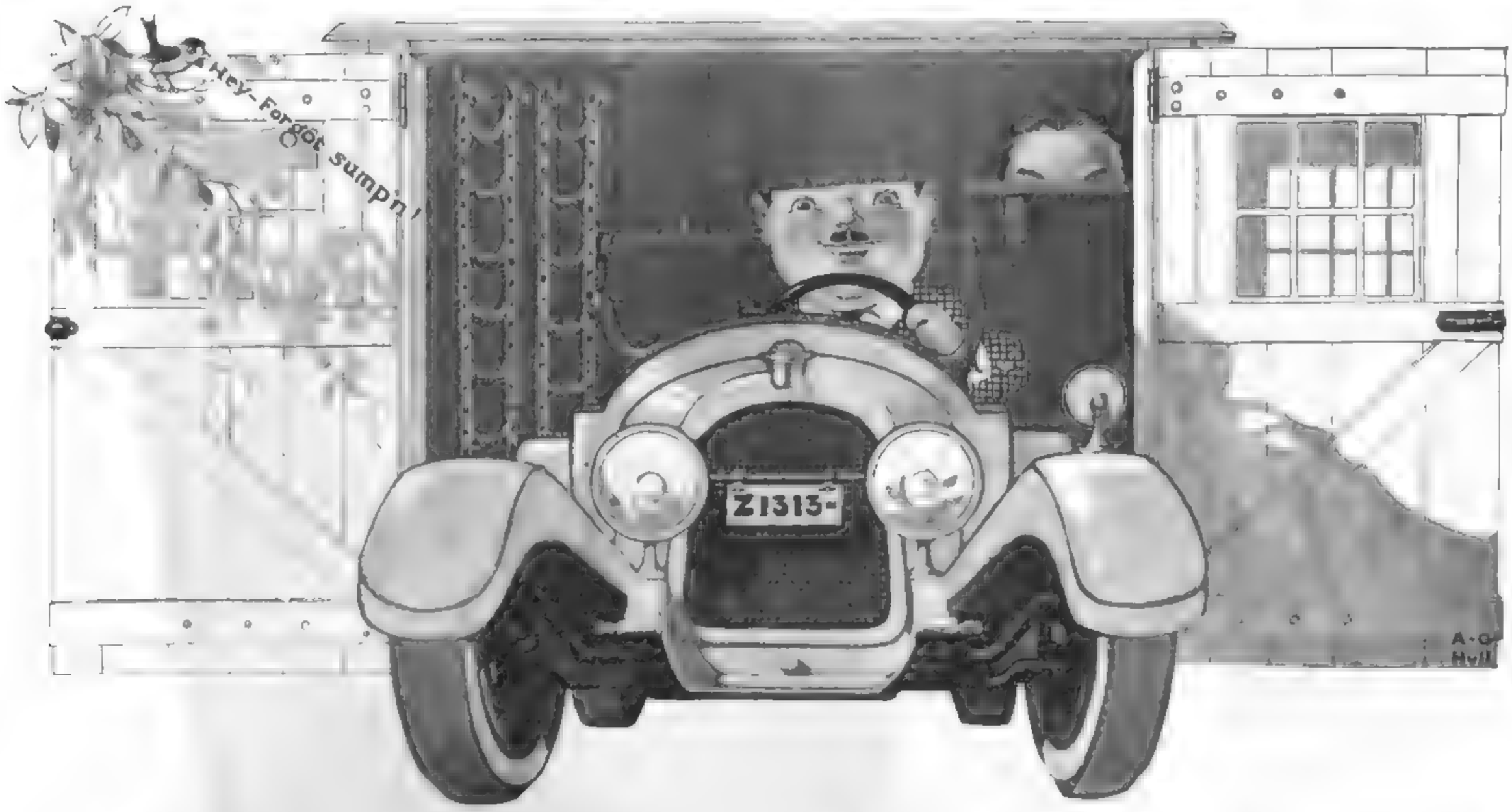

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head, was pretty enough, and her dark eyes were good, but she seemed to carry almost the years of her mother. She was an earnest girl, severe in thought, concerned about her culture, seeking to subdue a nature which she profoundly distrusted to an ideal she would have described as one of elegance and refinement. The dress she wore was one of her best—for an exemplary young man would call that evening bringing his choice silver flute, upon which he would play justly if not brilliantly to Winona's piano accompaniment—but it was dull of tint, one of her mother's plain, not fancy, creations. Still Winona felt it was daring, because the collar was low and sported a fichu of lace. This troubled her, even as she renewed the earnest effort to know Matthew Arnold. She doubtfully fingered at her throat a tiny chain that supported a tiny pendant. She slipped the thing under the neck of her waist. She feared that with her low neck—she thought of it as low—the bauble would be flashy.

Mrs. Penniman came from the kitchen and sat on the porch steps. She was much like Winona, except that certain professional touches of color at waist, neck and wrists made her appear, in spirit at least, the younger woman. There were times when Winona suffered herself to doubt her mother's seriousness, times when the woman appeared a slave to levity. She would laugh at things Winona considered no laughing matters, and her sympathy with her ailing husband had come to be callous and matter of fact, almost perfunctory. She longed, moreover, to do fancy dressmaking for her child; and there was the matter of the silk stockings. The Christmas before the too-downright Dave Cowan, in a low spirit of banter, had gifted Winona with these. They were of tan silk, and Dave had challenged her to wear them for the good of her soul.

Winona had been quite unpleasantly shocked at Dave's indelicacy, but her mother had been frivolous throughout the affair. Her mother said, too, that she would like to wear silk stockings at all times. But Winona—she spoke of the gift as hose—put the sinister things away at the bottom of her third bureau drawer. Once, indeed, she had nearly nerved herself to a public appearance in them, knowing that perfectly good women often did this. That had been the day she was to read her paper on Early Greek Sculpture at the Entre Nous Club. She had put them on with her new tan pumps, but the effect had been too daring. She felt the ogling eyes. The stockings had gone back to the third bureau drawer—to the bottom—and never had her ankles flashed a silken challenge to a public that might misunderstand.

Yet—and this it was that was making Winona old before her time—always in her secret heart of hearts she did long abjectly to wear silk stockings—all manner of sinful silken trifles. Evil yearnings like this would sweep her. But she took them to be fruits of a natural depravity that good women must fight. Thus far she had triumphed.

Mrs. Penniman now wielded the palm-leaf fan. She eyed her husband with an almost hardened glance, then ran a professional eye over the lines of Winona. Her head moved with quick little birdlike turnings. Her dark hair was less orderly than Winona's, and—from her kitchen work—two spots of color burned high on her cheeks.

"Your locket's slipped inside your waist," she said, not dreaming that Winona had in shame brought this about.

Winona, who would have been shamed again to explain this, withdrew the bauble. The fond mother now observed the book above which her daughter bent, twisting her neck to follow the title.

"Is it interesting?" she asked; and then: "The way to know a man—cook for him."

Her daughter winced, suffering a swift picture of her too-light mother cooking for Mr. Arnold. "I should think you'd pick out a good novel to read," went on her mother. "That last one I got from the library—it's about a beautiful woman that counted the world well lost for love."

Winona murmured indistinctly.

"She didn't—she didn't stop at anything," added the mother brightly.

"Oh, mother!"

"I don't care! The Reverend Mallett himself said that novels should be read for an understanding of life—even novels with a wholesome sex interest. The very words he said!"

"Mother, mother!" protested Winona with a quick glance at her father.

She doubted if any sex interest could be wholesome; and surely, with both sexes present, the less said about such things the better. To her relief the perilous topic was abandoned.

"I suppose you both heard the big news to-day."

Mrs. Penniman spoke ingenuously, but it was downright lying—no less. She supposed they had not heard the big news. She was certain they had not. Winona was attentive. Her mother's business of plain and fancy dressmaking did not a little to make the acoustics of Newbern superior. From her clients she gleaned the freshest chronicles of Newbern's social life, many being such as one might safely repeat; many more, Winona uncomfortably recalled, the sort no good woman would let go any farther. She hoped the imminent disclosure would not be of the latter class, yet suddenly she wished to hear it even if it were. She affected to turn with reluctance from her budding acquaintanceship with Matthew Arnold.

"It's the twins," began her mother with a look of pleased horror. "You couldn't guess in all day what they've been up to."

"You may be sure Wilbur was the one to blame," put in Winona, quick to defend the one most responsive to her lessons in faith, morals, etiquette.

"Ought to be soundly trounced," declared the judge. "That's what I always say."

"This is the worst yet," continued Mrs. Penniman.

She liked the suspense she had created. With an unerring gift for oral narrative she toyed with this. She must first tell how she got it.

"You know that georgette waist Mrs. Ed Seaver is having?"

"Have they done something awful?" Winona demanded. "I perfectly well know it wasn't Merle's fault."

"Well, Mrs. Seaver came in about four o'clock for her final fitting, and what do you think?"

"For mercy's sake!" pleaded Winona.

"And Ed Seaver had been to the barber shop to have his hair cut—he always gets it cut the fifteenth of each month—well, he found out all about it from Don Paley, that they'd had to send for to come to the Whipple New Place to cut it neatly off after the way it had been sawed off rough, and she told me word for word. Well, it's unbelievable, and everyone saying something ought to be done about it—you just never would be able to guess!"

Winona snapped shut the volume so rich in promise and leaned forward to face her mother desperately. Mrs. Penniman here coughed in a refined and artificial manner as a final preliminary. The parrot instantly coughed in the same manner, and seeming to like it—again became Mrs. Penniman in a series of mild, throaty preliminary coughs, as if it would presently begin to tell something almost too good. The real tale had to be suspended again for this.

"Well," resumed Mrs. Penniman, feeling that the last value had been extracted from mere suspense, "anyway, it seems that this morning poor little Patricia Whipple was going by the old graveyard, and the twins jumped out and knocked her down and dragged her in there away from the road and simply tore every stitch of clothes off her back and made her dress up in Wilbur's clothes——"

"There!" gasped the horrified Winona. "Didn't I say it would be Wilbur?"

"And then what did they do but cut off her braid with a knife!"

"Wilbur's knife—Merle hasn't any."

"And the Lord knows what the little fiends would have done next, but Juliana Whipple happened to be passing and heard the poor child's screams and took her away from them."

"That dreadful, dreadful Wilbur!" cried Winona.

"Reform school," spoke the judge, as if he uttered it from the bench.

"But something queer," went on Mrs. Penniman. "Juliana took the twins home in the pony cart with Wilbur wearing Patricia's dress—it's a plaid gingham I made myself—and someone gave him a lot of money and let him go, and they didn't give Merle any, because Ed Seaver saw them on River Street, and Wilbur had it all. And what did Patricia Whipple say to Don Paley but that she was going to have one of the twins for her brother, because no one else would get her a brother, and so she must. But what would she want one of those little cutthroats for? That's what puzzles me."

"Merle is not a cutthroat," said Winona with tightening lips. "He never will be a cutthroat." She left all manner of permissible suspicions about his brother.

"Well, it just beat me!" confessed her mother. "Maybe they've been reading Wild West stories."

"Wilbur, perhaps," insisted Winona. "Merle is already very choice in his reading."

"A puzzle, anyway—why, there they come!"

And the manner of their coming brought more bewilderment to the house of Penniman. For the criminal Wilbur did not come shamed and slinking, but with rather an uplift. Behind him gloomily trod the Merle twin. Even at a distance he was disapproving, accusatory, put upon. It was to be seen that he washed his hands of the evil.

"Whatever in the world——" began Mrs. Penniman, for Wilbur in the hollow of his arm bore a forked branch upon which seemed to perch in all confidence a free bird of the wilds.

"A stuffed bird!" said the peering Winona, and dispelled this illusion.

The twins entered the gate. Midway up the graveled walk Wilbur Cowan began a gurgling oration:

"I bet nobody can guess what I brought! Yes, sir—a beautiful present for everyone—that will make a new man of poor old Judge Penniman, and this lovely orange—that's for Mrs. Penniman—and I bet Winona can't guess what's wrapped up in this box for her—it's the most beautiful album, and this first-class animal for my father, and it'll last a lifetime if he takes care of it good; and I got me a dog to watch the house." Breathless he paused.

"Spent all his money!" intoned Merle. "And he bought me this knife too."

He displayed it, but merely as a count in the indictment for criminal extravagance. He had gone to the hammock to sit by Winona. He needed her. He had been too long unconsidered.

The sputtering gift-bringer bestowed the orange upon Mrs. Penniman, the album upon Winona and the invigorator upon the now embarrassed judge.

"Thank you, Wilbur dear!" Mrs. Penniman was first to recover her poise.

"Thanks ever so much," echoed Winona doubtfully.

She must first know that he had come by this money righteously. The judge adjusted spectacles to read the label on his gift.

"Thank you, my boy. The stuff may give me temporary relief."

He had felt affronted that anyone could suppose one bottle of anything would make a new man of him, and—inconsistently enough—affronted that anyone should suppose he needed to be made a new man of. He had not liked the phrase at all.

"And now perhaps you will tell us——" began Winona, her lips again tightening. But the Wilbur twin could not yet be brought down to mere history.

"This is an awful fighting dog," he was saying. "He's called Frank, and he eats them up. Yes, sir, he nearly et up that old Boodles dog just now. He would of if I hadn't stopped him. He minds awful well."

"Spent all *our* money!" declaimed Merle in a public-school voice, using "our" for the first time since his defeat of the morning. Certain of Winona's support, it had again become their money. "And cursing, swearing, fighting, smoking!"

"Oh, Wilbur!" exclaimed the shocked Winona; yet there was dismay more than rebuke in her tone, for she had brought the album to view. "If you've been a bad boy perhaps I should not accept this lovely gift from you. Remember—we don't yet know how you obtained all this money."

"Ho! I earned that money good! That old fat Mr. Whipple said I earned it good. He said he wouldn't of done what I done——"

"Did, dear!"

"—— wouldn't of did what I did for twice the money."

"And what was it you did?"

Winona spoke gently, as a friend. But Wilbur rubbed one bare foot against and over the other. He was not going to tell that shameful thing even to these people.

"Oh, I didn't do much of anything," he muttered.

"But what was it?"

The judge interrupted.

"It says half a wineglassful before meals. Daughter, will you bring me the wineglass?"

The Pennimans kept a wineglass. The judge found a corkscrew attached to the bottle, and sipped his draft under the absorbed regard of the group. "It feels like it might give some temporary relief," he admitted, savoring the last drops.

"You go right down to the drug store and look at that picture; you'll see then what it'll do for you," urged the donor.

"What else did the Whipples say to you?" wheedled Winona.

The Wilbur twin again hung embarrassed.

"Well—well, there's a cruel stepmother, but now she wasn't cruel to me. She said I was a nice boy, and gave me back my pants."

"Gave you back——"

Winona enacted surprise.

"I had to have my pants, didn't I? I couldn't go out without any, could I? And she took me to a pantry and give me a big hunk of cake with raisins in it, and a big slice of apple pie and a big glass of milk."

"I must say! And she never gave me a thing!" Merle's bitterness grew.

"And she kissed me twice, and—and said I was a nice boy."

"You already said that," reminded the injured brother.

"And she didn't act cruel to me once, even if she is a stepmother."

"But how did you come to be without your——"

Wilbur was again reprieved from her grilling. The Penniman cat, Mouser, a tawny, tigerish beast, had leaped to the porch. With set eyes and quivering tail it advanced crouchingly, one slow step at a time, noiseless, sinister. Only when poised for its final spring upon the helpless prey was it seen that Mouser stalked the blue jay on its perch. Wilbur, with a cry of alarm, snatched the treasure from peril. Mouser leaped to the porch railing to lick her lips in an evil manner.

"You will, will you?" Wilbur stormed at her. Yet he was pleased too, for Mouser's attempt was testimony to the bird's merit. "She thought it was real," he said proudly.

"But how did you come to have your clothes——" began Winona sweetly once more, and again the twin was saved from shuffling answers.

The dog, Frank, sniffing up timidly at Mouser on the porch rail, displeased her. From her perch she leaned down to curse him hissingly, with arched back and swollen tail, a potent forearm with drawn claws curving forward in menace.

"You will, will you?" demanded Wilbur again, freeing his legs from the leash in which the dismayed dog had entwined them.

Frank now fell on his back with limp paws in air and simpered girlishly up at his envenomed critic on the railing.

"We got to keep that old cat out the way. He eats 'em up—that's all he does, eats 'em! It's a good thing I was here to make him mind me."

"But how did you come to have your clothes——" resumed Winona.

This time it was Dave Cowan who thwarted her with a blithe hail from the gate. Winona gave it up. Merle had been striving to tell her what she wished to know. Later she would let him.

II

DAVE swaggered up the walk, a gay and gallant figure in his blue cutaway coat, his waistcoat of most legible plaid, fit ground for the watch chain of heavy golden links. He wore a derby hat and a fuming calabash pipe, removing both for a courtly bow to the ladies. His yellow hair had been plastered low on his brow, to be swept back each side of the part in a gracious curve; his thick yellow mustache curled jauntily upward to show white teeth as he smiled. At first glance he was smartly appareled, but below the waist Dave always diminished rapidly in elegance. His trousers were of another pattern from the coat, not too accurate of fit, and could have been pressed to advantage, while the once superb yellow shoes were tarnished and sadly worn. The man was richly and variously scented. There were the basic and permanent aromas of printer's ink and pipe tobacco; above these like a mist were the rare unguents lately applied by Don Paley the barber, and a spicy odor of strong drink. As was not unusual on a Saturday night, Dave would have passed

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HOOSIER

Her Happiest Christmas

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CosyToes feltwear

(Continued from Page 125)

some relaxing moments at the liquor saloon of Herman Vielhaber.

"I hope I see you well, duchess!"

This was for Mrs. Penniman, and caused her to bridle as she fancied a saluted duchess might. It was the humor of Dave to suppose this lady a peeress of the old régime, one who had led far too gay a life and, come now to a dishonored old age, was yet cynical and unrepentant. Winona also he affected to believe an ornament of the old noblesse, a creature of maddening beauty, but without heart, so that despairing suitors slew themselves for her. His debased fancy would at times further have it that Judge Penniman was Louis XVIII, though at this moment, observing that the ladies were preoccupied with one of his sons, he paused by the invalid and expertly from a corner of his mouth whispered the coarse words, "Hello, Old Flapdoodle!" From some remnant of sex loyalty he would not address the sufferer thus when his womenfolk could overhear, but the judge could never be sure of the jester's discretion. Besides, Dave was from day to day earnestly tutoring the parrot to say the base words, and the judge knew that Polly, once master of them, would use no discretion whatever. He glared at Dave Cowan in hearty but silent rage. Dave turned from him to kneel at the feet of Winona.

"'A book of verses underneath the bough ——'" he began.

Winona shuddered. She knew what was coming: dreadful, licentious stuff from a so-called poet—far, far different from dear Tennyson, thought Winona—who sang the joys of profligacy. Winona turned from the recitationist.

"What? Repulsed again? Ah, well, there's always the river! Duchess, bear witness, 'twas her coldness drove me to the rash act—she with her beauty that maddens all beholders!"

Winona was shocked, yet not unpleasantly, at these monstrous implications. She dreaded to have him begin—and yet she would have him. She tried to sign to him now that matters were to the fore too grave for clumsy fooling, but he only took the book from her hand to read its title.

"Matthew Arnold—How to Know Him," he read. "Ah, yes! Ah, yes! But is he worth knowing?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Winona, wincing.

"No respect for God or man," mumbled the judge, meaning that a creature capable of calling him Old Flapdoodle could be expected to ask if Matthew Arnold were worth knowing.

The Wilbur twin here thrust the blue jay upon his father with cordial words. Dave professed to be entranced with the gift. It appeared that he had always longed for a stuffed blue jay. He curled a finger to it and called "Tweet! Tweet!" a bit of comedy poignantly relished by the donor of the bird.

His father now ceremoniously conducted Mrs. Penniman to what he spoke of as the banqueting hall. He made almost a minuet of their progress. Under one arm he carried his bird to place it on the table, where later during the meal he would convulse the Wilbur twin by affecting to feed it bits of bread. Winona still hungered for details of the day's tragedy, but Dave must talk of other things. He talked far too much, the judge believed. He had just made the invalid uncomfortable by disclosing that the Ajax Invigorator would have an alcoholic content of at least fifty-five per cent. He said that for this reason it would afford temporary relief to almost anyone. He added that it would be cheap stuff, and harmful, and that if a man wished to drink he ought to go straight to Vielhaber's, where they kept an excellent line of Ajax Invigorators and sold them under their right names. The judge said "Stuff and nonsense" to this, but the ladies believed, for despite his levity Dave Cowan knew things. He read books and saw the world. Only the Wilbur twin still had faith in the Invigorator. He had seen the picture. You couldn't get round that picture.

Having made the judge uncomfortable, Dave rendered Winona so by a brief lecture upon organic evolution, with the blue jay as his text. He said it had taken four hundred and fifty million years for man to progress thus far from the blue-jay stage—if you could call it progress, the superiority of man's brain to the jay's being still inconsiderable.

Winona was uncomfortable, because she had never been able to persuade herself that we had come up from the animals, and in any event it was not talk for the ears of innocent children. She was relieved when the speaker strayed into the comparatively blameless field of astronomy, telling of suns so vast that our own sun became to them but a pin point of light, and of other worlds out in space peopled with beings like Mrs. Penniman and Winona and the judge, though even here Winona felt that the lecturer was too daring. The Bible said nothing about these other worlds out in space. But then Dave had once, in the post office, argued against religion itself in the most daring manner, with none other than the Reverend Mallett.

It was not until the meal ended and they were again on the porch in the summer dusk that Winona made any progress in her criminal investigations. There, while Dave Cowan played his guitar and sang sentimental ballads to Mrs. Penniman—these being among the supposed infirmities of the profligate duchess—Winona drew the twins aside and managed to gain a blurred impression of the day's tremendous events. She never did have the thing clearly. The Merle twin was eager to tell too much, the other determined to tell too little. But the affair had plainly been less nefarious than reported by Don Paley to Ed Seaver. The twins persisted in ignoring the social aspects of their adventure. To them it was a thing of pure finance.

Winona had to give it up at last, for Lyman Teaford came with his flute in its black case. Dave Cowan finished In the Gloaming brazenly, though it was not thought music by either Lyman or Winona, who would presently dash into the Poet and Peasant overture. The twins begged to be let to see Lyman assemble his flute, and Dave overlooked the process with them. Lyman deftly joined the various sections of shining metal.

"He looks like a plumber," said Dave. The twins giggled, but Winona frowned.

"No respect for God or man," mumbled the judge from his wicker chair.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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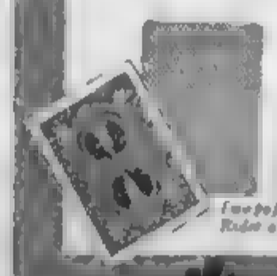

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OUR FOOD THIS WINTER—AND NEXT

(Concluded from Page 28)

demand for corn. Ordinarily such a condition means lower prices, and the October slump in corn prices was in some measure at least due to this combination of conditions.

Such a combination of increased supplies and decreased demands is further accentuated by the general attitude of the public in waiting for prices to come down. This means that the demand at the markets is not so great as are the needs for corn, and that buying will be held back. The logical result of such a condition is for prices to drop lower than the situation warrants, and then to be followed by a later recovery.

The low December price for the 1910 crop was in part due to a decreased farm demand, as is suggested by the large amounts on farms March first and November first. There is reason to believe that the number of feeder animals on farms was abnormally small for the year 1910. If general prices should continue to drop till December so that the ratio of present to 1913 prices stands at 2.25, say, instead of 2.50, the resulting December, 1920, average would be round one dollar a bushel for cash. And the general tendency to drive prices downward might easily force the price even lower.

And what about sugar? Will it go up or down? I asked a lot of questions about this. Naturally the men in the Department of Agriculture who study this question most closely will not commit the department to an official opinion. As nearly as I can make out, the situation is about this:

In the first place no one seemed to know earlier in the year just what was the supply of sugar. For a number of years the total consumption of this country has been from 3,575,000 tons to slightly more than 4,000,000 tons. Twenty years ago a supply of 2,500,000 tons was ample for the needs of the country.

Owing to foreign demands and to the heavy consumption in soft drinks and candies, there was a shortage last year. When the present year began these manufacturers had made up their minds not to be caught again and they proceeded to lay in a whole season's supply. This buying ahead of immediate needs created an unusual demand for sugar early in the year. Many manufacturers doubtless laid in more than they would probably need, in order to assure themselves of an ample supply throughout the year. And the laying in of unusually large amounts by some households and other smaller consumers of sugar had its effect on the general situation.

The Sugar Bubble

The wholesale grocers and others who supply the retail trade had been compelled to disappoint many of their customers who tried to buy sugar from them last year. The wholesalers, like the manufacturers, were accordingly very anxious to lay in an abundant supply of sugar and they purchased far in advance of their needs.

In the face of these demands it was generally believed that the supply was short. What was the result? The buyers bid against one another and prices rose rapidly. As the price of sugar began to rise professional speculators became attracted to it. These men had no special interest in sugar. Anything that can be bought and sold at a profit is interesting to them. When they joined in, the bidding became all the more active and prices increased still more.

The manufacturers, wholesalers, speculators and others were enabled to buy large amounts of sugar through the use of money borrowed at the banks. The sugar was stored and in many cases the storage or warehouse receipts were held by the banks as security for the loans. The sugar thus bought by the manufacturers and wholesalers was taken off the market. That controlled by speculators on borrowed money was tied up by the banks. Everyone who attempted to buy sugar for household uses knows the result and recalls the one and two pound rations doled out by the retail stores.

All bubbles must burst sooner or later. The purchasers of sugar for legitimate purposes found that they had bought more than they could use and they could not sell their surplus except at lower prices. The high prices attracted sugar to this country from all over the world. It was reported that even Germany sent sugar to New York. The result was that the market became overstocked with sugar. The banks commenced to call the loans made to buy sugar. The only way these could be paid was by selling the sugar, and this forced liquidation did much to overstock the market.

The result of all this was that the holders of sugar became very anxious to sell before the price went lower. Earlier in the season they had bid against one another and forced the price up; now the same fellows have been frantically trying to outdo one another in offering their holdings at lower prices. The result is that the wholesale price has dropped from 26½ cents to 12½ cents, and even lower.

Statistics of production and supplies give some intimation of what may be expected in the way of prices for the remainder of this year and for next year. The 1919 Cuban crop just closing is estimated at 3,750,000 tons, with 520,000 tons yet to be shipped. Last year's production was estimated at 3,972,000 tons. The total world's production of cane sugar available during the calendar year 1920 is estimated to be 11,809,000 tons as compared with 11,986,000 tons the year before, and beet sugar 3,346,000 tons as compared with 4,403,000 last year. The world's production for this year is thus only about 1,250,000 tons less than last year.

The Prospects for Next Year

But we have received more than our usual share of the crop, as is shown by total receipts to date of September sixteenth at all ports of 3,587,801 tons as compared with 3,239,859 tons last year, and exports since January first have been about the same as last year. And it is stated that the European deliveries are already made, so that we have the 520,000 tons yet unshipped in Cuba to draw upon; altogether somewhat more than 4,000,000 tons has been received or is available for consumption this year. Our total consumption for the year 1919 was about 4,068,000 tons, and for 1918 it was 3,496,000 tons. The year's supply for the United States is thus approximately equal to last year's.

The stocks of sugar on hand at the ports are placed by Willett & Gray's September sixteenth report at 121,556 tons as compared with 81,752 tons at the same date last year. Though no definite figures can be given it appears that there should be more sugar in this country than ever before at this time of year.

Will the price of sugar continue to go down, or has it reached bottom? Some disinterested observers of the market believe that the lowest point has been reached and that we may see a temporary rise in the price, though not to any great extent. However, the figures of production and receipts, together with the large part of the year's supply which is, in all probability, not yet consumed, do not indicate an increase. It may be that the present downward tendency will continue too far, so that when consumers begin to buy a reaction in the price will occur, but there seems slight reason to expect this reaction to result in materially higher prices than the lowest reached on the present decline.

The estimates for next year's crop are beginning to appear and show an increase of almost fifty per cent over the present year for Europe and the United States. The Cuban estimates are not yet in, but there is no reason for believing that next year's crop in that country will be materially less than that of the present year. Judging from these reports the prices should not be higher next year.

And while on the subject of prices, the Federal Bureau of Markets makes it known that it has never been able to find a single case where foodstuffs were destroyed "to keep prices up." Last summer, when food prices were so high, reports came from various parts of the country that distributors were destroying food to keep prices up or to raise prices. These reports did a great deal of harm. They aroused resentment.

The Bureau of Markets feels that there are a number of just causes for criticism of the distribution practices of the country, and is carrying on constructive work wherever possible to eliminate such causes. But it asserts that making ridiculous charges against distributors of food in regard to evils that do not exist can serve only to hinder progress in correcting real evils.

Last August there was a widespread report that eighty cars of potatoes had been dumped into the Delaware River near Wilmington in order to keep prices up. A similar report about the destruction of potatoes came from California. The Bureau of Markets made an exhaustive investigation of the Wilmington report. It traced the newspaper story from the reporter who wrote it in good faith through a chain of four informers by word of mouth. The magnitude of the reported dumpings had grown practically with each repetition.

The original source of the dumping charges stated that he had not mentioned Wilmington but had said that he had heard of dumpings while in Jersey City some time before. He had seen no dumpings there, however, and he stated further that during the fifteen years in which he had worked for the railroad from the tracks of which the dumpings were supposed to have taken place near Wilmington, he had never known of such dumpings.

In running down the story of dumpings in Wilmington a representative of the Bureau of Markets interviewed railroad division superintendents and freight agents, railroad police, dealers, health-department officials and employees of the municipal markets. None of the persons interviewed had heard of the supposed dumpings.

In regard to dumpings in general it should be pointed out that occasionally relatively small quantities of produce are condemned by health officials as unfit for food and are dumped, and similarly in some cases railroad companies have found it necessary to throw away produce on which freight has not been paid and for which, because of glut conditions, there is no market.

The Bureau of Markets has yet to learn, however, of any case in which produce has been dumped deliberately with the idea of keeping up or increasing prices or otherwise affecting the market.

A Comforting Outlook

There is no excuse for destroying food in this country, regardless of the prices. There are plenty of people to eat it at any price. The consumption is almost incredible. Take New York City alone, for example:

To feed each year the millions of consumers who live in New York City, and their close neighbors who depend on the New York wholesale markets, requires nearly 50,000 cars of the eight leading fruits and vegetables, a sufficient number of cars to make a single freight train 370 miles long.

Such an imaginary train, laden with apples, potatoes, cabbage, onions, tomatoes, strawberries, cantaloupes and peaches, would extend from New York City across the state to Rochester.

These computations are made from figures recently compiled by the Bureau of Markets, which show that during the four calendar years 1916, 1917, 1918 and 1919 a total of 195,354 cars of the eight products rolled into New York City's terminals, a yearly average of 48,838.

Receipts were heaviest in 1916, when about 50,100 cars were received and unloaded, as compared with 48,350 in 1917, with 49,150 in 1918, and with 47,750 in 1919.

The point of it all is not that New York consumes incredible quantities of food. So do Chicago and Philadelphia and St. Louis and San Francisco and Cleveland and New Orleans.

They don't produce any food; they just consume it—and pay for it.

Well, there's plenty of it for them to eat this winter, and if they don't think that's good news just let 'em go over and ask somebody in Petrograd or Vienna or Warsaw.

Most of the items in the cost of living are matters of discretion. You can have much or little as you choose, but civilization totters without roast beef medium, and ham and eggs. Hold fast to that thought when the winter winds begin to blow and you sit snugly reading the news from foreign parts.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Lowry.

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Isn't there *Any* Good Hosiery in the Stores?

FOR dresses, hats, shoes, food, housefurnishings—a woman knows what stores she can trust.

When it comes to Hosiery, she is not quite so sure. Values are uncertain. She may not even get the *same brand* twice in succession.

You can't blame her for feeling that her dealer might at least assure her a *standard grade.*

The Hosiery Department can never measure up to the service of the rest of the store until it cleans out its medley of odd lots and different brands.

It needs to *standardize* on Hosiery that meets a woman's idea of wear, comfort, and price—all of a kind.

For thirty years the Mills of The Allen A Company have been producing such Hosiery for merchants serving thousands of men and women everywhere.

Every piece of their famous Black Cat Hosiery will in the future be stamped "Allen A".

"Allen"—the name of the Makers, the personal pledge of responsibility to you. And "A"—the standard mark of first and finest grade.

Allen A Black Cat Hosiery comes *direct* to your dealer from the Mills.

An exceptional choice of Silk, Lisle, Wool, and Cotton—for men, women, and children. Full size, full length, of uniform quality, and dependable value.

A ready resource for the dealer who means his Hosiery Department to merit the confidence of his townspeople.

Also makers of Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear for Men and Boys

The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

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BURNED TOAST

(Concluded from Page 18)

All through his last illness Rosalie clung to me. I think it grew to be a horror to her to see him, gaunt and exhausted, in the west room. He had a good nurse, toward the last, and good food. I had had a small fortune left to me, too late, by a distant relative. I paid for the cook and the nurse, and I sent flowers to Rosalie that she might take them to Perry and let his hungry eyes feed upon her.

It was in the winter that he died, and after all was over Rosalie and I went out and stood together on the little porch. There was snow on the ground and the bright stars seemed caught in the branches of the pines.

Rosalie shook and sobbed.

"I hate—death," she said. "Oh, Jim Crow, why did God let my poor Peer die?" She was completely unstrung. "Death is so—ugly."

I said, "It is not ugly. Peer will live again—like the daffodils in the spring."

"Do you believe that, Jim Crow?"

I did believe it, and I told her so—that even now her Peer was strong and well; and I think it comforted her. It gave her lover back to her, as it were, in the glory of his youth.

She did not wear mourning, or, rather, she wore mourning which was like that worn by no other woman. Her robes were of purple. She kept Perry's picture on the table, and out of the frame his young eyes laughed at us, so that gradually the vision of that ravaged figure in the west room faded.

I went to see her once a week. It seemed the only thing to do. She was utterly alone, with no family but the great-aunt and uncle who had been with her when she met Perry. She was a child in business matters, and Perry had left it to me to administer the affairs of his little estate. Rosalie had her small bungalow, Perry's insurance, and she turned her knowledge of painting to practical account. She made rather special things in lampshades and screens, and was well paid for them.

I went, as I have said, once a week. A woman friend shared part of her house, but was apt to be out, and so I saw Rosalie usually alone. I lived now at the club and kept a car. Rosalie often dined with me, but I rarely ate at the bungalow. Now and then in the afternoon she made me a cup of tea, rather more, I am sure, for the picturesque service with her treasured Sheffield than for any desire to contribute to my own cheer or comfort.

And so, gradually, I grew into her life and she grew into mine. I was forty-five, she twenty-five. In the back of my mind was always a sense of the enormity of her offense against Perry. In my hottest moments I said to myself that she had sacrificed his life to her selfishness; she might have been a Borgia or a De'Medici.

Yet when I was with her my resentment faded; one could as little hold rancor against a child.

Thus the months passed, and it was in the autumn, I remember, that a conversation occurred which opened new vistas. She had been showing me a parchment lampshade which she had painted. There was a peacock with a spreading tail, and as she held the shade over the lamp the light shone through and turned every feathered eye into a glittering jewel. Rosalie wore one of her purple robes, and I can see her now as I shut my eyes, as glowing and gorgeous as some of those unrivaled masterpieces in the Pitti Palace.

"Jim Crow," she said, "I shall do a parrot next—all red and blue, with white rings round his eyes."

"You will never do anything better than that peacock."

"Shan't I?" She left the shade over the lamp and sat down. "Do you think I shall paint peacocks and parrots for the rest of my life, Jim Crow?"

"What would you like to do?" I asked her.

"Travel." She was eager. "Do you know, I have never been to Europe? Perry used to tell me about it—Botticelli and Raphael—and Michelangelo ——"

"We had a great time," I said, remembering it all—that breathless search for beauty.

"He promised that some day he and I would go—together."

"Poor Perry!"

She rose restlessly.

"Oh, take me out somewhere, Jim Crow! I feel as if this little house would stifle me."

We motored to the country club. She wore the color which she now affected, a close little hat and a straight frock. People stared at her. I think she was aware of their admiration and liked it.

She smiled at me as she sat down at the table. "I always love to come with you, Jim Crow."

"Why?"

"You do things so well, and you're such a darling."

I do not believe that it was intended as flattery. I am sure that she meant it. She was happy because of the lights and the lovely old room with its cavernous fireplace and its English chintzes; and out of her happiness she spoke.

She could not, of course, know the effect of her words on me. No one had ever called me a darling or had thought that I did things well.

She used, too, to tell me things about my looks. "You'd be like one of those distinguished gentlemen of Vandyke's if you'd wear a ruff and leave off your eyeglasses."

I wonder if you know how it seemed to have a child like that saying such things. For she was more than a child, she was a beautiful woman, and everything surrounding her was beautiful. And there had been a great many gray years before I met Perry and before the money came which made pleasant living possible.

"I like you because you are strong," was another of her tributes.

"How do you know I am strong?"

"Well, you look it. And not many men could have carried me so easily upstairs."

She had sprained her ankle in getting out of my car on the night that we had dined at the country club. She had worn high-heeled slippers and had stepped on a pebble.

It was on that night that I first faced the fact that I cared for her. In my arms she had clung to me like a child, her hair had swept my cheek, there had been the fragrance of violets.

I did not want to care for her. I remembered Perry—the burned toast which had seemed to mark the beginning of their tragedy—those last dreadful days. I knew that Perry's fate would not be mine; there would be no need to sell bread to buy hyacinths. There was money enough and to spare, money to let her live in the enjoyment of the things she craved; money enough to—travel.

The more I thought of it the more I was held by the thought of what such a trip would mean to me. It would be like that pilgrimage with young Perry. There would be the same impassioned interest—there would be more than that—there would be youth and loveliness—all mine.

I felt that I was mad to think of it. Yet she made me think of it. It was what she wanted. She was not in the least unwomanly, but she was very modern in her frank expression of the pleasure she felt in my companionship.

"Oh, what would I do without you, Jim Crow?" was the way she put it.

I grew young in my months of association with her. I had danced a little in my college days, but I had given it up. She taught me the new steps—and we would set the phonograph going and take up the rugs.

When I grew expert we danced together at the country club and at some of the smart places downtown. It was all very delightful. I made up my mind that I should marry her.

I planned to ask her on Christmas Eve. I had a present for her, an emerald set in antique silver with seed pearls. It was hung on a black ribbon, and I could fancy it shining against the background of her velvet smock. I carried flowers, too, and a book. I was keen with anticipation. The years seemed to drop from me. I was a boy of twenty going to meet the lady of my first romance.

When I arrived at the bungalow I found that Rosalie had with her the old great-aunt and uncle who had been with her when we first met in Maine. They had come on for Christmas unexpectedly, anticipating an eager welcome, happy in their sense of surprise.

Rosalie, when we had a moment alone, expressed her dismay.

"They are going to stay until to-morrow night, Jim Crow. And I haven't planned any Christmas dinner."

"We'll take them to the country club."

"How heavenly of you to think of it!"

I gave her the flowers and the book. But I kept the jewel for the high moment when I should ask her for a greater gift in exchange.

But the high moment did not come that night. The old uncle and aunt sat up with us. They had much to talk about. They were a comfortable pair—silver-haired and happy in each other—going toward the end of the journey hand in hand.

The old man went to the door with me when I left, and we stood for a moment under the stars.

"Mother and I miss hanging up the stockings for the kiddies," he said.

"Were there many kiddies?"

"Three. Two dead and one married and out West. Rosalie seemed the nearest that we had, and that's why we came. I thought mother might be lonely in our big old house."

The next day at the country club the old gentleman was genial but slightly garrulous. The old lady talked about her children and her Christmas memories. I saw that Rosalie was frankly bored. As for myself, I was impatient for my high moment.

But I think I gave the old folks a good time and that they missed nothing in my manner. And, indeed, I think that they missed nothing in Rosalie's. They had the gentle complacency of the aged who bask in their own content.

It was toward the end of dinner that I caught a look in Rosalie's eyes which almost made my heart stop beating. I had not seen it since Perry's death. I had seen it first when she had stood in the door of his room on the night that I tucked him up in bed and gave him the hot oysters. It was that look of distaste—that delicate shrinking from an unpleasant spectacle.

Following her gaze I saw that the old gentleman had sunk in his chair and was gently nodding. His wife leaned toward me.

"Milton always takes a cat nap after meals," she said, smiling. And I smiled back, she was so rosy and round and altogether comfortable.

Rosalie and I went with them to the train, and it was as we drove back that I spoke of them.

"They are rather great dears, aren't they?"

Rosalie was vehement. "I hate old people!"

A chill struck to my bones. "You hate them? Why?"

"They're—ugly, Jim Crow. Did you see how they had shrunk since I last saw them—and the veins in their hands and the skull showing through his forehead?"

She was twenty-five, and I was almost twice her age. When I was old she would still be young—young enough to see my shrunken body and the skull showing through!

The look that had been in her eyes for Perry would some day be in her eyes for me. And I knew that if I ever saw it it would strike me dead. It might not kill me physically, but it would wither like a flame all joy and hope forever.

When we reached the bungalow I built up a fire, and Rosalie, leaving me for a little, came back in something sheer and lovely in green. It was the first time since Perry's death that she had discarded her purple robes. She sank into a big chair opposite me and put her silver-slippered feet on the green cushion.

"Isn't it heavenly to be alone, Jim Crow?"

It was the high moment which I had planned, but I could not grasp it. Between me and happiness stood the shadow of that other Rosalie, shrinking from me when I was old as she had shrunk from Perry.

"My dear," I said, and I did not look at her, "I've been thinking a lot about you."

Her chin was in her hand. "I know."

But she didn't know.

"I've been thinking, Rosalie; and I want to give you something for Christmas which will make you happy throughout the year."

"You are such a darling, Jim Crow."

"And I have thought of this—a trip to Europe. You'll let me do it, won't you? There'll be the art galleries, and you can stay as long as you like."

I could see that she was puzzled. "Do you mean that I am to go—alone?" she asked slowly.

"There may be someone going. I'll find out."

There was dead silence.

"You will let me do it?" I asked finally.

She came over to my chair and stood looking down at me.

"Why are you sending me alone, Jim Crow?"

I think, then, that she saw the anguish in my eyes. She sank on her knees beside my chair.

"I don't want to go alone, Jim Crow. I want to stay—with—you."

Well, the jewel is on her breast and a ring to match is on her finger. And when the spring comes we are to sail for Italy, for France.

Perhaps we shall never come back. And I am going to give Rosalie all the loveliness that life can hold for her. Now and then she whispers that she never knew love until I taught it to her. That what she felt for Perry was but the echo of his own need of her.

"But I'd tramp the muddy roads with you, Jim Crow."

I wonder if she really means it. I wish with all my heart that I might know it true. I have never told her of my fears and I believe that I can make her happy. I shall try not to look too far beyond the days we shall have in the Louvre and the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace. We shall search for beauty, and perhaps I can teach her to find it, before it is too late, in the things that count.

A Correction

ON JULY 26, 1919, there was published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST an article by Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer, Attorney-General of the United States, and formerly Alien Property Custodian, describing the work of the Alien Property Bureau under his management. The article contained a reference to the Forstmann and Huffmann Company which might have been construed as a reflection upon its loyalty during the War. We are satisfied that such a reflection was unwarranted, and, in order to correct any erroneous construction of the article, are glad to publish this letter from Mr. Palmer to the Company:

SEPTEMBER 16, 1920.

MR. JULIUS FORSTMANN,
PRESIDENT, FORSTMANN & HUFFMANN COMPANY, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY.

Dear Sir: It has been called to my attention that certain articles over my signature, one published in Munsey's Magazine in July, 1918, one published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of July 26, 1919, and another consisting of an introduction to a book by Stanley Frost entitled "Germany's New War Against America," have been construed as stating in substance that the Forstmann & Huffmann Company, a New Jersey corporation operating woolen plants at Passaic, New Jersey, was German owned, dominated and controlled; that the business and property of that company had been taken into the custody of the Alien Property Custodian and were operated by him; that the company had, prior to the declaration of war, attempted to aid the German Government in running the British blockade and had been guilty of deception in the purchase and importation of wools; and that the management of the company during the war between the United States and Germany had not been loyal to the United States.

These articles were solely intended to inform the public concerning the administration of the "Trading with the Enemy Act" and to impress upon citizens the necessity of coöperating with the Government in the successful prosecution of the war. Neither of these articles was intended to make any such charges, either against the Forstmann & Huffmann Company or against yourself as its president, and as I am satisfied that there is no basis for such charges, I am writing this letter for the purpose of correcting any such erroneous construction which may have been placed upon these articles.

Yours truly,

A. MITCHELL PALMER.

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THIS illustration is reproduced from an actual photograph of Rachmaninoff playing the Second Hungarian Rhapsodie *(Liszt)* while the New Edison RE-CREATED his previous rendition of the same composition.

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From an actual photograph taken in Mr Rachmaninoff's home, in New York City

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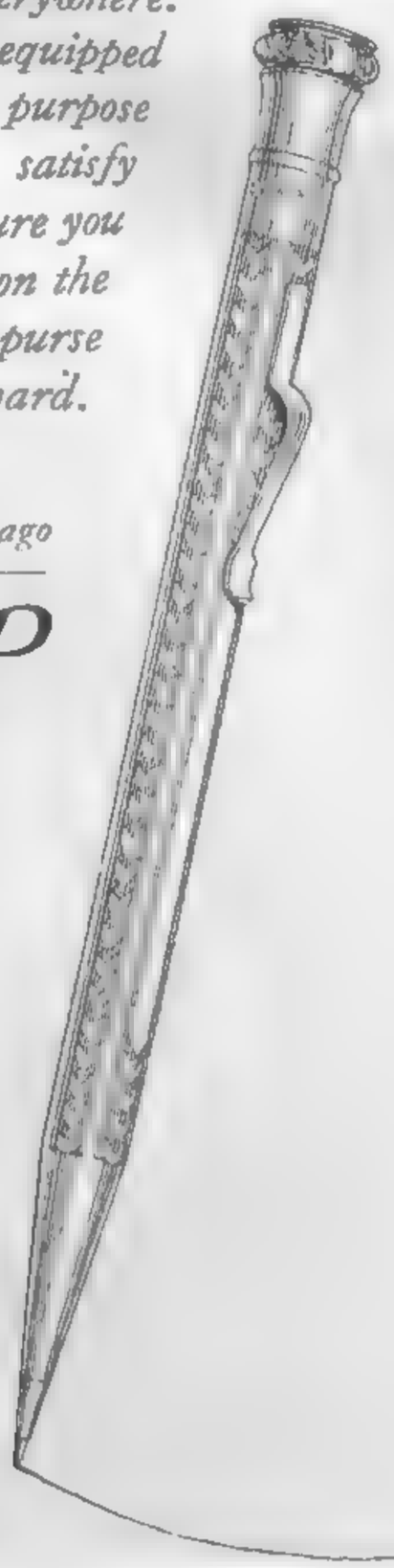


SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Gambling

IN MY town the game known as crap shooting is both vulgar and wicked; poker is an invention of the devil, whist is worldly and playing the stock market is legitimate business. To be sure, there are persons who prefer getting money by slower and safer methods, and these frown upon the business of gambling in futures; but while they openly and violently condemn craps and poker, knowing the devotees of these pastimes to be social outcasts, their condemnation of stock gambling is tempered by the prominence and respectability of those who indulge in it.

Those who buy and sell futures on the board, as their sophisticated phrase has it, resent the implication that they are gamblers. They prefer being known as speculators. They talk the jargon of the stock market, mouthing phrases that mean little to the layman, and about them is an aura of big business and vast enterprises. If called upon to defend the moral purity of their activities they argue at length that the merchant who buys a stock of goods in the hope of selling it at a profit before the fashions change is a gambler; and that the farmer who plows and puts down fertilizer and plants seed is a prince of sports, betting the whole of his working capital that sun and rain will return him a profit on his speculation.

Yet for all their argument they are not certain of the righteousness of their undertakings, and resort to many and curious expedients to justify themselves. One man of my acquaintance bought a contract on the board and publicly announced his intention of giving half the profits to the Lord. One gathered from his conversation that he had unquestioning faith in the Lord's ability to manipulate the stock market, and expected some form of modern miracle to assist him in making a killing. As a matter of fact, the market turned against him, and after putting up margins several times he took his loss and dropped out. His faith was unshaken, however, and I have no doubt that he attributed his misfortune to loss of his proposition in transit heavenward.

Nearly if not quite all of these stock gamblers have profited handsomely of late. Their success has not been due to unusual acumen or to a run of luck, but rather to the fact that the market they play has moved with almost unvarying regularity in one direction and they have ridden it faithfully, stopping only occasionally to take canny profits.

It is possible that I could find it in my heart to envy their easy prosperity if I had not watched the rise and fall of their kind through several decades. One who sits on the fence and watches the game is astonished by the fact that none withdraw to enjoy their profits in security. The more they gain the more eagerly they take further risk, broadening their dreams and ambitions to fit each increase in their paper profits, wholly convinced that luck will bow them at last into the millionaire class and lay the world at their feet. They are afflicted as with a fever and do not wholly regain their sanity until a final and inevitable turn in the market puts them back between the plow handles.

Stock gambling is like the drinking of whisky, in that one indulgence makes a second seem logical. One who loses at his first venture feels an urge to try again in order to recover his loss, and so again and again until his purse is flat. And one who wins forthwith concludes that winning is the whole of stock gambling and that one need only venture to become wealthy.

I can count among my acquaintances ten or twelve who have at one time or another within the last decade held easy fortunes in their hands. Without exception they held on too long, or having profited greatly in one gamble lost the profit and more in another. They have rebuilt their fortunes in ways less spectacular, and when one mentions the stock market in their presence they grin sheepishly and shake wise heads.

These afford an object lesson, and yet each new generation, wise in its own conceit, must feel the fire for itself. Easy money—the strut of the wise ones—and the sober wakening that brings the desire to kick one's self across the county.

A few years ago Uncle Newt took his first chance in futures. A little success persuaded him to plunge, and within a fortnight all of his available capital was tied up. His paper winnings were the talk of the community. There were some who envied him, and it may be that envy sharpened criticism. At any rate there was some talk of appointing a committee from his church to remonstrate with him. Word of this came to Uncle Newt and roused his temper. In the privacy of his home he told his wife, who later informed the ladies of the community, that God meant for a man to prosper by the work of his hands or his head and that his righteous critics were actuated solely by envy because their dull wits were not capable of wresting a profit from that Wall Street crowd.

The end came when Uncle Newt risked everything to make a final killing. When the market turned he hung on grimly, borrowing where he could to hold off destruction; but losers can borrow little, and his agony was mercifully shortened. The night after his trimming was completed he sat by the open fire at home with his head in his hands. His wife guessed what had happened, though she did not realize how completely he had wrecked his fortune and her own, and ventured a random word of sympathy.

"Sallie," moaned Uncle Newt, "I have been a great sinner, but I have seen the light. In my arrogance and greed I said there was no harm in gambling, but now I know it's wicked. We're busted, Sallie, and I've got to get a job."

When I observe the swagger of present-day suckers, who do not yet realize that they are suckers, I remember Uncle Newt's philosophy and itch to offer them a word of counsel. But there is nothing one can tell a winner, and I hold my peace. Their fever must run its course, and it cannot entirely subside while they hold in their hands money got without labor.

To-day they are engaged in legitimate speculation. Tomorrow, when adversity has brought them down to the financial level of craps, they will begin to tell the coming generation that speculation is merely gambling and that Wall Street is a menace to the security and peace of the country.

Favors

ONE who does another a favor expects gratitude in payment. An expression of gratitude gives him a delightful consciousness of virtue and confirms his opinion that he is superior to the one favored. If he receives no assurance of gratitude he feels that he has been defrauded.

The one who receives a favor is torn by conflicting emotions. He would swallow his pride and confess a feeling of gratitude, lest he seem an ingrate, but his manhood rebels. Already, by accepting a favor, he has confessed inferiority; to multiply words in expression of gratitude will but magnify a weakness of which he is heartily ashamed.

If a proper man is down he wishes to get up. If he can get to his feet without assistance his pride will suffer no affront. Rather, having regained his feet, he will feel superior to those who have never been down and proved their prowess by getting up. But if he is lifted to his feet by another he will soothe his wounded vanity by encouraging the reflection that he could have done as well without assistance. If he had no need of help, then the benefactor imagined his weakness, shamed him before his fellows, and did him an ill turn rather than a favor. The ingrate is not without justification. One must at any cost preserve his self-respect.

Men who feel compassion for their unfortunate fellows have need of wisdom in the exercise of charity. Many who have need of help cling stubbornly to their pride, for pride is the one defense left to them by unkind circumstance. Their spirits are not broken. They ask no more than opportunity to enter the fight again and prove themselves unbeaten. If these are offered outright charity their offended pride will hotly reject it and deny them the thing they crave. Or if by reason of their extremity they conquer pride and snatch the crusts that are offered, they exchange the remnant of a fighting spirit for a creature need of much less worth, and will not again find courage to lift up their heads.

One best helps the unfortunate by giving them opportunity to help themselves. If one cannot assist them without placing them under obligation, the obligation should be so guarded that self-interest rather than a sense of gratitude will impel them to make payment in return. While one is harassed by a sense of obligation he has no opportunity to forget that he was at one time in sore need of favors. While he retains a lively memory of weakness he will retain somewhat of the weakness itself and, lacking confidence in his own powers, will hesitate to accept the rewards to which his abilities entitle him.

Doubtless there are great-hearted mortals who can do favors without expectation of reward, but as a rule altruism has something up its sleeve. If it does not expect an advantage it is in search of praise. One who would be a friend to man must guard against his treacherous vanity, accept counsel from his head rather than his heart and, by reducing altruism to the cold, hard and honest plane of commerce, render service without breaking spirits or forcing decent pride to secret resentment. One who must pay the uttermost farthing may not praise the one from whom he borrowed, but he will retain his self-respect, and that is the important thing. If one comes upon a brother doing battle with an enemy, it may be well to offer him a club, but it is not good form to brush him aside and take the burden of his quarrel. And if one proffers a club and it is accepted, it is not good form to magnify the service and claim full credit for the victory. The favored one has a vanity of his own and, being the weaker, has greater need of it.

Poverty

IN A CERTAIN land all people were born rich and died poor. When a child was born the king drew the sum of one hundred thousand dollars from the public treasury and deposited it in a bank to the child's credit. When the child became old enough to attend school it was taught that the possession of riches is a confession of folly. Its school readers contained stories of great men who had begun life burdened with wealth, and by the exercise of prudence and wit succeeded in dying poor. The newspapers and magazines devoted much space to praise of men who found new ways to dispose of money; and when a man of exceptional ability found means to be quit of his entire fortune and won the privilege of sweating for his bread throughout all his remaining days, his portrait was printed in all the newspapers and his name became a household word throughout the land. The heroes of the land, and the great and the wise and the famous were poor, and all men were honored in proportion to their poverty. Thus it happened that while young men desired to become physicians or artists or railway presidents or carpenters, their chief ambition and the goal of all their planning and dreaming was poverty. Young ladies dreamed modest dreams of being courted by destitute knights, and fond mothers made plans to marry their daughters to young men who were free of all wealth, and thus win social distinction and get honor for the family name.

The desire for wealth is in large measure the product of public opinion. We have made wealth a goal, a badge of achievement, a social distinction and a sufficient reason for all endeavor. We praise those who get wealth, and teach our children that the getting of money is the chief aim of man. We do not educate them in order that they may be useful, but in order that they may get money with a minimum of effort. Of late years we have compiled statistics to prove that the average college-bred man earns more money than the average man who quit school in his thirteenth year, and when this fact is advanced as an argument in favor of education the dullest concede that books may have their value. If a man gambles in wheat and wins a million dollars reporters hover about his door to ask his opinion of the European situation or of a candidate for the Presidency, and whatever his opinion may be it is honored by the multitude. A prophet is without honor if he hasn't demonstrated his wisdom by getting money.

I have no quarrel with wealth, but only with the folly that gives to wealth a value it does not possess and stirs up a great turmoil and strife about nothing. A child covets the doll and toy engine possessed by a playmate. The world seems a playground, and wealth consists in play pretties. One expects no more of a child. But when the child becomes an adult it should put away childish things. We do little honor to our intelligence when we measure the success of men by their possession of play pretties and seek to find happiness for ourselves by accumulating and displaying play pretties of our own.

Jim Telford once remarked that he saw no sense in pining for riches. "This morning," he said, "I ate nine biscuits and seven sausages for breakfast, and I couldn't have eaten another bite if I had been worth a million dollars."

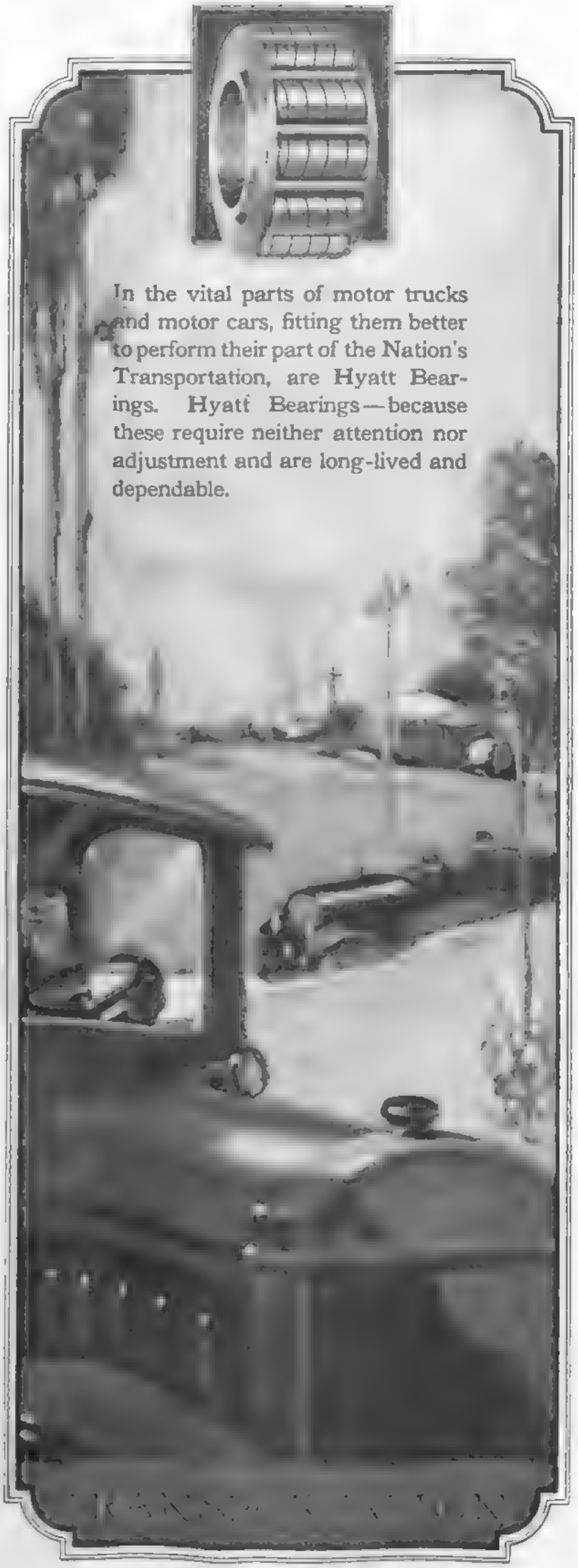
Given health and a full stomach, a sane man needs only friends, a job and a clear conscience to make him happy.

No man is too poor to get a job, and health is a gift of God or a product of common sense. A small boy, having eaten his fill of some favorite dish, may yearn for another stomach to fill, but when a man has satisfied his hunger he is content. Wealth will not enable him to eat more. The poorest of men have friends to love who love them in return, while the rich man is ever suspicious that those who proffer their friendship have designs on his purse. A clear conscience is not the product of wealth, but of clean living and honorable dealings, and no man is too poor to behave himself.

If one has a comfortable shelter and comfortable clothes, sufficient victuals, friends, employment and self-respect, all the wealth in the world cannot better his case. Wealth can but feed his vanity by giving him opportunity to show off before his fellows, and quiet the clamoring of his covetous spirit by giving him as many play pretties as any other man possesses.

The greater part of the world's unhappiness is occasioned by absurd standards and an immature sense of values.

Wherever factories set their wheels revolving and their machinery in motion, Hyatt Bearings come into play. Their ability to reduce friction, prolong machine life and operate permanently without care, figures prominently in the advance of Industry.



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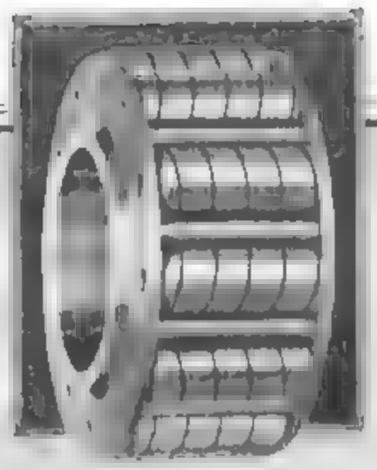
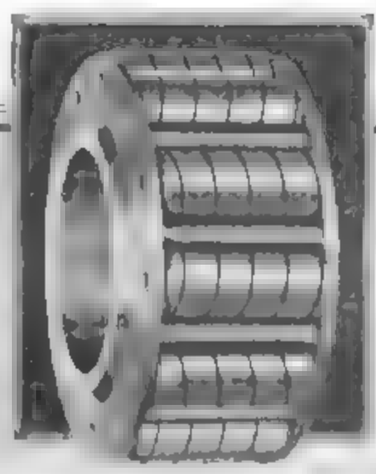


In farm tractors and farm machinery, Hyatt Bearings find a broad field of service. Reducing friction, operating permanently without care, keeping important farm machinery everlastingly on the job, Hyatt Bearings give vital assistance to Agriculture's progress.



Down in the maw of the earth, where men wrest from the stubborn ground riches and the raw force to serve industry's purposes, Hyatt Roller Bearings help to give mine cars and mine machinery the perfect dependableness of operation so vitally necessary.

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"FLORSHEIM" in a shoe disposes of all doubt about its quality. You take nothing on faith; you know the shoe is right or the name would not be there.

Florsheim prices are reasonable;
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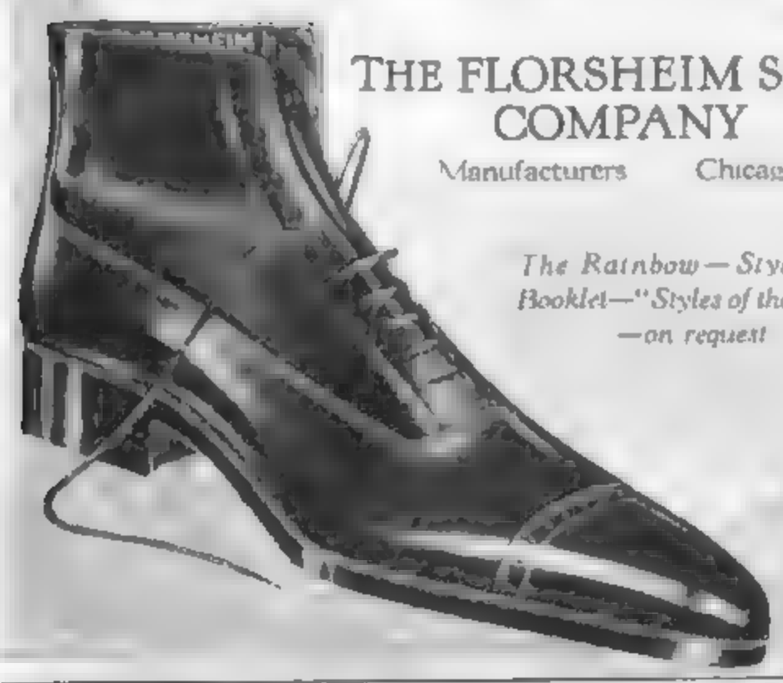

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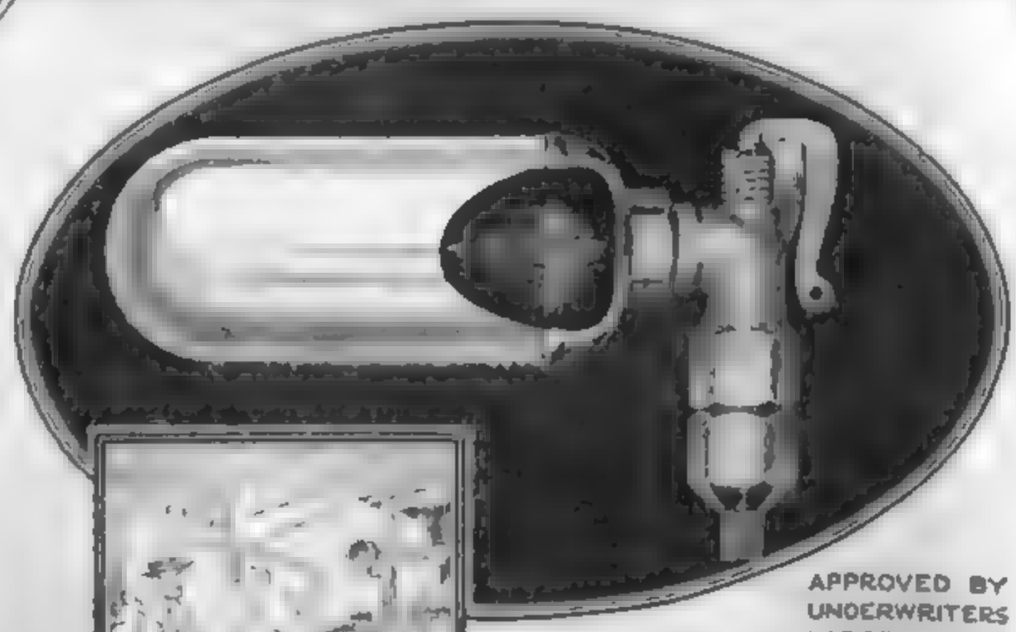

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The Poets' Corner

The Steel Maker

WHERE the furnace glows,
With its walls inside white as arctic snows;
Where the hot lake boils
And seethes and roils,
There he sweats and toils—
There he bends his back
Till the muscles crack.
I have watched him stare at the hell within;
I have heard him curse, I have seen him grin;
I have seen him shrink with a blistered skin.
I have heard him grunt as he sledged and barred
When the tap was hard;
As he raised the door;
Heaved the black-red ore;
And I've heard the rasp on the steel-paved floor
Of his hobnailed shoes;
Seen him swig the booze
From a hidden jug;
Watched him pull and tug
When a hook stuck fast;
Turned away from his fiendlike rage, aghast.

I have been close by
When he'd moan and sigh;
When he'd gasp for breath;
When he'd call on death.
I have watched him stand while his heat was poured,
While the white-hot stream through the runner roared,
While the yellow smoke shrouded all in murk,
As an artist stands by his finished work.
As an artist nods when his effort's done,
When his work proves good and the goal is won,
I have seen him nod at the bubbling steel,
Seen him stamp his joy with his hobnailed heel.
As an artist smiles I have seen him smile—
For a little while—
Till the heat was poured,
While the white-hot flood through the runner roared.
Just a little while
Would he hold that smile,
Then back with a snarl to the steel-paved floor,
To the heavy bars and the black-red ore,
Where he'd heave and sledge and pull and tug,
Sweat, and drink from the hidden jug,
Vent his hate on the dead iron rock,
Watch the hands of his little clock,
Cursing his fate, himself, his mate,
Cursing the rules that make him wait
Till the whistle blows
There in the heat where the furnace glows,
With its walls inside white as arctic snows.
—*Herschel S. Hall.*

Riposte

SOME bought scarlet pomegranates,
And some bought cakes and ale,
And some bought waxen tapers
For when the day should fail.
And one he bought a singing-bird
And pent it from the sun,
And one bought peacock feathers,
And one a penny bun—
But I—I tripped a measure to the Piper

Oh, gold for the Piper,
Silver for the Piper,
Copper for the Piper if you've nothing else to pay.
So turn your ragged pockets out and get you on your way,
For your purse it is the Piper's if you bid the Piper play.

A motley crew we loiter home
Across the dusky downs,
And market day's behind us
With its booths and flags and clowns;
And some they carry merchandise,
And some they grudge the price,
And some we hum a little tune
That's worth the farthing twice—
For we—we've tripped a measure to the Piper.

Oh, gold for the Piper,
Silver for the Piper,
Copper for the Piper and he'll look you not askance,
For he's a jolly merchant and he'll pipe the selfsame dance
Milord has paid a guinea for, and paid it in advance.

So toss him down your farthing—
What matter you've no more?
Who haggles with a piper
About a penny score!
And the tune you bought shall follow you,
A-winging like a lark—
A dauntless little valiant tune
To squire you home at dark,
When you've tripped your merry measure to the Piper.

Oh, gold for the Piper,
Silver for the Piper,
Copper for the Piper and a smile therewith,
And there's never lord I'd envy, for all his silken kith,
If I but had a ha'p'ny left—to tip the fellow with!
—*Dorothy Paul.*

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERWARE

The Attractiveness of Silver Service

DISHES of shining silver graced the tables of our forefathers as objects of attractiveness and symbols of social standing.

The good old custom has come again into its own—but with renewed attractiveness, for now it is possible to have silverplated Tea and Coffee Sets, Meat and Vegetable Dishes, Trays, etc., in exactly the same pattern as the Spoons, Knives and Forks.

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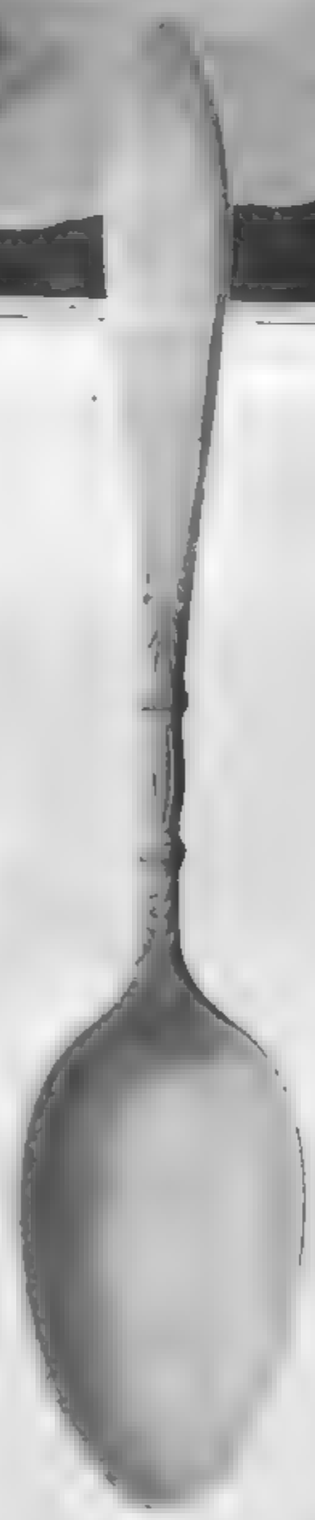

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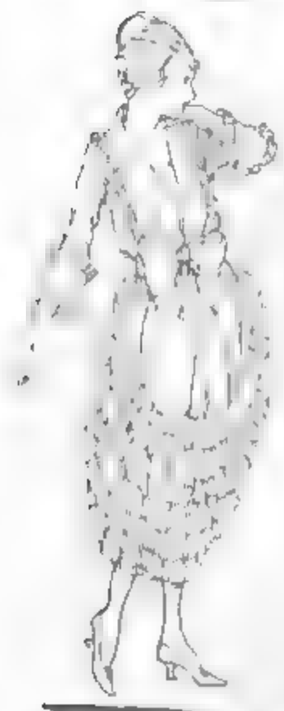

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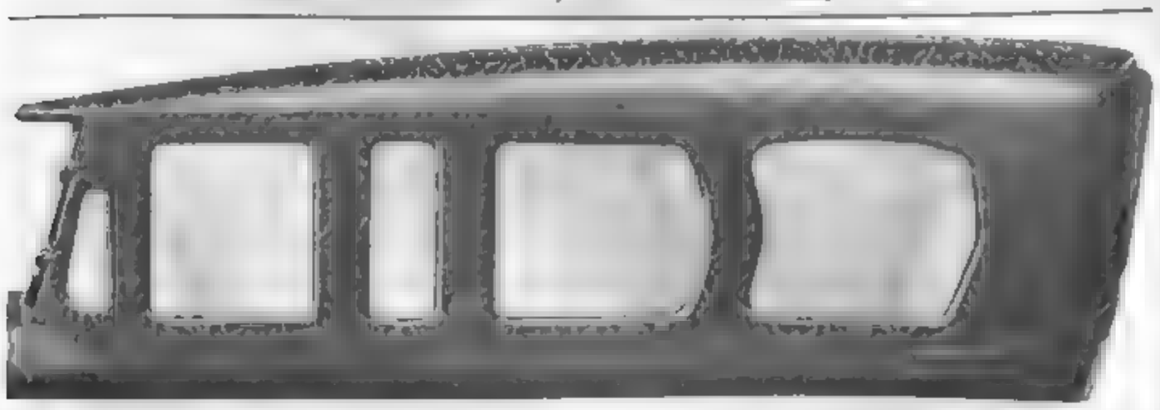

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A CHÂTEAU IN PICARDY

(Continued from Page 7)

"My book of ghosts," she said. "I have not looked at them for more than a year."

When she looked at them now, as Holt sat close to her, I saw that old emotions stirred anew in her spirit. These good-looking boys whose faces she had sketched, a little weakly, but with some skill and charm, had come into her life and passed out of it. They had given her the homage of their eyes, paid her boyish compliments and little gallantries. They had been glad to touch her hands, to hear her laughter. Were they not exiles from their own womanhood, starved of love, travelers to dirty ditches from which all beauty was blasted, and all decency of life and all kind things? In their awkward English way they had flirted with this girl, perhaps stolen a kiss or two which she was glad to give. She had given them her hero worship because they were fighting for France, because they were a gallant crowd of youths, because she desired love, as most girls do. Then they had gone along the roads of war, sending back a picture post card or two, a scribbled note, and afterward—nothing more. I could guess all that, and the loneliness of the girl when the British Armies had gone from France. Not many French boys had come back to take the place of the English boys. More of them had fallen than of ours, yet even this album was a record of death.

"What has happened to Captain Halkett?" asked Yvonne de Maresquel. "He was a merry boy!"

"Oh, he was killed outside Cambrai," answered Holt.

"That is sad!"

She turned over the page with a sigh, and asked about another of these officers.

"And Lieutenant Arkwright?"

Holt groaned.

"It was bad luck for him. A splinter from an air bomb got him in his tent just before the armistice."

"His mother must be very sad," said Mademoiselle Yvonne. "He used to tell me about his mother—like a little boy."

She turned another page, and Holt laughed in a melancholy way, and said "Poor old Waterhouse!"

The girl looked up at him quickly, with troubled eyes.

"Please do not tell me that he was killed too!"

"Outside of Maubeuge—on November ninth."

"I wondered why he did not write," said the girl; and in those words I read a confession that of all the men who had come to this château in Picardy for a little while between their battles, Waterhouse was the one who had established most intimate relations with this little lady of France. Holt must have thought so, too, because he colored up and said something about Waterhouse having spoken of her many times in the weeks before he died.

"Alas!" said Mademoiselle Yvonne. "This is truly a book of ghosts! I dare not ask about the others."

She rose from her chair, leaving the book in Holt's hands, and I saw that her own hands trembled as she rearranged some flowers in a vase on the table by the window.

"They were not all killed!" Holt told her, with an attempt at brightness, though I think he, too, was touched poignantly by the portraits of those dead boys. "See, here is Richardson! You remember his red hair? He's married now, with one babe. And here is Musgrave. He's in Constantinople. And Billy Cosgrove! Do you remember his sunny smile? He's a tremendous fellow, with a coal mine of his own and a seat in Parliament. He married a cousin of mine."

It was the old comte who spoke next. He had sat listening to the conversation of Holt and his daughter, with an occasional word to me; but now he turned to Holt with the offer of a cigarette which he had rolled in his fingers.

"Life is happy again in England," he said. "My friends tell me that the war has left but little trace in your country. Your losses were great, but not beyond endurance. It is our poor France that has been stricken almost past recovery. We have lost our noble young blood. Our girls are without suitors of their own class and rank. Our fields lack the labor of men. Our factories are without coal. Our capital is lost in the quagmire of Russian anarchy. France is bankrupt, monsieur, and it is England, profiting by the valor of our arms, which has extended her mighty empire, enriched her overseas trade and dominated the policy of the world."

Holt laughed and shook his head.

"Ever since I've come back to France I've heard of nothing but the wealth and power of England. We, too, are very poor, monsieur, apart from our profiteers, who gorged themselves fat on the pickings of war."

The Comte de Maresquel waved his cigarette with a gesture of unbelief.

"England is rich!" he reiterated. "She sells her coal to us at a great price. She has the genius of peace, whereas in France we have only the genius of war. We do not complain. We only see the simple truth. France won the war and England won the peace."

It was no use arguing with the old man. It was no use arguing, as Holt and I had already discovered, with any Frenchman's views of England's gains from war. By good luck Mademoiselle Yvonne poured oil on the troubled waters of our visit by touching the old man's hand and speaking tactful words:

"These English gentlemen have not come for political discussions, father; and, anyhow, we should be too proud to bemoan the price of all our sacrifices."

"That is true," said the old man. "We still have our pride, thank God. The pride of France! You will take a walk in my park, gentlemen?"

So in a little while ended our first visit to the Château de Maresquel. But I knew that it would not be our last when Holt and I stayed talking in the parlor of the *estaminet* late that night.

"Look here, old man," he said abruptly, "I'm going to see this thing through."

"What thing?" I asked, though indeed I guessed.

"This relighting of an old flame," he said. "You'll think I'm talking rot, and all that; but something tells me that my fate is in this village. Something led me here, and directly I saw Yvonne again I knew the meaning of it. As soon as I can decently manage it I'm going to ask her to be my wife."

"That means," I told him, "that I've got to hang about this village while you are courting the girl. A pretty prospect!"

"Oh, there's fishing!" he said carelessly; "and you're always happy talking French to the peasants and studying the simple life. Besides, my car can take you back to Paris any time you want to go."

"I'm not in a hurry," I told him. "But all the same I shouldn't set your mind too much on Mademoiselle de Maresquel. There's something I don't understand about her—some mystery. I fancy you've come back too late, my lad."

"Meaning that silly talk about a convent?" asked Holt.

"That—or something else," I answered.

"If it's fate that has brought me here," said Holt rather solemnly, "I'm backing it."

Even now I hardly know what was in my mind when I spoke of some mystery about Yvonne de Maresquel. At that time I had no real evidence of any psychological or matter-of-fact kind. That she was unhappy was clear enough, even if she had not betrayed herself by that weeping in the garden. But she had brightened up when Holt and I were with her, and had been very gracious in her invitation to us to dine at the château and use the park whenever we desired. I think some queer idea had become fixed in my mind because of the startled look between Madame Berthoult and her farmer son when Holt mentioned that girl's name. There had been a message between them, and fear was in it. What on earth were they scared about?

There was someone else in the village who seemed to have a queer sense of alarm at our presence in Maresquel, and in spite of most friendly intercourse with me made no secret that he desired our departure. That was the *curé* of the little white church above the château, Monsieur de Maratray. It was Yvonne de Maresquel who introduced me to him as Holt and I walked with her beyond the park. He was a middle-aged man, with a fine dignity and simplicity of manner. He had been a chaplain at Verdun, and had won the *croix de guerre* and many citations for gallant action in the face of the enemy. He greeted Yvonne de Maresquel with a sweep of his big *feutre*,

(Continued on Page 145)

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(Continued from Page 142)

and the hardness of his Breton face was wonderfully softened when he looked at her. I noticed that the girl seemed a little shy in his presence, and blushed deeply as she presented us to him.

"You are here in passing, messieurs?" he asked.

"We may stay a little while," said Holt, glancing at Mademoiselle Yvonne, who shirked his gaze, I thought. "After hard work, we like the peace of Picardy."

"There is better country elsewhere," said the *curé*. "There are few means of amusement for visitors in this poor village of ours."

It was a clear hint that he did not approve of our intention to stay in the neighborhood, and perhaps he was conscious of the shade of discourtesy in his words, for he softened them instantly by a more genial speech.

"If you are staying, it will give me great pleasure to receive a visit from you at my little house. Perhaps one of you plays chess? It is a passion of mine."

"Of mine too," I told him; and he said: "Then we will have a combat. The tricolor against the Union Jack, eh? and no offense to the *entente cordiale*."

He knew already that we were putting up at the *estaminet* of La Fleur des Champs, for he spoke of Madame Berthoult and her son.

"A brave woman, and enchanted by your visit messieurs. Jean also is a noble young man. I saw his courage at Verdun. He was marvelous. What nerve, what contempt of death, what love of France! Our country owes a great debt to such a son as that. There is nothing we have that will ever pay back the price of our soldiers' sacrifice. Is it not so, mademoiselle?"

He turned to Yvonne de Maresquel with that smile which broke the hard lines of his handsome face, and she bowed a little and said: "You are right, *mon père*. But there are many who forget."

It was on an evening when I played chess with Monsieur de Maratray, Holt was dining at the château, that this *curé* spoke more plainly of his wish for us to go from the village of Maresquel. After the game, in which the victory went to France—he played chess with skill and passion—he produced some formidable cigars and a bottle of Burgundy and sat talking in the twilight.

I remember now some of his words, and his political point of view. He had seen all there is of the horror of war, and it had burned into the man's soul, leaving a fire of hatred against Germany, which had caused all this evil; and yet, perhaps with an illogical reasoning, an even greater fury against the statesmen and politicians of Europe—French and English and Russian, as well as German and Austrian—who had made this war inevitable by a villainy of secret alliances, international rivalries and a challenge of armaments, by which the peoples of Europe had been betrayed into the madness of the great massacre.

"It was the people who were betrayed," he said many times. "These peasants whom I saw die after their agonies, to whose lips I held the cross of Christ, whose beautiful bodies I buried behind the lines, had no desire for war, but only hatred of it. They revolted against its senseless abominations, monsieur; and though they were ready to die for France, they cursed the people behind the lines, the politicians in Paris, the profiteers at the back, the statesmen of the world, who were callous to their sufferings and incapable of restoring peace.

"What is this peace they have made after the sacrifice of our youth? Has it brought any reward to the people? Has it relieved them of their military burdens? Has it killed the menace of new wars? On the contrary, it has sowed the seeds which will be reaped again in the harvest of death. Yet already our manhood is spent. France, victorious, is dying!"

The priest's hand shook as he lighted his cigar stump, which had gone out while he spoke.

"This war that has swept through France," he said, "with foreign soldiers in our villages and the enemy sprawled over our soil, has left us mortally damaged in blood and spirit, as well as in material ruin. That is the worst damage of all. Our broken-hearted women, our crippled men, who will never be the fathers of strong sons, the spread of disease, the sickness of our souls! War's heritage!"

He confessed himself a democrat of an extreme kind.

"France can only be saved by her peasant stock. At the top there is rottenness. The middle classes are utterly selfish. The peasant on the soil is the real hero of our war. From him must come our regeneration—if there is any chance of that."

He was silent for a time, and I did not know by what association of ideas he worked round to my friend Bertrand Holt and our stay in the village of Maresquel.

"You are moving away quite soon?" he asked; and when I smiled and said, "That depends on my friend Holt, who is well amused here," he looked distressed.

"Forgive me for speaking plainly," he said, after another silence, "but I think it right to say that I am anxious for you to leave our poor village as soon as possible. It is not a good place for your friend Captain Holt. It is ——"

He hesitated for the right word, and found some difficulty in saying it.

"It is what?" I asked.

"It is a little dangerous for him, and perhaps for others."

I was startled by those words, by the tone in which he spoke them, by his obvious distress.

"Dangerous!" I exclaimed. "In what way, Monsieur le Curé?"

With a shaky hand he poured me out another glass of Burgundy before answering my question.

"I cannot speak more plainly. You will forgive me, I trust, for seeming so blunt in speech, and yet so enigmatic. I am a priest and you are a man of the world. Perhaps you will accept my warning as a friendly hint with a serious and spiritual motive. If you have any influence with your friend Captain Holt, I beg of you, in my position as a priest, to take him away from Maresquel without delay."

He would not say more than that, and indeed I could not press him, as he begged me not to ask for further explanation.

We talked a little of other things, played over the end of a game of chess, and then went out to the gate of his little house, where I said good night to him. As I walked round the old gray wall of the park I tried to think out some theory which would explain the *curé's* warning. Obviously it was something to do with Holt's courtship of Yvonne de Maresquel. Was she pledged to the church as a future nun, and was this priest afraid that Holt would tempt her from that vocation? Somehow I did not think so, though the idea was plausible. Holt himself was in danger, he said. Danger from whom? What kind of danger?

At the park gates I turned to look up the avenue toward the château, and saw lights from its windows twinkling through the trees. It was a moonlight night, and the broad road of the avenue was all white between the black shadows and the light, and I recognized Holt at once by a limp he had from an old wound, and Yvonne de Maresquel by the slightness of her form. As they came near the gates Holt was talking in a low voice, and he was answered by a light and merry laugh. He stopped and took the girl's hand and put it up to his lips, and she laughed again, and drew her hand away and tapped him on the arm. Then they walked nearer to the gates, and Yvonne de Maresquel undid the chain that fastened them.

"*Au revoir*," she said. "*Jusqu' à demain, alors?*"

"*Au revoir*," said Holt.

He quoted an old French chanson about the sadness of parting:

"*Partir, c'est mourir un peu;*
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime."

He tried to take her hand again, but she turned and sped back to the château.

I saw all that clearly in the moonlight. Less clearly I saw another human form not far from us, also watching this scene at the iron gates. At first I thought it was a shadow close to the gray wall cast by an overhanging tree, but suddenly I saw it move, and I was certain that a man stood there, looking across the low wall, well concealed, unless my eyes had searched him out.

Holt came striding along, and I went to meet him as he crossed the road to our *estaminet*.

"Hello!" he said. "The old comte wants us to dine with him on Wednesday. He's getting very civil."

"I'm not sure about Wednesday," I told him. "I'm thinking we had better make a move from this place. We've stayed here long enough, and I'm getting hipped."

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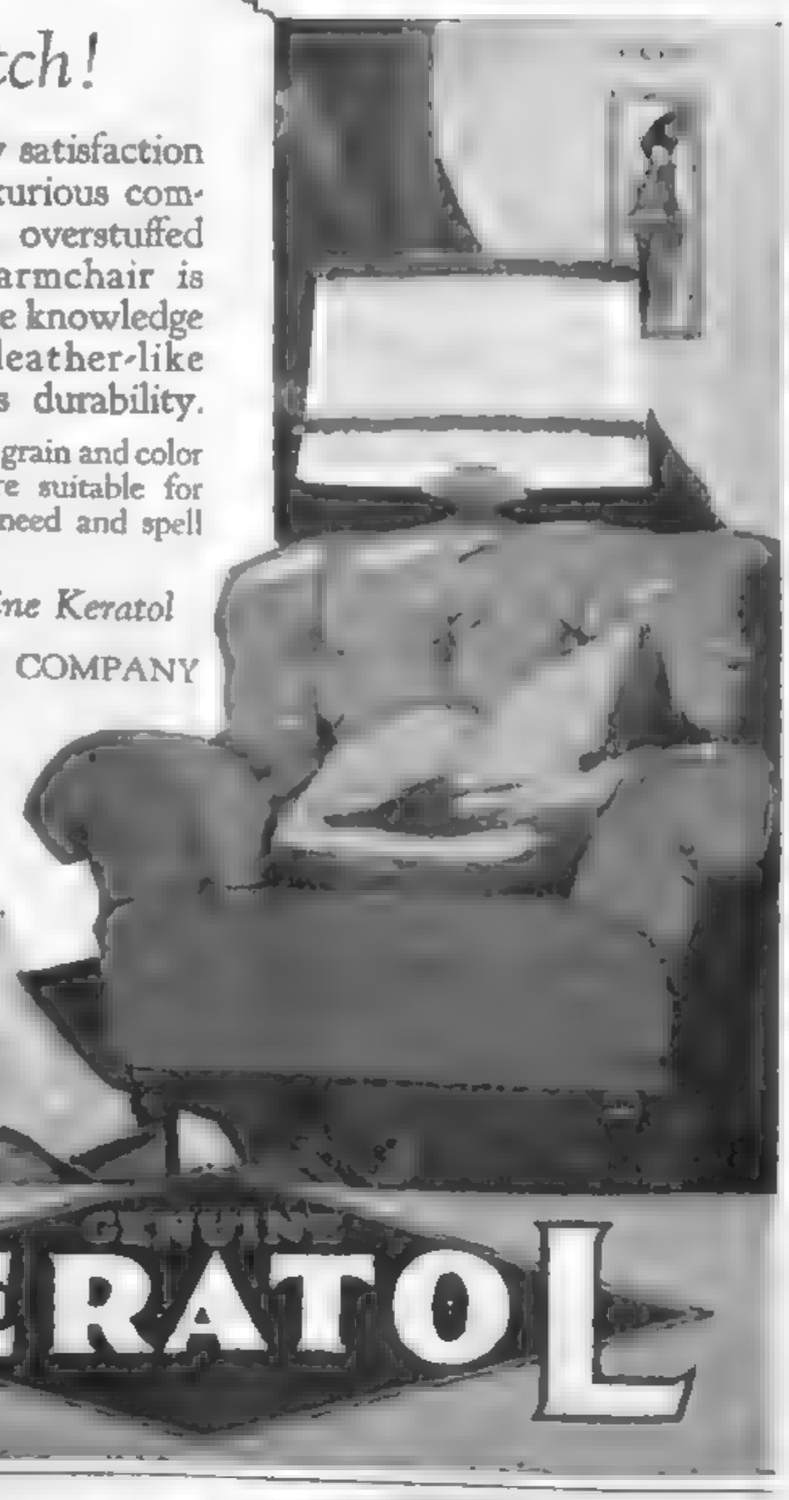

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"You can go, old man," was Holt's reply. "I'm staying."

I said nothing to him then about Monsieur de Maratray's warning. It was later, before we went to bed, and he sat in my room while I undressed and smoked a last cigarette, that I told him of my strange conversation in the *curé's* house. Holt was not impressed.

"Probably wants to push the girl into a convent," was his comment. "I hope to see about that!"

"What about his hint of danger to you?"

"Fantastic nonsense," said Holt.

He gave me a cheery good night and went to his own room. I tumbled into bed, but could not sleep. Downstairs in the parlor Madame Berthoult was talking with her son. Through the thin flooring their voices came up to my room in what seemed an endless dialogue, the woman's pleading at times, I thought, the son's surly at first, and then passionate and harsh—harsh, until it suddenly seemed to break, and there was the noise of a man sobbing and of a woman soothing him like a child. That was a little after the church clock chimed the hour of two. Then downstairs heavy footsteps went across the parlor, stumbled up a wooden staircase and were silenced behind a slammed door.

Holt went riding with Yvonne de Maresquel next day, and on two good horses from the old comte's dilapidated stables they looked a pretty pair, as I had to admit when I stood aside in the lane to let them pass, while the girl leaned down over her saddle with a gracious "*Bon jour, monsieur!*" They had to rein up as a heavy cart came out of a field track and crossed the road. The old farm horse was being led by Jean Berthoult, and as he saw Mademoiselle de Maresquel and Holt his bronzed face flushed to a deep red with peasant shyness.

"*Bon jour*, Jean," said the girl in that gracious way she had with everyone.

"*Bon jour, mademoiselle.*"

He took off his broad straw hat and stood bareheaded while he pulled his old horse on one side to let the others pass. I was struck with the sturdy figure of the man, and his grave, handsome peasant's face. One of the heroes of Verdun! One of those French peasants from whom the *curé* of Maresquel expected the regeneration of France—"if there were any chance of that." Last night I had heard him sobbing like a hurt child. What was the cause of his hurt? Some wound of the soul that war had left unhealed? He stood looking after Holt and the girl, and then led his horse and cart into the field.

Holt seemed happy in this love affair, confident of its good ending; and on Wednesday evening, when I dined at the château, having given up the attempt to make Holt leave the village, I was bound to confess to myself that he had some reason for his optimism. Mademoiselle Yvonne seemed glad of his company, and though in her French way she laughed at his sentimental speeches and challenged him to a duel of wit in which he was badly beaten by her irony and lightness of word play, her heightened color and bright eyes showed that she was not displeased by his efforts to please her. More than before she looked like that portrait of the lady over the oval mirror in the *salon*, and that touch of color in her pale cheeks gave her a new beauty. The Comte de Maresquel seemed to have shaken off some of his melancholy, and was, I noticed, immensely gracious to Holt.

Once while his daughter was singing and Holt was standing near the piano he touched me on the hand and smiled and said: "Youth! How beautiful! In spite of all the slaughter, there is still youth in the world. God be praised!"

The old man's eyes watered, and I guessed he was thinking of his dead son, one of the victims of Verdun.

Presently he spoke again, while his daughter played the opening bars of an old chanson which once I had heard sung by a young French officer in a dugout below Notre Dame de Lorette. It was the song of *Tout doux! Tout doux!*

"Few young men come to this château," said the Comte de Maresquel. "My daughter has been very lonely, poor child!"

He asked me a little about Holt's business and prospects in life, and I could see that his old man's mind was already thinking of the *dot* and the marriage bells.

Even his prejudice against England, and his belief in her greedy grabbings after war, became moderated owing to the graciousness of his courtesy to Holt and to me as Holt's friend.

That night as we walked back Holt sang to himself the songs of Yvonne, and there was a quiet happiness in his eyes, as I saw by candlelight in his little room.

"How long are you staying here?" I asked, smiling at him; and he said, "Give me another week, old man."

Before the week was out I had discovered the reason why the *curé* did not wish us to live in his village, and the danger that threatened Holt.

It was, indeed, the next day that I found out part of this, before hearing the rest. Holt was out walking by himself before our *déjeuner*, and I had wandered through an open gate into the park of the château, and was lying under a sheltered bank by the river that runs through the grounds reading Froissart's Chronicles. Close to me was a small copse of willow trees, and when I had been reading half an hour or so I heard voices there. I knew them both. One voice was that of Yvonne de Maresquel and the other was that of Jean Berthoult.

"You are, then, jealous of me?" said Mademoiselle Yvonne.

"Yes, I am jealous," answered the young man.

He spoke those words quietly, but suddenly he raised his voice and spoke harshly and painfully:

"Have I not a right to be jealous? Every day you go with this Englishman, ride with him, walk with him, laugh with him. He dines with your father while I prowl outside your windows. He is received as a lover, and you forget my love."

There was a moment's silence, and then Mademoiselle de Maresquel spoke with as much passion as this peasant:

"I do not forget my love or yours. Have we not pledged ourselves before God? Have you then no faith in my passion, in my soul and in my sacrifice?"

I heard the leaves rustle as though the man had thrust the bough of a tree aside.

"You speak of sacrifice!" he said bitterly. "I see now that I ask too much of you. Not even after the Great War is there equality between a man who fought for France and a woman of the old caste. You look down on me as a peasant, and though your kisses are warm on my lips, on fire in my soul, you are happy when this Englishman comes—this *sacré* Englishman—and play with him, coquette with him, because he is not a peasant, but one of your own rank, above the people. How do I know that his lips have not tasted your kisses too? I saw him yesterday holding your hand, behaving as a lover to his mistress."

"That is an insult," said Mademoiselle de Maresquel. "I will not speak to you while you are mad like this. I have given you a thousand proofs of love."

"I want a thousand more," said the man.

That was all I heard, and it was too much. Yvonne de Maresquel went alone through the copse, and two minutes later I saw her pass into the château by a side door. Jean Berthoult stayed a while hidden in the trees, and then walked down the winding path below me, like a soldier on his way to a front-line trench.

Holt came in to *déjeuner*, and I dared not tell him what I had heard. I had no right to know. I only urged him to come back to Paris that very day, and some look in my eyes, the tone of my voice startled him.

"You're ill!" he said. "Your nerves are all rotten, old man. You want a long spell of rest, and this place is as good as any other. Get out your fishing rod, and let the peace of this place sink into your soul."

That afternoon he went fishing alone, and I promised to follow him up the banks of the Canche to where a little wooden bridge crosses above the church. I found him there at three in the afternoon, but he was not fishing. He was lying among some rushes, bleeding from a bullet wound in his side, and so near death that I thought he was dead.

I bent over him saying "My God! My God!" in a foolish, frightened way. He became conscious a little later and spoke to me in a kind of whisper.

"Some sniper got me," he said.

He groaned painfully, and then became horribly still and silent, and his face was as gray as mud.

I managed to get him to the Fleur des Champs in a farm cart—not that one which had been led by Jean Berthoult, but another that passed, by the grace of God.

Madame Berthoult wrung her hands like a woman demented, at the sight of him, saying, "*Oh, mon Dieu! Oh, mon Dieu!*" in an agony of grief.

(Continued on Page 149)

And in Buffalo Pressure Blowers—more proof of Ferry quality

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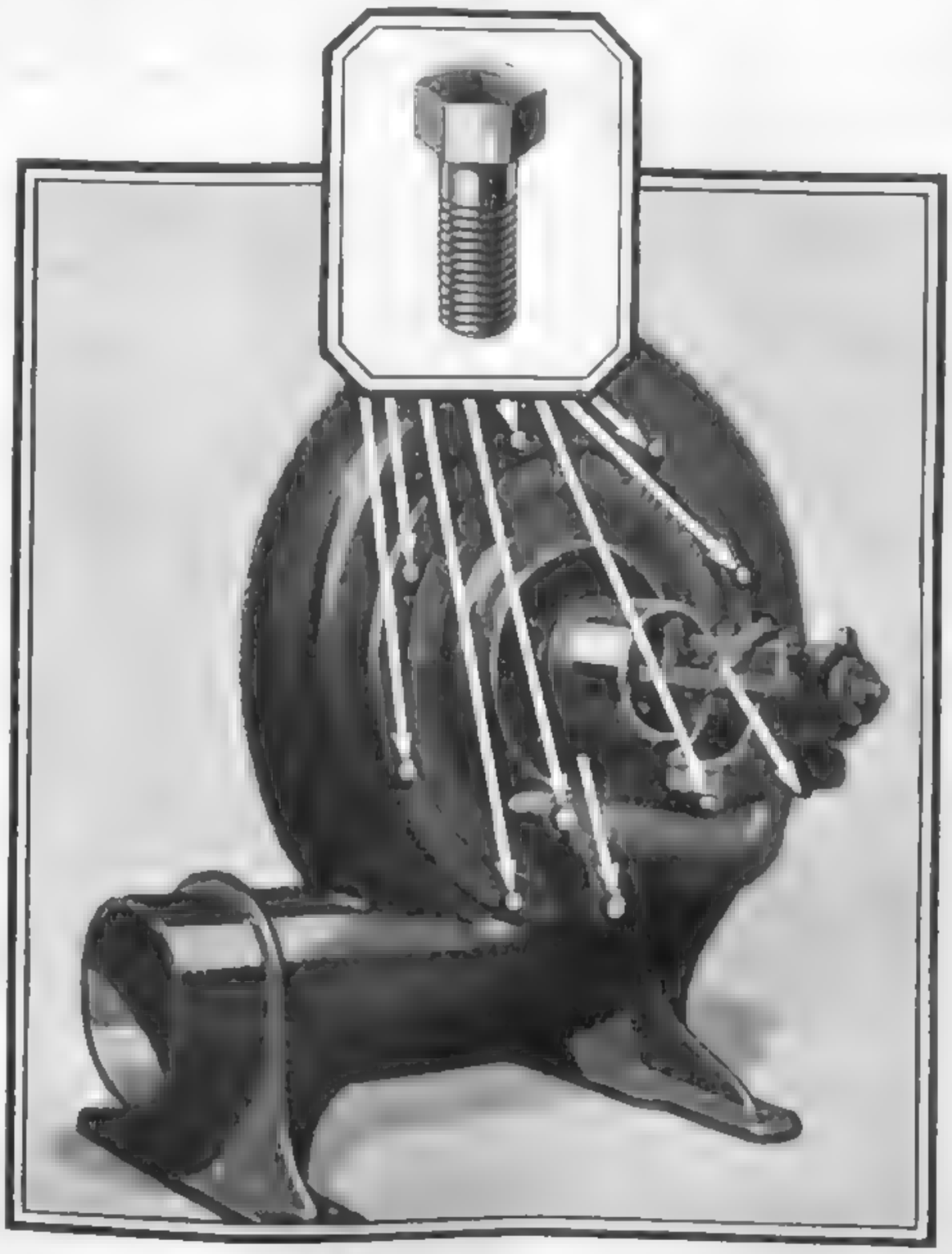

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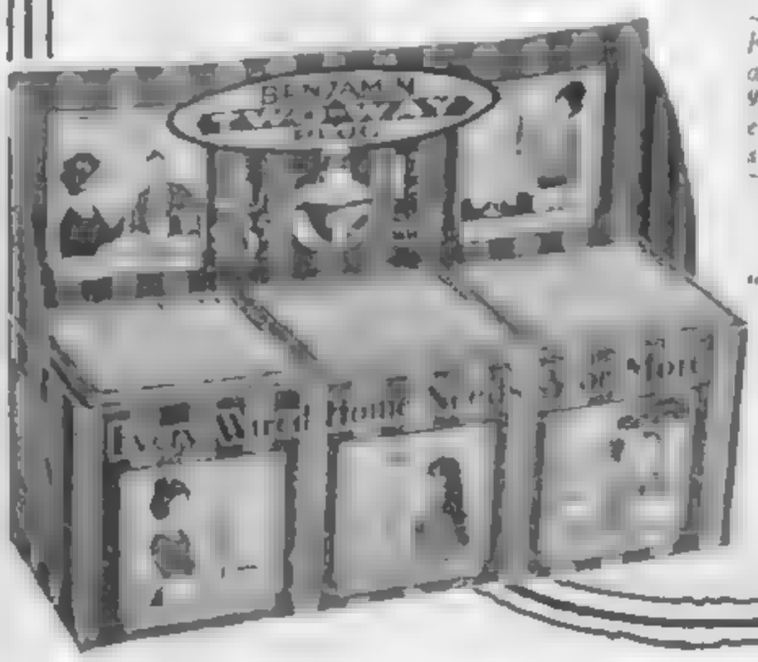

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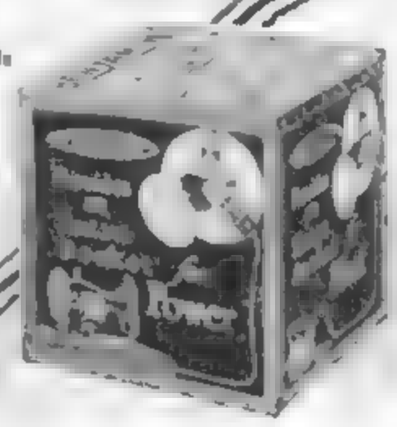

(Continued from Page 146)

I think she knew quite well even then whose finger had pulled the trigger of that gun which had laid my poor friend low. But she showed courage, too, and it was with her help that I carried poor Holt upstairs and laid him on his bed. I remember driving like a madman to Amiens in Holt's car and bringing back a surgeon, after a nightmare search for him, because he had left the hospital on a private visit. I helped him in his operation when he extracted the bullet from Holt's body, fetched hot water, towels, basins. But I have only a vague remembrance of all that which I did in a kind of dream. What I remember poignantly is my first question, which I asked on the narrow stairs outside Holt's room, and the answer he gave with a little smile.

"What do you think of him?"

"He ought to live, monsieur. He has youth on his side. And someone is very lucky—the man who failed to kill him."

The news of this outrage on the English visitor spread quickly through the village and up the avenue to the château. A little group of peasants gathered outside the *estaminet*, talking excitedly, and through these the *curé* pushed his way, the men doffing their caps to him. Madame Berthoult met him on the threshold of her little inn and burst into tears again at the sight of him. His face was very white and he spoke sternly:

"Where is Jean?"

"He is not yet come home, *mon père*. He is still working in the fields."

She lied bravely for the sake of her son.

The priest raised his hat to me and took me on one side.

"Is there any place where we may talk alone? In your bedchamber upstairs?"

I led him to my room, and we tiptoed past Holt's door. In my bedroom the priest laid his hat on a chair and spoke nervously:

"This is a terrible affair, monsieur. I feared that some such thing might happen. You remember my warning?"

I was angry with him, and answered him without courtesy or restraint:

"Your warning was useless. You did not tell me that you had a wild beast in the village. You said nothing about the guilty passion of Mademoiselle de Maresquel for that murderous peasant."

He raised his hand with a gesture of reproof.

"No wild beast," he answered gently. "No guilty passion. Only the natural love between a young man and a young woman, and that blind madness of jealousy which tempts men to evil deeds when they fear a rival."

"Do not talk any more in riddles," I said with some violence. "What is the real relationship between this Jean Berthoult and Mademoiselle de Maresquel? What part are you playing in this sordid drama?"

"My son," he said, "remember you are talking to an older man and to a priest of God. If you will hear me out I will tell you what part I have played in this affair, of which I see you already guess a great deal."

I remember now the eloquence of the man, his emotion, his plea for charity. He told me of Jean Berthoult, whom he loved like a son. He had known him as a boy before the war—high-spirited, passionate, a devoted son, a good lad. In the war he had done heroic service for France, but after the armistice he had come home moody, restless and prone to spells of deepest melancholy.

"The agony of war," said the *curé*, "had plowed furrows in the lad's soul."

Then suddenly he had become radiantly happy. Some magic seemed to have touched him. Even the villagers remarked that the *petit caporal* had found his gayety again.

"He is forgetting war," they said.

But the priest, with more knowledge of human nature, suspected another cause.

"The poor boy has found his heart's mate," he said.

He wondered what girl of the village had gained this great prize, but there seemed no maid with whom Jean Berthoult kept company. Then one day he met Yvonne de Maresquel with this boy in a hayfield. They were holding hands as they sat side by side under the hedge, and in a glance the *curé* knew why Jean Berthoult had a radiant light in his eyes. They started up when they saw him, and stood before him like children discovered in the enjoyment of stolen fruits.

It was Mademoiselle de Maresquel who confessed their love.

"What does it matter," she cried, "that Jean lives in an *estaminet* and I at a tumbledown château? We are all equal in rank after the war if we did equal service for France; and Jean is the best man for miles round, and the one I love."

"At those words," said the priest, "I confess that my heart gave a leap of joy. As you know, I am a democrat, and love the youth of France so much that I am sad when I see single maids with no chance of marriage and brave lads like Jean without a mate. Why should not Mademoiselle Yvonne marry this splendid boy and be the mother of children worthy of France? 'My little ones,' I said, 'I do not blame you. I will give my blessing to all innocent and pure love.' So they wept and kissed my hands. Yet Mademoiselle Yvonne pledged me to secrecy, 'for if my father knows,' she said, 'he will die. You know his pride.'

"Yes, I knew the pride of that old man, and I was afraid of it. I feared his wrath if he should know this pledge between his daughter and a peasant of France. In that I behaved foolishly, with cowardice, for the sake of these two children, whom I loved. From that all else followed, and I am almost as guilty of what has happened to your poor friend as Jean Berthoult, whose jealous rage has caused this dreadful act. I connived at their meetings and kept them secret from Monsieur le Comte. I was as jealous as Jean himself of any lover who might come courting this dear lady of the château, lest the old bonds of caste might tempt her away from her heart's allegiance to her peasant mate.

"I knew Jean's passion, his quick rebellious temper, and that jealous rage which is in the heart of every peasant—of all youth, I think—when love is at fever heat. It was for that reason I was suspicious of your friend. 'He seeks to reawaken an old amour,' I thought. 'He is elegant and charming, with fine white hands unstained by work on the soil. Mademoiselle Yvonne will be excited at meeting an English gentleman again. That is natural. And if Jean finds his love is being stolen he will do some rash and terrible act.'

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"You see, monsieur, I hide nothing from you, neither my own weakness nor the secret of this poor boy and girl who now are caught in a devil's trap and who must pay with broken hearts for what has happened."

For some time I was silent, thinking over the priest's words. Then I raised my eyes to his, and was touched by the deep anguish of his face.

"I understand," I said, "and I am very sorry."

He grasped my hand and held it close to his heart.

"Let us rely on God's mercy. He will not be harder than we are upon the wickedness of human nature and the frailties of youth, knowing our great temptations."

He went into Holt's bedroom, and stayed there for a long time. When he came out again there was a look of relief upon his face.

"His pain has left him, and he is out of danger, I think."

These words he spoke aloud. Then he grasped my arm and whispered to me: "I have told him everything. He forgives Jean with a most truly Christian heart. He is indeed a chivalrous young man."

I was astounded that Holt should be well enough to listen to such a tale, for when I had seen him last he was unconscious; but now, going into his room, I found him clear-headed and fairly comfortable. The extraction of the bullet and the stanching of his wound had left him easy.

"Hello, old man!" he said in a weak voice.

I held his hand, which lay on the coverlet, and pressed it.

"I shall have to stay a bit longer in this village," he said, with something like his old smile; "and I've made a pretty mess of things."

He stayed three weeks longer in the village before he was well enough to travel to Paris in his motor car, and every day of that time Mademoiselle de Maresquel came to see him, with flowers and fruits; and another of his visitors was Jean Berthoult, who sat for hours at his bedside, with silent devotion.

On the night of the day when I had found Holt lying in the rushes Jean had come home drunk and wild-eyed and weeping. He desired to give himself up to the police, but Madame Berthoult and I kept him locked up downstairs. It was next morning that he went in to see Holt, and what happened then I do not know, but only heard the murmur of voices for what seemed to me an hour. When Jean came out of the room he was white and trembling, but like a man who has been through some spiritual ordeal and found comfort.

"A good fellow!" was all Holt's comment on that conversation. "A splendid chap! Brave as a lion and simple as a child."

It was then that Mademoiselle Yvonne came in, and I saw her meet Jean Berthoult on the stairs. He flattened himself against the wall to let her pass, and lowered his head, while a wave of color reddened his face.

Yvonne de Maresquel was as white as he had been, and I thought she would pass him without a word; but suddenly she put her hands on his broad shoulders and laid her face against his breast and wept bitterly. He put his arms about her and kissed her on the forehead, and his face was all wet with her tears. Then she went up into Holt's room, and presently Holt sent Madame Berthoult to fetch her son, and all of them stayed together in the room, while I smoked many cigarettes alone in mine.

The Comte de Maresquel knew nothing of the real truth behind this strange affair.

"Some *sacré* anarchist!" he always said when searching for a theory as to the wounding of Holt. "One of those Bolshevik devils with whom France is infested, like all other countries of our stricken Europe."

I think he was deeply pained when Holt went away with me without making an offer for his daughter's hand, and it is possible that this disappointment, and the melancholy state of France, which preyed on the old man's mind, caused him to release his hold on life. It was only a month ago that I heard of his death, and only a week ago that I received a letter from Monsieur de Maratray telling me that Mademoiselle Yvonne de Maresquel had been married quietly to Jean Berthoult in the private chapel of the château, and that he had asked God to bless this union between a gracious young lady and a gallant son of France.

He added a postscript in which he sent his compliments to le Capitaine Holt, "most chivalrous of English gentlemen."

Some day I shall go back, I think, and see how that marriage has worked out in France. A hazardous adventure, I imagine.

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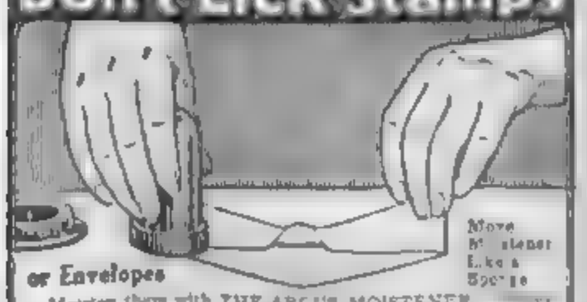

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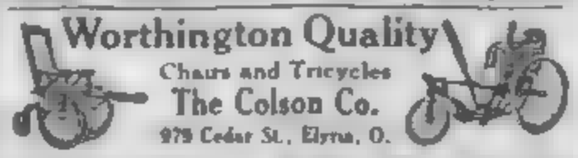

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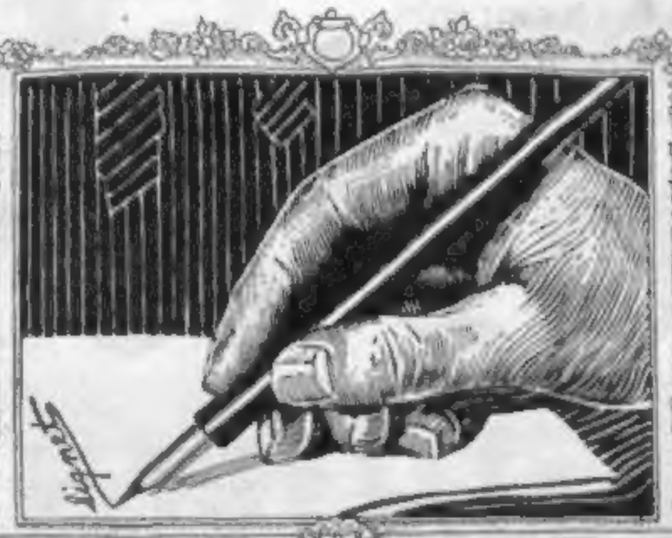

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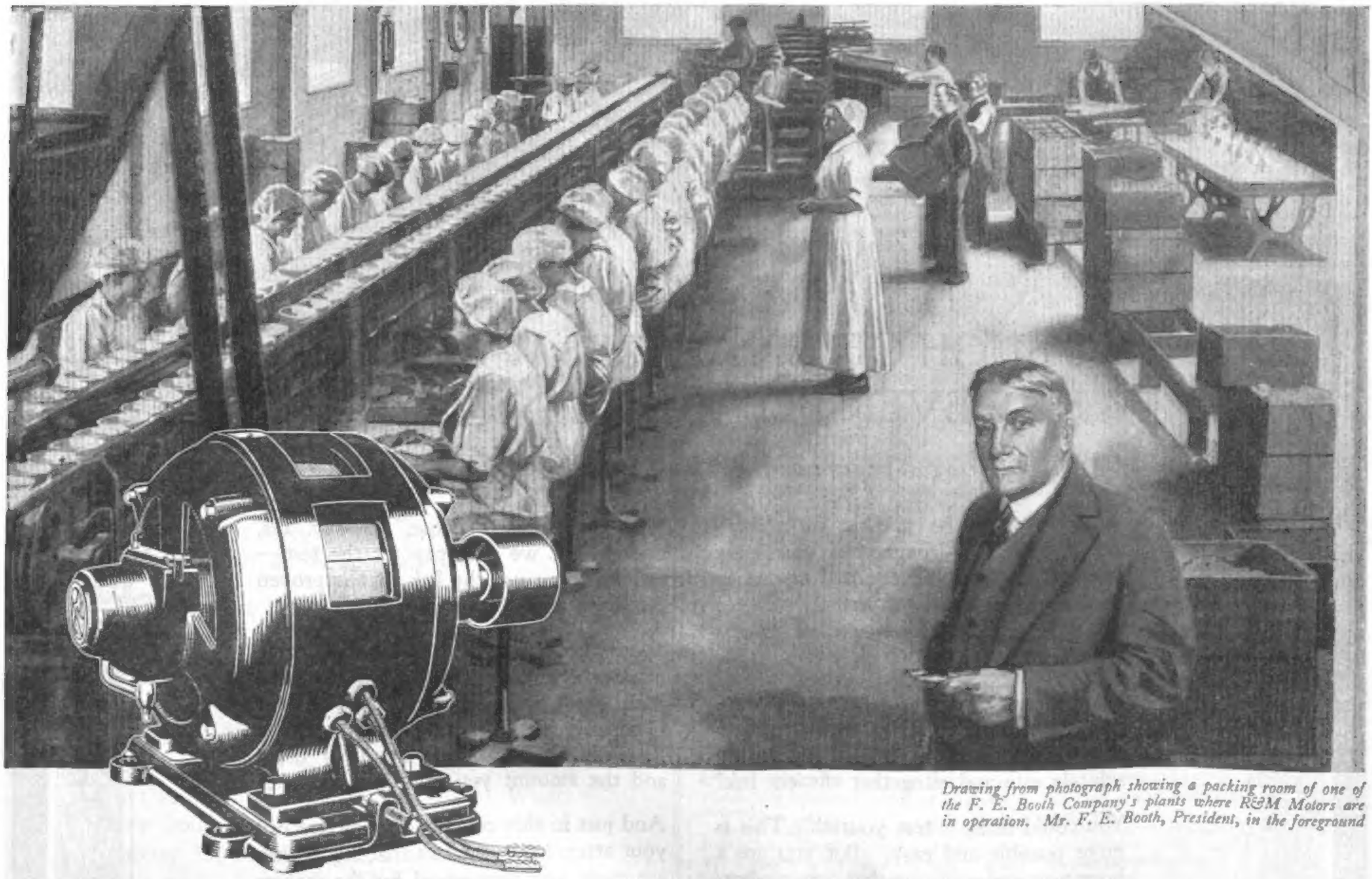

Drawing from photograph showing a packing room of one of the F. E. Booth Company's plants where R&M Motors are in operation. Mr. F. E. Booth, President, in the foreground

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As Mr. F. E. Booth, president of the company, says: "Our production has been greatly simplified and speeded since we installed this equipment. Robbins & Myers Motors are their own recommendation—they require no attention, give constant, dependable service and keep power costs remarkably low."

The reliable and economical qualities of R&M Motors have led them to be adopted not only in plants where they smooth production wrinkles, but also by manufacturers who produce motor-driven appliances for store, office and home, such as adding and addressing machines, suction sweepers, washing machines, and the like.

Look for the Robbins & Myers name plate whenever you buy a motor or motor-driven appliance. It is all you need know about a motor.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-three Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors

Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors

Exercise keeps the body healthy and strong, but only constant and intelligent care can prevent the teeth going bad.

The New Way to Have Perfect Teeth is to Keep the Entire Mouth Hygienically Clean

Brushing the teeth is not enough to keep them clean. Three or four brushings daily would not suffice. The entire mouth must be kept clean.

VIVOMINT was made by expert dental chemists to meet just such a need. It is more than a mere dentifrice. It does double duty—cleanses and purifies the whole mouth while whitening the teeth.

One of the ingredients of VIVOMINT is a remarkable antiseptic—a germ destroyer that no tooth-destroying agent can withstand.

This antiseptic is not added to VIVOMINT to give it a pleasant taste. It is put into this new dentifrice solely to destroy the germs in the mouth, little microscopical germs that hide in every interdental crevice and in the tiny folds of mouth membrane. These are what cause tartar and decay.

When you use VIVOMINT you will note in the VIVOMINT TASTE an agent of cleanliness.

Send for a Free Trial Tube

Try VIVOMINT at our expense without delay. We are sure you will prefer it. Fill out the coupon below and mail it to us and a generous trial size tube will be sent you.

Paris — VIVAUDOU — New York

VIVOMINT

THE NEW DENTIFRICE

Preparations for Men

Vivaudou Shaving Cream

Its cool, soothing freshness makes shaving a pleasure morning or night. Best for the stiffest beard or the tenderest skin. Try it.

After Shaving Talcum

A necessity to some, a delight to all. Makes the face feel fine after the closest shave. Buy a can on your way home today.

DEALER COUPON

V. Vivaudou, Inc.,
Times Bldg.,
New York

Send me your VIVOMINT proposition without delay.

Name _____

Address _____

My Jobber is _____

His Address _____

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V. Vivaudou, Inc.,
Times Bldg., New York City

Send me a free trial tube of VIVOMINT TOOTH PASTE. I will give it a fair test.

Name _____

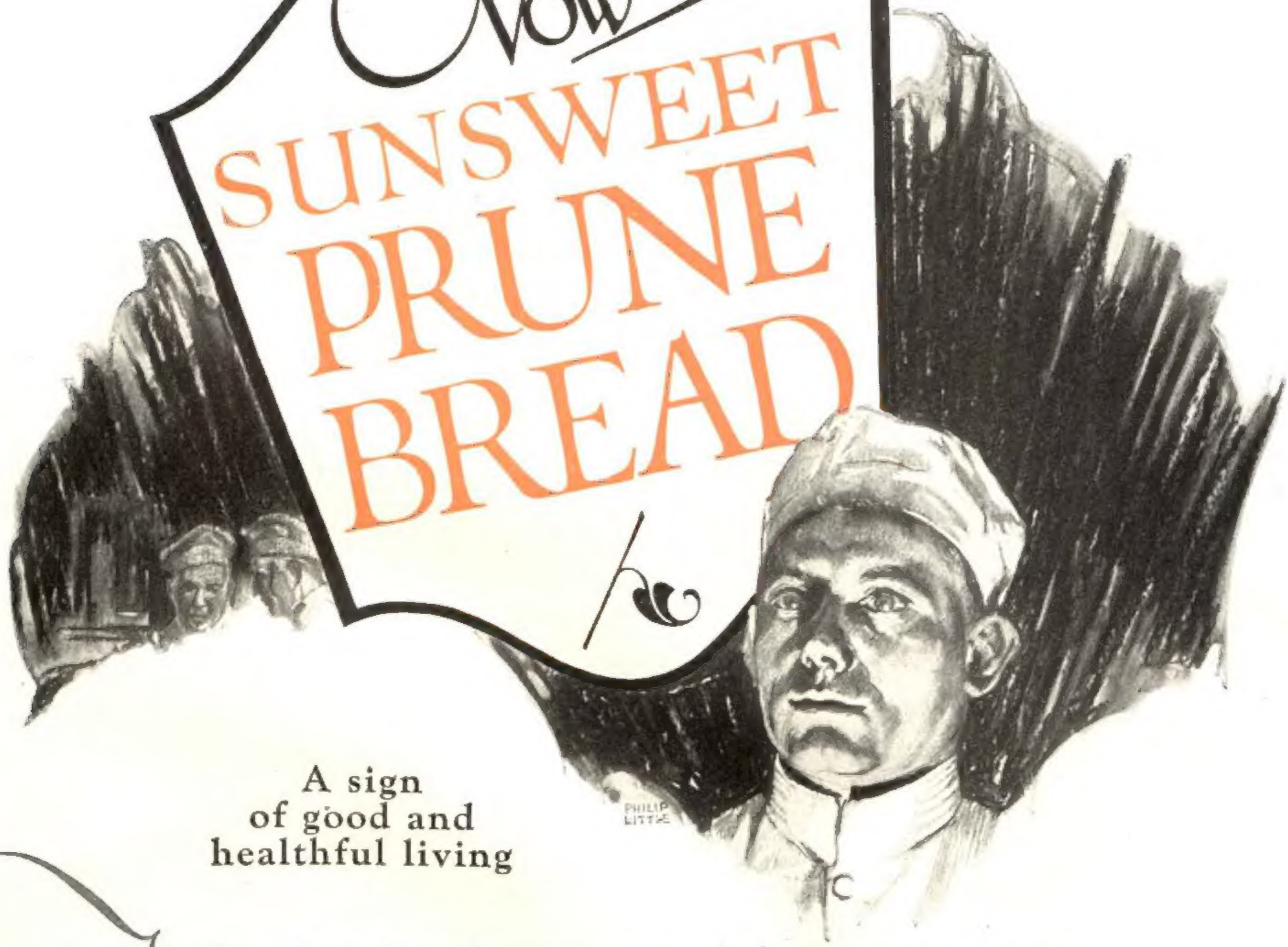
Street _____

City and State _____

VIVAUDOU
PARIS NEW YORK

Now

SUNSWEET PRUNE BREAD



A sign of good and healthful living

THANKS to leading bakers throughout the country, you will be able to get such unusual bakeshop specialties as Sunsweet Prune Bread, Sunsweet Prune Pie, Sunsweet Prune Coffee Cake, Sunsweet Prune Squares, Sunsweet Spicecake, etc.

These bakers have been quick to realize the *versatile* qualities of Sunsweet Prunes. For here is a fruit that enables them to give you uncommonly delicious fruit bread, cake and pastry at surprisingly low cost.

No fruit is better adapted to these uses. Sunsweet Prunes are rich in natural fruit-sugar and other body-building and body-regulating elements. Juicy, sweet, tasteful, as they fall from the tree—these fine, full-meated prunes lose nothing of their freshness or flavor when sun-dried in California's sun-swept orchards. And later, when used in bread, in cake, in pie—as your favored baker makes them—they give you a taste-experience that's new and healthful, too!

Thus, Sunsweet Bakeshop Specialties not only offer you a new taste-sensation but they point a new way to good and healthful living. Ask your baker!

CALIFORNIA PRUNE & APRICOT GROWERS INC.
1819 MARKET STREET, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA
A COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION OF 10,000 GROWERS

Note to Bakers

Our nation-wide campaign of education is stimulating a desire and a demand for Sunsweet Bakeshop Specialties. We have prepared a special Bakers' Formula Book that will open up new avenues of revenue for you. This Book [together with helpful, trade-winning ideas] is yours for the asking. Send for it today—no obligation!